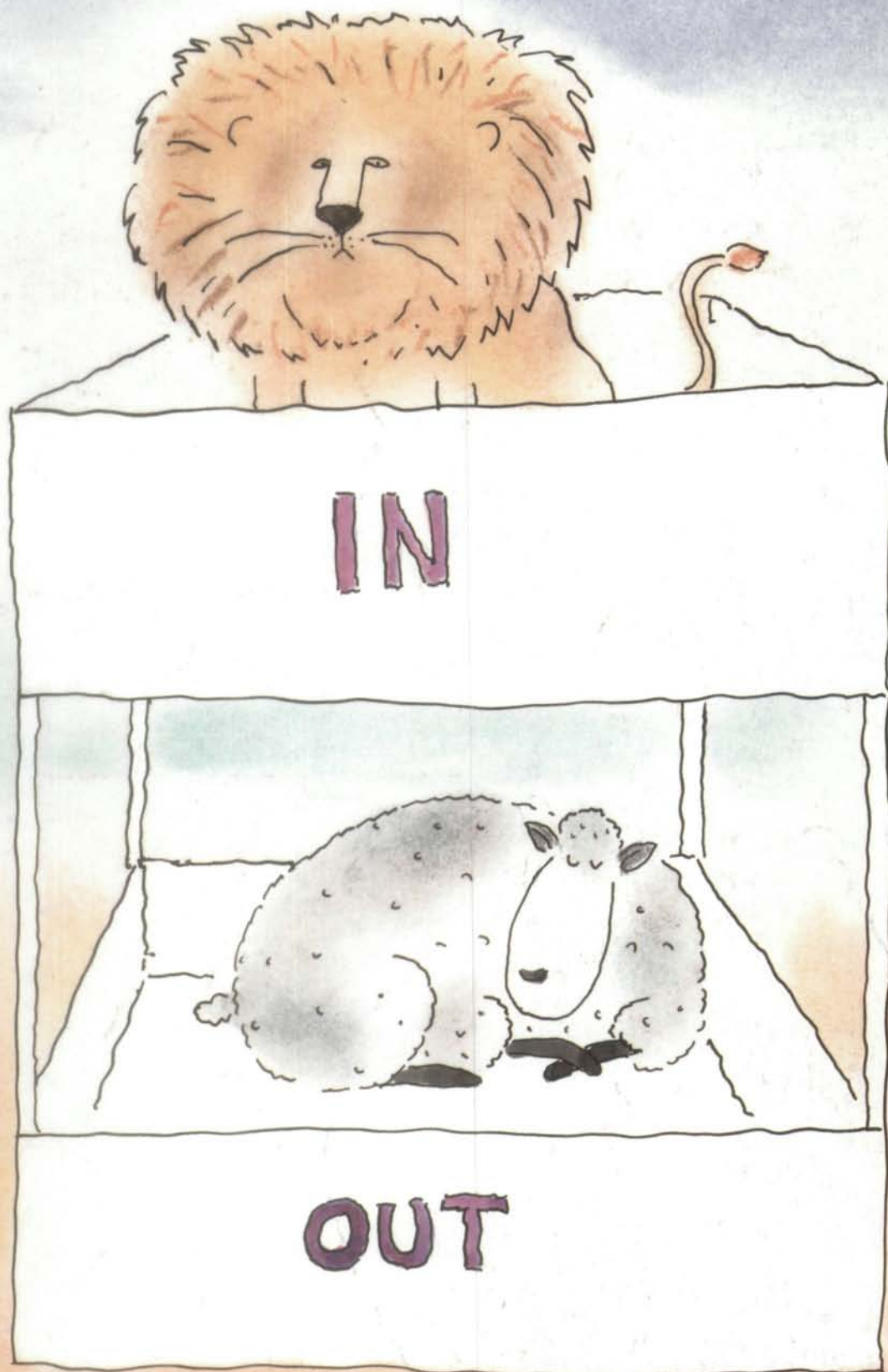


Mar. 11, 1991

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NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

GOLF as a metaphor for sex? Few dramatic devices would seem as bunker-laden. Yet such is the skill of the playwright David Ives that in his hands even this conceit—which fuels his “Foreplay or: The Art of the Fugue,” in Evening B of Manhattan Punch Line’s current one-act comedy festival—can yield a winner. Mr. Ives’ idea works partly because of his lightly ironic approach to the material (he can make a phrase like “banging it in the hole” seem both sweet and rude) and partly because of the play’s structure: a young man named Chuck tries three times to use a round of miniature golf as a prelude to seduction. In each trip around the course (Lilliput Lane), Chuck is played by a different actor; each guy’s overtures evoke a slightly different response from the woman in question. Mr. Ives, whose most recent full-scale venture is an operatic version of “The Secret Garden” that just had its world première in Philadelphia (this is not the Mandy Patinkin musical coming into the St. James in April), also uses the point-counterpoint setup in “Variations on the Death of Trotsky,” which is part of the comedy festival’s Evening A. More divertissement than full-blown one-act, this off-the-wall piece asks the question “Who *did* axe the Russian revolutionary?” The play is further evidence that it may be time for the Punch Line to mount a David Ives festival.

There’s no need for a retrospective of Tennessee Williams’ work (except for some of the unjustly neglected mid-career plays, perhaps). In fact, something as often produced as “A Streetcar Named Desire” could probably benefit from a moratorium every few years. So at first glance “Belle Reprieve,” the version of “Streetcar” currently at La Mama, looked unnecessary, and its drag-dependent concept could be glibly dubbed redundant. How pleasurable, then, to report that the evening succeeds, more or less. Oh sure, the thing has its longueurs, and the Stanley Kowalski role (played by Peggy Shaw, a member of the Split Britches ensemble who looks alarmingly like Sean Penn) is underdeveloped, but the other actors—Lois Weaver, also from Split Britches, and the invaluable Bette Bourne and Precious Pearl, both Bloodlippers—are a hoot. When Ms. Weaver, as a cheerleading Mrs. Kowalski, yells “Amo Amas Amat / We love our team a lot,” you want to shout back “Amamus Amatis Amant / You’re just the Stella we want.”



Madeleine Potter in
“Pygmalion”

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Jon Polito and Peter Riegert star in *ROAD TO NIRVANA*, a satire by Arthur Kopit. Previews March 5-6. Opens March 7 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—A revival of the 1962 Jerome Weidman—Harold Rome musical, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. In previews. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

THE LEARNED LADIES—The Molière work, in a new translation by Freyda Thomas. Featuring Jean Stapleton. Previews March 4-5. Opens March 6 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

LIFE DURING WARTIME—A dark comedy by Keith Reddin, which had its première last year at the La Jolla Playhouse, in San Diego. The cast includes Leslie Lyles, Bruce Norris, W. H. Macy, and Welker White. Opens March 5 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MOSCOW STUDIO THEATRE—Presenting two shows in a brief engagement: *A*

TEACHER OF RUSSIAN, by Aleksandr Buravsky, March 5-7 at 8; and *MY BIG LAND*, by Aleksandr Galich, March 8 at 8, March 9 at 2 and 8, and March 10 at 3. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—The troupe’s twenty-fourth season opens with the *LITTLE TOMMY PARKER CELEBRATED COLORED MINSTREL SHOW*, a new play by Carlyle Brown. Directed by Douglas Turner Ward. In previews. (Master Theatre, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St. 663-8170.)

PYGMALION—Anthony Heald is Professor Henry Higgins, Madeleine Potter is Eliza Doolittle, and Earle Hyman is Colonel Pickering in this production of Shaw’s comedy. Directed by Paul Weidner. Previews begin March 6. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

A ROOM OF ONE’S OWN—Patrick Garland’s adaptation of the Virginia Woolf classic, starring Eileen Atkins. The show is imported from London; Mr. Garland directed. Opens March 4 at 7:30. (Lamb’s, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—A play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE WORLD OF RUTH DRAPER—Patricia Norcia presents two evenings of Ruth Draper monologues. March 12 at 8: “In a Church in Italy,” “The Italian Lesson,” and “Four Imaginary Folk Songs.” March 13 at 8: “Doctors and Diets,” “A Scottish Immigrant at Ellis Island,” and “Three Women and Mr. Clifford.” (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. For information about tickets, call 769-4217.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ABSENT FRIENDS—Alan Ayckbourn’s almost continuously funny comedy, with melancholy

undertones, about three English suburban couples who give a tea for an old friend whose fiancée has recently drowned. As the action proceeds, we come to realize that he is in better shape, emotionally speaking, than anyone present. The performance, under Lynne Meadow’s direction, is all any playwright could wish for. Peter Frechette is the bereaved; Brenda Blethyn is the hostess; and Ellen Parker, Gillian Anderson, David Purdham, and John Curless are among the consoling. Distinguished setting and costumes by John Lee Beatty and Jane Greenwood. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/25/91.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes March 24.)

BELLE REPRIEVE—A version of “A Streetcar Named Desire,” presented by Split Britches and Bloodlips. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes March 10.)

THE BIG LOVE—Tracey Ullman stars in a comedy by Brooke Allen and Jay Presson Allen. It is based on Florence Aadland and Tedd Thomey’s 1961 book about an affair that Aadland’s teen-age daughter had with Errol Flynn. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CAMP LOGAN—A play by Celeste Bedford Walker. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918.)

CANDIDA—Laurie Kennedy has the title role in this production of Shaw’s play. Presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

CARREÑO—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

THE FEVER—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. March 4-10 at 8.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and direction are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

A FIERCE ATTACHMENT—Tovah Feldshuh in a one-woman play written by Edward M. Cohen and based on Vivian Gornick’s memoir of the same name. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

THE HAUNTED HOST—Harvey Fierstein and Jason Workman in a revival of Robert Patrick’s 1964 comedy. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes March 17.)

HENRY IV, PARTS I AND II—The sixteenth and seventeenth plays in the Public’s Shakespeare Marathon, both directed by JoAnne Akalaitis, will run in repertory through March 31. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Ibsen’s *WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN* and a double bill of Georg Büchner’s *WOYZECK* and *LEONCE AND LENA*, which were adapted by Eric Bentley. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

JUBA—A musical based on the life of the dancer William Henry (Juba) Lane. The book and lyrics are by Wendy Lamb and the score is by Russell Walden. Kevin Ramsey has the title role. Presented by AMAS Musical Theatre. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 279-4200. Closes March 10.)

LIGHT SHINING IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—A 1976 play by Caryl Churchill, presented by New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes March 10.)

LOST IN YONKERS—Neil Simon’s new play, with

Gap white shirt \$32, as worn by
EUZHAN PALCY, film director.
Photographed by Herb Ritts.





Irene Worth, Mercedes Ruehl, and Kevin Spacey; directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

MAMBO MOUTH—John Leguizamo's one-man show, in which he portrays seven Hispanic characters. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

MANHATTAN PUNCH LINE—Presenting a festival of new one-act comedies. Evening A: "Variations on the Death of Trotsky," by David Ives; "Gorgo's Mother," by Laurence Klavans; "Gangster Apparel," by Richard Vetere; and "Stay Carl Stay," by Peter Tolan. . . . Evening B: "The Experts," by Bill Bozzone; "Foreplay or: The Art of the Fugue," by David Ives; "The Staged Reading," by Michael Panes; "Mailman," by Matthew Carnahan; and "The Christmas Rules," by Craig Wright. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes March 10.)

MULE BONE—This play with music, a collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes, was written in 1930, during the Harlem Renaissance, but was never produced, because the authors quarrelled. The setting is a small Florida town with an exclusively black population. The first act, brimming with episodes (and humor and characters), is just this side of chaos, but the second act tells a clear story about the trial of a young man who knocks out his best friend with a mule bone. Under the strong direction of Michael Schultz, every moment is lively. The members of the company represent the cream of black theatre over the past twenty years or so. Taj Mahal was both composer and arranger. (2/25/91) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

OCCASIONAL GRACE—A "site-specific" production, presented in several locations by the En Garde Arts company. Written by Michael Ahn, Neena Beber, Magdalia Cruz, and Talvin Wilks, with music by Amina Claudine Myers. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. March 6-9. . . . Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 78th St. March 13-16. For information about tickets for all performances, call 274-8123.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Bouty, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PEARL THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting a double bill of one-acts by Arthur Schnitzler: **COUNTESS MITZI** and **THE FAREWELL SUPPER**. (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes March 23.)

REMEMBRANCE—A play by Graham Reid, with Aileen O'Kelly. (Irish Arts Theatre, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

SHADOWLANDS—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film about C. S. Lewis that he wrote for the BBC is essentially a tourist trap. It Broadwayizes everything that in the movie was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky, with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

THE SPEED OF DARKNESS—Len Cariou and Stephen Lang have the leading roles in a play by Steve Tesich. Directed by Robert Falls. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE SUM OF US—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

TAKING STEPS—This very funny farce by the inspired English playwright Alan Ayckbourn

is as technical as well as a dramatic triumph. The action, which takes place in a three-story suburban house, is played on a one-level set; the actors mime climbing up and down steps indicated on a path surrounding the set. The plot deals with a marriage that is coming apart, to the surprise and shock of the husband. The performances, unfortunately, do not match the precision of the play (except for those of Christopher Benjamin as the husband and Spike McClure as a young solicitor). But no ineptitude can dim the brilliance of this comedy. (3/4/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

AN UNFINISHED SONG—A musical with a book, a score, and lyrics by James J. Mellon. Directed by Simon Levy. With Ken Land, Aloysius Gigg, Joanna Glushak, Robert Lambert, and Beth Leavel. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 477-5048.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS**: Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: The longest-running long run will celebrate its thirty-first birthday in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991**: A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID**: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL**: The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES**: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY**: Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS**: Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **THE ROTHSCILDS**: A 1970 musical by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Sherman Yellen. Directed by Lonny Price. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION**: You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN**: This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

DANCE

"WE got along like that! Boy, we thought the same way. His rhythms were almost identical with mine. . . . We would automatically do the same steps. Slap, bang, turn—you know. We just seemed to think alike."

The "we" is Fred Astaire and the speaker, Hermes Pan. No one knew more than Pan about how Astaire worked as a song-and-dance man on the screen. Pan served as Astaire's assistant during the entire R.K.O. series of films that Astaire made with Ginger Rogers, as well as films that Astaire made with other partners. There were times during the process when Pan was virtually inside Astaire's head—as when he stood in for Rogers during the development of duets, which he would then teach her. (He also dubbed her taps for the soundtracks.)

Last year—as it happened, the year of Pan's death, at the age of seventy-nine—a couple of projects relating to Pan and Astaire took final form. One was an interview that Rusty E. Frank conducted with Pan for "Tap!" (1990), her insider's book about tap dancing; the other was an hour-long television show called "The Fred Astaire Songbook," which Great Performances brings to the air locally this Saturday (March 9). "Songbook" features excerpts from on-camera interviews with Pan, Melissa Manchester, Liza Minnelli, and others on the subject of Astaire's way with a song and how it linked up with his genius as a dancer. Here are some quotations from the show, beginning with one from Pan:

"The relationship of singing and dancing is quite important, because a dancer has certain rhythms and phrasing which will affect his voice in his delivery. An example of Fred's projecting into dance and song is 'Top Hat': 'I'm step-ping out my dear to breathe an at-mos-phere that simply reeks with class.' It's typically a dance rhythm."

"What's extraordinary about Astaire and his musicianship is that he had so many ways to get it out. He sang, he wrote songs. He played piano. He played drums. And his ability to dance in extraordinary rhythms had to do with his drumming—and with his love and understanding of the inner workings of music." (Melissa Manchester)

"He had that knack—I don't know if people really know how to do that anymore—where you're speaking and you're singing, and it's the same thing." (Liza Minnelli)

"He's not just a great dancer; he's a great singer of songs." (Irving Berlin)

JOFFREY BALLET—March 5 at 7:30: The premieres of "Empyrean Dances," "Runaway Train," and "Panoramagram," and a revival of "Postcards." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 265-7300.) . . . March 6 at 8: "Les Noces," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . March 7 at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Lacrymosa," "Tarantella," and "The Green Table." . . . March 8 at 8; March 9 at 2 and 8; March 10 at 2 and 7:30; and March 12 at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."



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DANCE—Cont'd

¶ March 13 at 8: "Empyrean Dances," "Lila," "Tarantella," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Through March 17.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through March 24. March 12 at 7:30: "Cargo X," "Exchange," and "Pictures." ... ¶ March 13 at 8: "August Pace," "Neighbors" (première), and "Fabrications." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

FELD BALLETS/NY—Final performances. March 5 at 8: "Contra Pose," "At Midnight," and "Embraced Waltzes." ... ¶ March 6 at 8 and March 10 at 2: "Ah Scarlatti," "Fauna," "Shadow's Breath," and "The Jig Is Up." ... ¶ March 7 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Fauna," "Kore," and "Skara Brae." ... ¶ March 8 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Savage Glimpse," and "Skara Brae." ... ¶ March 9 at 8: "Ah Scarlatti," "Charmed Lives," "Ion," and "Common Ground." ... ¶ March 10 at 7:30: "Fauna," "Ion," "Savage Glimpse," and "Common Ground." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

TRISHA BROWN COMPANY—March 5 at 7:30 and March 7 at 8: "Accumulation," "Newark," "Homemade," and the New York première of "Foray Forêt." ... ¶ March 6 and March 8 at 8: "Set and Reset," "Line Up," and "Astral Convertible." ... ¶ March 9 at 2: "Lateral Pass," "Opal Loop," and "Astral Convertible." ... ¶ March 9 at 8: "Newark," "Accumulation with Talking plus Watermotor with a Signer," "Third Entr'acte from Carmen," and "Foray Forêt." ... ¶ March 10 at 3: "Lateral Pass," "Son of Gone Fishin'," and "Foray Forêt." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

SUSAN RETHORST—With her company in the première of "Picture This." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 7-9 at 8:30 and March 10 at 3.)

DANCES PATRELLE—In a program of three premières, with guest dancers Cynthia Gregory, Judith Fugate, Donald Williams, and Medhi Bahiri. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 8 at 8:30, March 9 at 8, and March 10 at 3. Through March 16.)

NANCY MEEHAN DANCE COMPANY—"9 Leaf Window," "Seven Women," and an untitled work (première). (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 8-10 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

EIKO & KOMA—Presenting "Isidro's Song," a work in progress. Audience discussions with the artists will follow each performance. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. March 8-9 at 8.)

DEBORAH MARCUS AND THE SIROVICH GROUP—Presenting "Generation Table" (première). (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. March 8-9 at 8 and March 10 at 3 and 8.)

MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through March 17. The program consists of the New York premières of "Age of Unrest" and "Woman Window Square." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 12-13 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

IF you have never seen Phoebe Légère perform—it seems unlikely, but anything's possible—now would be a fine time to take in a show. If you *have* seen her do her wonderfully campy, over-the-top thing, perhaps you should see her again. Légère is currently holding forth at the Ballroom with a show she refers to as an "upbeat, happy, dazzling concept show with sequins, feathers, tap dancing, and emotion." That sounds about right. The last time we saw Ms. Légère she was flitting crazily about a stage wearing a sequinned miniskirt that had an American flag sewn into the seat. She was yodelling and growling her way through Edith Piaf and Jerry Lee Lewis—her highly physical version of "Great Balls of Fire" was complete with relevant anatomical

references—and doing sly and funny variations on the clutzy-sexpot theme.

One never knows just how seriously to take Légère, and she seems to like it that way. On the one hand, there's the fact that she's a trained pianist, cellist, and accordionist, and the fact that she has a four-octave vocal range and has written an opera. On the other hand, there's the fact that she appeared in "The Toxic Avenger II," the fact that she is double-jointed and can play piano with one leg hitched up behind her head, and the fact that her opera is about a three-hundred-and-fifty-pound cleaning woman who becomes President. At the Ballroom, where she's performing original material, blues, and standards by Cole Porter, Jacques Brel, and Noël Coward, among others, one may learn Légère's secrets or get blissfully dizzy trying.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The singer **SALLY ANN HOWES**, whose considerable list of stage and screen credits includes a role in "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," makes her cabaret début on March 5. Her engagement will run through the first week in April. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** is currently at work here. Shows Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at nine; Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen; and Sundays at seven.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. The **ELVIN JONES** quintet and the **HANK JONES** quartet perform March 5-10. Angela Bofill begins a week-long engagement on March 12. Music begins at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. The

Irish-born singer **MAURA O'CONNELL**, who'll perform here on March 5, just released a simple, thoughtful record of folk and country and hybrids thereof. She's got a pretty voice—and a few of Tracy Chapman's inflections—and she doesn't clutter her music with the pop-music conventions that one finds in a lot of crossover-minded folk these days. It turns out that a guitar and a good song—O'Connell does well-chosen covers of tunes by John Hiatt, Tom Waits, and the Beatles, among others—still does the trick. Other Bottom Line events: there will be a songwriters' roundtable (with **SONNY CURTIS**, **JANIS IAN**, **MARTI JONES**, and **DION**) on March 7; **KIDS IN THE HALL** come in on March 9; and **DAVE MASON** performs on March 13. Shows at eight and eleven (but a half hour earlier on March 7). Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. The **FREDDY COLE** trio is in session through March 9. The trio of **GARY BARTZ**, **GEORGE CABLES**, and **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** starts on March 11. Music from ten. Dining.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the Irish Times. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and the coolly elegant **KAREN AKERS**, who's singing a program of standards and musical-theatre numbers. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. ... ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **KURT WIETING** presides from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Bell-bottoms and peace signs aren't the only nostalgia craze in town: at the Cat Club on Sunday nights, the nineteen-thirties are in vogue. On other nights of the week, the club attracts a scruffy leather-and-lace crowd, but Sundays belong to the Swing Dance Society, whose passion is the Lindy Hop, a dance named after Charles Lindbergh. The dancers are young and old, graceful and flatfooted; the drink of choice is the Swing Dance Punch; and the staff looks alternately bemused and bewildered by the genteel crowd. The **WIDE-SPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** sets the pace on March 10. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. **ELEVENTH DREAM DAY**, who'll be here on March 9, has been pegged as a "college-circuit band." It's a broad term, but usually connotes enough turmoil and quirkiness to preclude wider commercial success; in other words, it's high praise, and this young Chicago group, who recently released its third album, "Lived to Tell," fits the description well. Music begins at about nine-thirty Sundays through Thurs-

days and at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. **CONDON'S**, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quintet holds forth March 5-10, and **FRANK WESS**, also a sax man, leads a foursome beginning March 12. Music after nine. **DELTA 88**, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood hotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, and zydeco, R. & B., and other stuff the rest of the week. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.



Helen Reddy at Michael's Pub



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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EPIHEMERAL



It was a good idea while it lasted—el cheapo dresses made of paper, which could be tossed out when they got tiresome after a few wearings. The phenomenon started in 1966 as a one-dollar mail-order item made by the Scott Paper company as a commercial gimmick, one that had a perhaps unconscious affinity with the decade's Pop sensibility. But when the fashion industry picked up on the idea, it lost its throwaway point. Within a year, prices escalated inexorably to five dollars, to fifteen, to thirty, to \$149.95—and \$149.95 you don't throw out. The fad passed, but in its brief heyday paper clothing was available from all sorts of retailers, from supermarkets to Madison Avenue boutiques, reflecting an across-the-board clientele. The Fashion Institute of Technology has put together an exhibition (Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; through March 23) of paper attire from 1966 to 1967, along with later examples that take off on the idea. The show ranges from a street dress in the then-ubiquitous style of rigidly pleated skirt and unsexy blouson in a paisley pattern—which will cause anyone of a certain age to moan, "Egad! That!"—to fancier Mylar evening dresses. Contemporary renditions include a group of four baroque costumes by the performance artist Vanessa James (which will be put in action during her engagement at the New York Academy of Art, in April) and four outfits by the Japanese designer Issey Miyake. As Richard Martin, one of the curators of the exhibition, said, "What was once a fad has returned, but with different motives."

song's beat, was recorded in 1955. That song and two other Diddley-penned hits—"I'm a Man" and "Who Do You Love"—have had remarkable staying power, as has their author, who is still a great live performer.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—**BOB MOULD** has released two solo albums since the demise of his thrash outfit Hüsker Dü: "Workbook," which was surprisingly quiet and lyrical, and "Black Sheets of Rain," which was, in Mould's own words, "pretty unholy loud." He'll perform an acoustic set here March 11-12. Shows at ten on Thursdays and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. Singer **MARK MURPHY** is on hand through March 9, with **BILL MAYS** on piano. **HELEN REDDY** begins a run on March 12. In the early seventies, it was hard to turn on a radio without hearing "Delta Dawn," "Angie Baby," "I Am Woman," or some other Reddy blockbuster. In recent years, the singer has continued to perform—in the theatre as well as the concert hall—

but the place her name crops up most often is on late-night-TV ads for compilation records. Her show here is her New York cabaret debut. Music nightly from nine-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. **KATHIE LEE GIFFORD**—once voted the most beautiful woman on television—will be singing here as of March 5. She will be backed by a sextet. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened. Singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performs on March 10 at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet is in swing through March 10, and the **ART FARMER** quintet starts a two-week engagement on March 12. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TIME CAFE, 380 Lafayette St., entrance on Great Jones St. (533-7000)—The café's subterranean jazz annex—located around the block on a chunk of real estate that's temporarily safe from the encroachment of Tower industries—is a newcomer to New York's night life. On the club's back wall one finds embarrassingly cheesy renderings of full-figured gals—the kind of artwork usually reserved for pinball machines. Otherwise, Time Café is an airy, convivial place with some comfy, diner-style booths, a fleet of IKEA-style tables and chairs, and jazz musicians on the bandstand Fridays and Saturdays, beginning at ten, and Mondays at eleven.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room—which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture—salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. On March 11, **RITO PUENTE** and company will swap sets with **MONGO SANTAMARIA**'s outfit. **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** is featured as a soloist with both groups. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The fine young guitarist **MARK WHITFIELD** and his quartet are at work through March 10; the **MAL WALDRON** trio begins work on March 12. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awnined eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** are on hand every night but Sunday for the next two weeks. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

FOR those with a terminal case of stars in their eyes and a lust for cheap glamour in their hearts, the most delirious four minutes they spent at the movies last year must have been watching Ray Liotta glide Lorraine Bracco through the Copacabana's backstage labyrinth on their way to a ringside table in Martin Scorsese's "GoodFellas." Aside from awards shows, such a night club has always been the best possible excuse for dressing for excess that anyone's ever concocted. Unfortunately, Jules Podell's former home base for Jerry Vale, Henny Youngman, and the

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). The Irish trio of fiddle player Willy Kelly, flutist Siobhan Moloney, and singer-guitarist Steve Johnson holds forth on March 8.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your Tai Chi. March 5-10 belongs to **ANITA O'DAY**, an assured jazz vocalist, scat pro, and salty comedienne, who rose to fame with Gene Krupa's big band in the forties. Ms. O'Day drifted out of the jazz world after her run with Krupa, and recently made a critically acclaimed comeback. **STANLEY TURRENTINE**, a blues-inflected tenor saxophonist, kicks off on March 12. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—Formerly a dive bar called McCarthy's, this two-floor establishment looks as if it had been dynamited and rebuilt from the ashes up. On the ground floor is a well-scrubbed, amiable pub with all the classic features—pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports—and a few near-classic ones: a portrait of Elvis, a CD jukebox. Downstairs is a low-ceilinged space that looks like a rec room and that on Tuesdays and weekends is home to an enlightened mixture of garage-rock, rockabilly, surf-punk, and psychedelic-rock bands. Music from nine on Tuesdays and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—When Dorothy Donegan plays at this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, she has been known to stand up at the piano and dance. Now the club is offering an act to go her one better. For two weeks beginning March 5, **HAROLD NICHOLAS**, who is half of the famed tap-dancing team the Nicholas Brothers, will be practicing his art (he also sings) in the dining room, on a puny dance floor that the management is laying down especially for him. He'll be backed up by pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **EARL MAY**. Sets begin at six-thirty nightly.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. For the next two weeks, pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** will be in evidence Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-forty-five.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

LUDLOW STREET CAFE, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, the Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. Music from ten-thirty.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A plain-and-simple rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue). **BO DIDDLEY** and his rectangular-bodied guitar will be here on March 8, at ten. Bo knows rock and roll: his seminal hit "Bo Diddley," which also became the name of the

Supremes now attracts a different kind of dress-up—and it's just not the same bag of glitter.

But bemoan progress no more: if you're game for going a mile or two farther than those kiss-you-deadly mobsters went to show off, and know how to say "waiter" and "champagne" in Spanish (*camarero* and *champaña*), you can still experience squint-inducing flashes of sequins, entertainersthisclose, and the pachanga. The Copacabana in Miami's Little Havana has stretch limos and white Mercedes pulling up to its mirrored doors (at 3600 S.W. 8th Street) every Saturday, disgorging flamboyants whose firm belief that discretion is the better part of pallor is constantly displayed at new places to wear bugle beads and snakeskin inserts. The revellers spare no expense, and you can't blame them, because the club offers some stiff competition, brandishing every glitzy element a saloon de-luxe could promise: a stone-grottoed, blue-lit entranceway; an Abbe Lane-ruched stage curtain; Times Square lights that frame the club's golden horseshoe; and a parquet dance floor that dramatically rises to become the stage's enormous apron.

And who better to fill the stage than Iris Chacón, the vermillion-topped Puerto Rican bombshell who appeared at the Copa recently? As legendary for her derriere as she is for her high decidability, Ms. Chacón outdid even this above-par-spangled audience in her panty-hose-sheer gown, with two tassels and strategically placed dental floss for undergarments. In between delivering rousing sonic blasts (she actually has a pretty voice when the amplification is off) and being spun like a wide baton by the only one of her five male dancers who'd seen a barre in the past five years, she would emphatically announce she was thirsty, give her back, etc., to the audience, and bend over, straight-legged, to pick up the glass waiting on the floor. Each Cineramic booty-upraising was accompanied by a delighted giggle from Ms. Chacón and everyone saying "Agua." "That thing could deflect bullets," said a woman seated behind us. Too bad Mr. Scorsese didn't hear that a year ago. It would have made one hell of a climax.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS—

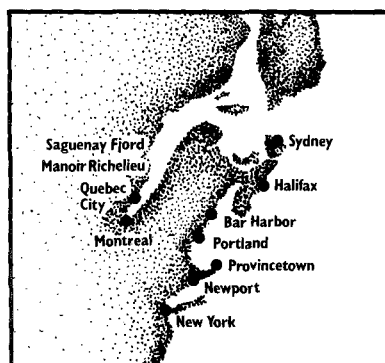
The hundred-and-twenty-first version of the Greatest Show on Earth. (Meadowlands Arena. March 5-10. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-201 935-3900. . . .

¶ Nassau Coliseum. March 12-19. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-516 794-9300.)

POWER BOOTHE—Presenting a series of works in which he's had a hand. March 6-9 at 8, and March 10 at 3: "Once and Once," a new work incorporating film, music (by Chris Hyams Hart), and a live performance by Keely Garfield. . . . ¶ March 8-9 at 11: A revival of "Wilderness," which Mr. Boothe created in collaboration with Steven Fechter, with music by A. Leroy. . . . ¶ March 11 at 8: Films, including "Match," "Overture," "Woman Beside Herself," and "Moon." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

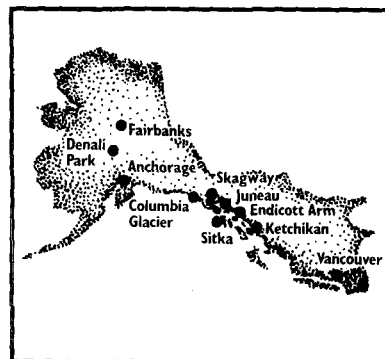
EILEEN MYLES—In a new performance, presented by Franklin Furnace. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. March 9 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

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REGENCY CRUISES

THE Museum of Modern Art's cacophonous "Art of the Forties" is an exceptionally interesting show, in part because the museum's customary, and in many ways exemplary, standards—the modernist ideals of beauty—have been eased for the occasion. The show (including around three hundred works in many mediums, all from the museum's collection) is chock-full of messy meanings and emotions and wild contrasts. We get Matisse's exultant "Jazz" but also the little-known Alton Pickens' perfectly ghoulish "Carnival." We get Pinin Farina's gleaming red sports car, the "Cisitalia 202 GT," but also David Siqueiros' rough and mud-caked red "Hands." MOMA's exhibition, in short, offers viewers an intense and bifurcated picture of a decade that was itself schizophrenically fragmented.

The exhibition includes some of the sleekest, most enlightened and utopian products of high-modernist architecture and design—the scale model for Mies van der Rohe's see-through "Farnsworth House," for instance, along with Eames chairs, the Chemex coffeemaker, and Earl Tupper's Tupperware. It also includes some of the ugliest paintings ever made. For example, it would be hard to find a painting more conscientiously hideous than Pavel Tchelitchew's pus-and-ketchup-colored "Hide-and-Seek," with its tree of fetal pods. (Many people we know fixated on this canvas when they were children.) Several of the best-known works here—Picasso's "Charnel House," or Giacometti's famous elongated figure—are also far from pretty, and even so dandified and technically exquisite a painting as Max Ernst's "Alice in 1941" exults in the grotesque. Taken as a whole, perhaps a third of the paintings on view amount to one big, collective rendition of the temptations of St. Anthony.

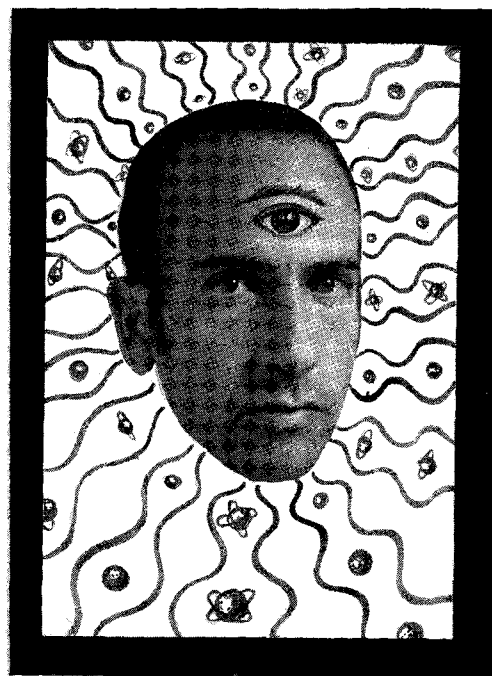
Many artists of the nineteen-forties favored psychoanalytic or propagandistic devices. Eccentric, metaphysical figurative paintings by artists such as John Graham and Morris Hirshfield take their occult positions among scores of filipendulous, Rorschach-like works by Louise Bourgeois, André Masson, and many, many others, and these *echt*-Freudian explorations culminate with Abstract Expressionism, the canvas-clearing grand style—and house favorite—that closes the show.

A sense of history, and indeed of current events, is the undertow of "Art of the Forties." With the exhibition's war-effort posters and furniture so familiar that you've sat on it without thinking twice, and with social-realist works like Ben Shahn's gleaming "Welders," parables like Jacob Lawrence's multipanelled "The Migration of the Negro," and photographs such as Edward Weston's "Carmel (Civil Defense)"—a sedately posed and perversely sexy nude in a gas mask—the decades between then and now seem to collapse.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Nowhere in the art of this century is the Zeitgeist of utopian modernism more eloquently conveyed, in its ascendant vigor as well as its more twisted phases, than in the career of Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), the great Russian painter, designer, and visionary aesthete. A very atmospheric array of his classic Suprematist works is on view here, along with early, chunky Fauvist figures, and a number of intensely peculiar late paintings from the thirties. Even in the earliest paintings one can sense the pulsating, from-the-feet-up energy that, when mixed with the romance of Slavic folklore, has traditionally meant spirit in Russian art. It becomes quite clear, too, that Malevich's Suprematist works—paintings like the amazing "Black Square," "Black Cross," and "Black Circle," all from 1923, or his exquisite white-on-white compositions—are icons. Through March 24. . . . ¶ This small show of Casper David Friedrich (1774-1840), which occupies two modestly proportioned rooms in the Lehman wing, consists of nine paintings, most of them small, and eleven works on paper, all lent by the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums, in the Soviet Union. The artist himself has at least until recently been the focus of primarily specialized interest. But it is really very easy to understand Friedrich's resurgence and growing popularity. Especially in the drawings—wonderfully moody, macabre depictions of owls and coffins and windows gaping out onto . . . what?—but also in a few paintings of same-sex couples staring out into the nothingness of sea or air, viewers will find haunted, luminous images of the early-Romantic set-piece vision of modern malaise and melancholia. Through March 31. . . . ¶ "Albrecht Dürer: The Apocalypse" presents fifteen woodcuts of apocalyptic catastrophes, along with a small number of Gothic and Renaissance prints. Through March 17. . . . ¶ "The Fauve Landscape" brings together nearly a hundred and twenty-five paintings made between 1904 and 1908 by the principal Fauvists—Derain, Matisse, Braque, and their circle of friends. . . . ¶ Photographs from the fifties and sixties, selected from the museum's collection. Among the artists shown are William Klein, Helen Levitt, Bill Brandt, and Lisette Model. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Seventeen Dutch-style cupboards crafted in New York and New Jersey between 1650 and 1800. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Sacred Mountains in Chinese Art." Through March 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The work of the Russian Constructivist Liubov Popova (1889-1924) is not as well known as that of her contemporaries Malevich, Rodchenko, and Tatlin, but this show—of fifty-five paintings, sixty works on paper, and a selection of theatre, book, and textile designs—should go far to redress that fact. Through April 23. . . . ¶ In the third of the museum's "Artist's Choice" series, Chuck Close, perhaps today's most enigmatic portraitist, has covered practically every available inch of the small gallery where "Christina's World" previously reigned with framed portraits from the museum's collection. Balbus's portrait of Miró and his daughter offers a special glimpse into both artists' psyches, while Wegman's double portrait of his weimar-era Fay Ray and the painter Ed Ruscha is indebted to puns for its logic. There are twentieth-century icons, such as Brassai's fiercely enigmatic portrait of Genet, and self-portraits by Heckel, Maurer, and Beckmann, which offer views of more than you probably want to see. On one wall is Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' photograph of Cindy Sherman, today's chameleon self-portraitist; on another is Edward Weston's photo of Nahui Olin, a bizarre image that undoubtedly influenced Sherman. If you crouch down very low, you'll find a lithograph by Picasso of his children Paloma and Claude, done with the consummate personal mark—fingerprints, a technique picked up several decades later by the curator himself. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Art of the Forties." Through April 30. . . . ¶ Fourteen pan-



Self-portrait by Kenny Scharf

oramic photographs of Antarctica, taken in 1989 by Stuart Klipper. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "British Photography from the Thatcher Years." Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of more than a hundred drawings by Jasper Johns. The works span the artist's career and are in a variety of mediums, including pencil, charcoal, pastel, oil crayon, and watercolor. Through April 7. . . . ¶ A small show of twenty-nine more or less surrealist works on paper made between the late nineteen-thirties and the recent past. There is a fast segue of drawings by figures, minor and major, of the New York School—from Gerome Kamrowski to Robert Motherwell, from Pavel Tchelitchew to Jackson Pollock. The aim of these artists was to liberate Surrealism from any hint of narrative or illustration. Biomorph abstraction was the outcome then. And though we are offered works by mavericks such as Lee Bontecou (whose tondo drawing is a cross between Oskar Schlemmer and "The Road Warrior") and the altogether maniacal Jess, biomorphic abstraction—vintage 1989, by Carroll Dunham—is also the last note of this show. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Sixty paintings, sculptures, and prints from the nineteen-eighties, including work by Jasper Johns, Barbara Kruger, Susan Rothenberg, and David Salle. Through March 24. . . . ¶ "Robert Rauschenberg: The Silk Screen Paintings, 1962-64." Through March 17. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Among the seventy-four paintings in "Albert Bierstadt: Art & Enterprise" are several of the artist's monumental Western landscapes, as well as a selection of his small plein-air oil sketches. . . . ¶ A lobby installation by Reeva Potoff that includes, among other materials, pages of the 1911 Encyclopaedia Britannica arranged in a cone that reaches to the ceiling. Through March 31. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Manifest Destiny," a small show of rare nineteenth-century books and illustrations relating to government expeditions into "frontier" areas in the United States. Through April 30. . . . ¶ A show that examines the ecosystems of tropical rain forests around the world including those in the Congo basin, the Amazon basin, Madagascar, and Borneo. Starts March 8. (Open Mondays,

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures. Artists represented include Martha Diamond, Theophilus Brown, Stanley Boxer, and Winifred Lutz. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-five pieces of furniture made over the past thirty years by Wendell Castle. Many of the pieces incorporate trompe-l'oeil and faux-Art Deco effects. Through April 28. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Romance of the Taj Mahal." The first half of this exhibition includes a tight and often dazzling display of objects from the court of Shah Jahan (1592-1666): an extensive and glorious collection of paintings to suit virtually every interest, from elegant depictions of court life to exquisite color studies of flowers; a rug intricately woven with two thousand knots per square inch; and magnificent rubies and emeralds. In the second half, which examines the hold the Taj Mahal has had on later generations of travellers and painters, this otherwise concise show becomes silly, with a succession of paintings ranging from mediocre to dreadful. Through March 17. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Drawings of Anthony Van Dyck." Ninety sketches, studies, and more elaborate preparatory drawings by the master baroque portraitist (1599-1641). Through April 21. ... A smaller selection of forty drawings by seventeenth-century Flemish artists such as Rubens, Jacob Jordaens, and David Vinckboons. Through April 21. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—The last stop on a three-year tour for "The International Art Show for the End of World Hunger." The exhibition presents work by forty artists, including Susan Rothenberg, Walter Dahn, Nam June Paik, and Richard Hamilton. Through March 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A beautiful and entertaining group of drawings by the influential Swiss Romantic Henry Fuseli (1745-1825), who lived in London. The marvellous, informal vividness of these drawings, which are on loan from the Auckland City Art Gallery, in New Zealand, has led scholars to believe that the whole lot may have been chosen by Fuseli as a present to an artist friend—conceivably William Blake. Mad eighteenth-century hairdos abound (move over, Frida Kahlo!), along with highly literate depictions of scenes from Shakespeare and some very sexy interpretations of Greek mythology. In a melting "Eros and Psyche," from 1808, the curtain of modesty turns to vapor with one brush of Cupid's bow, and the artist, free now to boast, announces (in Greek), "This is, indeed, my Eros, not Titian's." Through March 24. ... Eastman Johnson's "The Cranberry Harvest, Island of Nantucket" was first shown at the National Academy's 1880 annual exhibition, and it is now the centerpiece of a show that includes thirteen of the artist's other cranberry-harvest studies and paintings. Through March 24. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8; with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Art What Thou Eat" is a show of eighty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, all having to do with those three square meals a day. Images range from Samuel Marsden Brookes' "Steelhead Salmon" (1885) to David Wojnarowicz's "Tuna" (1983). Through March 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

QUEENS MUSEUM, Flushing Meadow Park—"The AIDS Epidemic Series": twenty-one large-scale paintings and eight drawings by Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of forty works from the museum's collection, many recently acquired, including pieces by Romare Bearden, Betye and Alison Saar, and Sam Gilliam. Through March 17. ... "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1989-90." Twenty-nine sculptures by Raúl Acero, Paul Gardère, and Jerome Meadows. Through March 17. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

BRICE MARDEN—The sight of Marden's classic seventies "Grove Group," assembled for the first time, is a slow, considerable pleasure and is also of historical note. The five abstract greenish paintings, inspired by sojourns in Greece, seem fired by landscape, tempered by architecture, and glazed by a sort of neo-Ruskinian moral anxiety, as well as, more literally, by the artist's characteristically lapidary encaustic technique. Through March 16. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SHORT LIST—MARKUS LÜPERTZ, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through March 30); RICHARD OELZE, Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St. (through March 16).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ALICE PROVENSEN—A show of original watercolors for a recently published children's book titled "The Buck Stops Here: The Presidents of the United States." The visual style is bright, busy, and folkloric—quilts and samplers seem to have been inspirations—and the nuggets of information conveyed about our leaders are clear, essentially non-partisan, and respectful without being reverential. Well-known earlier collaborative works by Mrs. Provensen and her late husband, Martin, are also on view. Through March 9. (Feiwei, 24 W. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—JOE ANDOE, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 23); WILLIAM BAILEY, Schoellkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 13); R. M. FISCHER, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 23); ROBERT GOODNOUGH, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 16); HAROLD GREGOR, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 19); PHILIP GUSTON, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 9); BILL JENSEN and ALICE TRUMBULL MASON, Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 30); GWEN JOHN, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through March 23); JOE LASKER, Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 20); ARINA MALUKOVA and FRED REICHMAN, Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 9); MELISSA MEYER and JIM MELCHERT, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 23); MILTON RESNICK and EVA HESSE, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 23); PAUL ROTTENDAM, Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 23); WILLIAM TUCKER, McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN BOWMAN—A series of meticulously rendered representational paintings on grainy wood, a material currently approaching overuse. Most of the imagery—an amusement park off season, for example—has a ghostly quality. When the artist depends too heavily on the wood grain for the image, as in a series of landscapes, the work becomes facile. In the straightest work, however—a portrait of an abandoned factory in a quarrylike setting—Bowman uses the grain to create an exquisite, inescapable luminosity. Through March 9. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

ERIC BULATOV / OLEG VASSILYEV—Given the relative familiarity international audiences now have with Soviet art that developed in secrecy, separate from official culture, and given the recent shift in politics in Eastern Europe, it is easier to look at the work of these two mature painters today. Bulatov, who shone so powerfully in his last exhibition here and who has received wider Western attention than Vassilyev, displays a greater depth of feeling for the act of painting. "The Twentieth Century," a particularly strong work, depicts a blood-red river and sky, and uses a searchlight motif to create a simultaneous sense of spectacle and surveillance. But some of his paintings look rushed. "Liberté," for instance, a re-creation of Delacroix's classic, is clumsily executed, without any evident

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purpose. / Vassilyev's work, which in the past has tended to lack magnetism on first viewing, is shown to best advantage here. The paintings have a beautiful sense of light. Scenes executed in a feathered realistic technique are overlaid with geometric shapes that function as doors and windows, creating a nearly mystical relationship. Through March 12. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

TOM BUTTER—This sculptor's Fiberglas forms with figurative references have always had a quiet sense of appropriateness. His newest works have more insistent figurative elements, such as a pair of actual work gloves wringing a chain or a wheeled piece of Fiberglas held in place by a boot and a rope. In pursuing this more narrative approach, Butter seems to have lost something. Through March 9. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

BEAUFORD DELANEY (1901-79)—A retrospective of paintings by an overlooked artist who lived the last twenty-five years of his life in Paris. There is a certain naïveté to the work, but much of it proves to be quietly intelligent. In a large scene of Washington Square from 1951 the artist demonstrates that he has learned the lessons of Cézanne and of the Fauvists, and adds his own Dufyesque, decorative delight in street life. A display of eleven canvases from the sixties ranges from pale yellow to tangy lemon and merges Impressionistic and Expressionistic tendencies. In a number of portraits from the seventies, the artist reveals a humble appreciation of people. Through March 30. (Briet, 558 Broadway.)

MING FAY—The ultimate walk-in still-life: huge papier-mâché clamshells, wishbones, ginseng roots, mollusks, fruits, and other assorted organic matter arranged on the floor and walls. These painted sculptures are sensitively executed, and they have a fine degree of surface articulation and a pervasive sense of impending decay. Through March 23. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

LOUISE FISHMAN—Highly accomplished dark, dark paintings made with thick paint applied with wide brushes. "Moraine," which is as dark as a painting can get without being black, is calmly unsettling. "Lamentations" has a wide teal band running across its center, a quietly emphatic gesture of constriction and cancellation. Through March 23. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

FRED WILSON—This ethnographic Good Samaritan has gathered ancient artifacts (or reproductions of them) of the sort revered by Western collectors and museums, and has displayed them with labels that make connections to heated political issues. For example, there are shattered Babylonian and Ptolemaic objects labelled "Recent acquisition from the Baghdad Museum" and African masks with the names of life-threatening infections scratched into their surfaces. There are rain jars from Latin America that emit wailing voices and a case with pre-Columbian artifacts displayed beside cocaine paraphernalia. But even with their poetic and poignant references to the war, AIDS, C.I.A.-instigated revolutions, and the drug trade, the works lack insight. Through March 9. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**RENÉ PIERRE ALLAIN**, Pretto, 54 MacDougal St. (through March 23); **KENNY SCHARF** and **LARRY BELL**, Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through March 23); **LINDA DANIELS**, Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through March 9); **ELIZABETH DWORKIN**, Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through March 30); **DAN FLAVIN**, Boone, 417 West Broadway (through March 30); **PAUL GEORGES**, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through March 16); **DAVID REED**, Protetch, 560 Broadway (through March 23); **NANCY SPERO** and **CHRIS BURDEN**, Baer, 476 Broome St. (through March 9); **FRANZ ERHARD WALTHER** and **SOL LEWITT**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through March 23).

PHOTOGRAPHY

IN search of delight, we went to Staley-Wise, at 560 Broadway, where a group of pictures by J. H. Lartigue (1894-1986) is on view until March 16. Many of these photographs are so well known that they're a kind of modest, later equivalent to Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." Still, Lartigue's photographs are always a wonderful reminder of the sheer joy that taking pictures can be. The images exhibited here range from those Lartigue took when he was a small boy to those he did in his mid-forties. The prints are not vintage, but they're signed, some of them with a scribble that looks like a sun—an apt symbol for the work. The pictures Lartigue took before he was ten years old make a convincing argument for innate talent in photog-



Albrecht Dürer at the Metropolitan Museum

raphy. These are views of privileged lives, the flip side of the social portraits of the working classes, which have been so important to our understanding of the impact industry had on life at the turn of the century. Lartigue's subjects experienced the giddy thrill of speed in a car or a plane—and through these pictures we witness the optimism that progress once stood for.

BRUCE CHARLESWORTH—Lately, it seems as if Hollywood has become the favorite source of inspiration for photography, replacing that old perennial, nature. This show, titled "Man and Nature," presents Orwellian-setup photographs, often of people in scary situations, that bring to mind David Lynch and Stephen King. Although Charlesworth's wit and versatility have always been impressive, here his combination of horror and humor feels thin. Through March 16. (Baum, 588 Broadway.)

MARTIN PARR—A good-sized group of photographs that displays the artist's talent for capturing faces at giveaway moments—the times when expressions betray all you need to know. He's especially good with stiff upper lips, boredom, and locked jaws. He's also witty on the subject of photography itself. In one picture, a couple of tourists have arrived at a "view." The man has stepped out of the car that one presumes brought them there, and he is in the process of photographing a mountain topped with clouds. Meanwhile, his female companion sits in the car, reading what looks like a good gossip rag. One of its headlines declares, "GOLDLOCKS LOSES THE BORE WAR." Another reads, "SO SWEET THEY MAKE ME SICK." So much for lovely scenery. Through March 23. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**SARAH CHARLESWORTH**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through March 30); **LOIS CONNER** and **VAL TELBERG**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through March 16); **PETER HUJAR**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through March 30); **GRACE KNOWLTON**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 6); **LISSETTE MODEL**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through March 24); **LUCAS SAMARAS**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 30); **AARON SISKIND**, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through March 16).

MUSIC

THE original-instrument component of Lincoln Center's Mozart celebration comes into view March 10 with the arrival from the American West of the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, led by Nicholas McGegan and with Lowell Greer as the horn soloist. We particularly like hearing Mozart's horn concerti in early-music-revival style. The melodic lines vouchsafed the soloists are quite bare, not to say primitive, and we find it easier to enjoy them when we know that the player is stretching the capacities of a tricky instrument, rather than gliding through on a valve horn, which, our ears keep reminding us, could do so much more. In addition, Mr. Greer livens things up a bit now and then with ornaments and cadenzas that "mainstream" players are still, for the most part, too shy to venture. And, finally, we agree with Brahms that the old valveless horns had a certain pure beauty that it would be sad to do without. (Mr. Greer and Mr. McGegan have recorded all the concerti on Harmonia Mundi HMU 907012.)

Every generation has to rescue Mozart from the previous generation's ways of hearing him. Early in this century, the "Dresden-china figurine" image of the composer had to be replaced by something meatier and more formidable; for two decades now it has seemed urgent to supplant the syrupy "Viennese chocolate" Mozart, who is supposed to have existed under Bruno Walter and other Central Europeans, with something athletic and classical. Soon it will be time to decry the "low calorie" Mozart of Mr. McGegan and his colleagues. There is something behind these descriptions, but in the end, of course, they are specious. One quick way to assure oneself of that is to try some of the "historic" Mozart that has been coming out in floods on compact-disk releases. We have been especially enthralled with the series on EMI-Angel, whose rich catalogue guarantees the company more or less permanent preeminence in the sphere of historical reissues. We have been listening to radiant singing by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and to inspired, dramatic piano playing by Artur Schnabel and Edwin Fischer. As for Dennis Brain with Herbert von Karajan on the same series, the above remarks about instruments in the horn concerti seem hopelessly beside the point. Viennese chocolates, indeed! Their styles are far from what we know today, but the idea of a given style's inherent suitability for a composer loses force in proportion to the composer's imagination. On the EMI recordings, we hear great musicians fully engaged with a composer they evidently revere; the notion of their style not suiting Mozart speaks more to the limitations of suiting than to those of style. If we're lucky, in forty years' time we will feel like saying the same of Mr. McGegan and his band.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—*LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*, with Kiri Te Kanawa, Helen Donath, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Conlon. (March 4 at 8.)... With Kiri Te Kanawa, Marie McLaughlin, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and Samuel Ramey; James Conlon. (March 8 and March 11 at 8.)... **LUISA MILLER**, with Maria Spacagna, Wendy White, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. (March 5 at 8.)... With Kallen Esperian, Wendy White, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. (March 9 at 8.)... **DER ROSENKAVALIER**, with Mechthild Gessendorf, Delores Ziegler, Barbara Kilduff, and Aage Haugland; Jiri Kout. (March 6 and March 12 at 7:30.)... With Mechthild Gessendorf, Tatiana Troyanos, Barbara Kilduff, and Aage Haugland; Jiri Kout. (March 9 at 1:30.)... **KATA Kabanová**, a new production of Janáček's study of the "mother-in-law problem," marital infidelity, and suicide by drowning. With Gabriela Beňačková, Leonie Rysanek, Susan Quittmeyer, Wieslaw Ochman, and Aage Haugland; Charles Mackerras. (March 7 and March 13 at 8.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Verdi's "I Due Foscari." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 9 at 7:30 and March 10 at 2:30. Through March 24.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. March 5 at 8: Samuel Wong conducts Dvořák's "Carnival Overture," Copland's Third Symphony, and Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto, with Elisabeth Leonskaja as soloist. ... ¶ March 7-9 at 8, and March 12 at 7:30: Christopher Keene conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 19 and Piston's Symphony No. 4; and soprano Arleen Auger appears as soloist in Ravel's "Shéhérazade" and Mozart's concert aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (with Harriet Wingreen playing the obligato piano part in the last). (NOTE: The March 8 concert is preceded at 7 by a performance, open to ticket-holders, of Mozart's Piano-Winds Quintet, K. 452, played by members of the orchestra.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Kurt Masur conducts an all-Mozart program: his Symphonies No. 29 and No. 38 and A-Major Piano Concerto (with Emanuel Ax). (Carnegie Hall. March 5 at 8.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost conducts the surreal balletic fantasy "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," composed jointly, in 1921, by five members of Les Six—Auric, Honegger, Milhaud, Poulenc, and Tailleferre. Among other works on the program is the premiere of Joaquín Rodrigo's new guitar concerto, titled "Rincones de España," with Angel Romero as soloist. (Alice Tully Hall. March 7 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson directs the orchestra and the Arizona Masterworks Chorale in a program that spotlights the music of Richard Rodgers and the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein, though not always in combination with each other. (Carnegie Hall. March 8 at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Nicholas McGegan conducts music by Mozart: two symphonies, a horn concerto (with Lowell Greer playing the natural horn), and the E-Flat-Major Piano Concerto, K. 449 (with John Gibbons performing on a fortepiano). (Avery Fisher Hall. March 10 at 3.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Charles Mackerras conducts music by Handel, Haydn, and Dvořák (his Piano Concerto, with soloist Rudolf Firkušný). (Avery Fisher Hall. March 10 at 7:30.)

HOUSTON SYMPHONY—Christoph Eschenbach conducts Dvořák and Brahms (his First Symphony), and Pinchas Zukerman is soloist in Berg's Violin Concerto. (Carnegie Hall. March 11 at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducts works by Reinecke, D'Indy, and Mozart (his Oboe Concerto, with Joseph Robinson as soloist). (Alice Tully Hall. March 11 at 8.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducts Dvořák's Seventh Symphony and Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman). (Carnegie Hall. March 12 at 8.)

TALLIS SCHOLARS—Peter Phillips directs the a-cappella ensemble in music from Renaissance Prague and Tudor England (including Byrd's Mass for Five Voices). (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. March 5 at 8.)

ASCENSION MUSIC CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Dennis Keene directs sacred works by Mozart (including the Requiem), with various soloists. (Church of the Ascension. Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. March 5 at 8.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR—James Litton directs Verdi's Requiem, with various soloists, accompanied at the organ by William Trafka. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 226. March 6 at 8.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directs Mozart's Requiem and C-Minor Mass, with various soloists. (Carnegie Hall. March 7 at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Presenting works by Thomas Weelkes, William Schuman, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. March 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH TEXAS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA AND UNIVERSITY CHORALE—Anshel Brusilow conducts the orchestra and Henry Gibbons directs the choir in the first of the Lincoln Center Mozart Festival's "Masses in Concert" series. The program features two symphonies; a church sonata; the Missa Brevis, K. 140; and the Vesperae Solennes de Confessore. (Alice Tully Hall. March 9 at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS—David Randolph directs Kodály's Missa Brevis and Vaughan Williams' Mass in G Minor. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. March 10 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directs Fauré's Requiem (in the composer's 1893 version with chamber orchestra), Vaughan Williams' "Serenade to Music," and works by Janáček, Carter, and Alan Rawsthorne. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 59th St. March 10 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

HAYDN FESTIVAL—At the Metropolitan Museum. Final performances of a series that spotlights solo and chamber music written by Haydn during his visits to London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Concerts feature pianist András Schiff (the festival's organizer and director), violinist Yuuko Shiokawa, cellist Boris Pergamenschikow, the Takács String Quartet, and guest singers. March 7: Two piano trios; the F-Minor Piano Variations; and the String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 3. ... ¶ March 8: A piano fantasy; a trio; the String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 4; and the first book of "English Canzonettas," sung by bass-baritone John Shirley-Quirk. ... ¶ March 9: A piano capriccio; a trio; the String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 5; and the second book of "English Canzonettas," with Mr. Shirley-Quirk. ... ¶ March 10: Two trios; the Piano Sonata No. 52; and the String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 6. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Evenings at 8.)

MUSIC FROM SUMMERFEST—Pianist Ilana Vered and three string players perform piano quartets by Brahms, Strauss, and Mahler. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 5 at 8.)

TRIBUTE TO USSACHEVSKY—A multimedia event—including music, dance, and computer-generated imagery—in honor of the late Vladimir Ussachevsky, a pioneer of electronic music and a co-founder of the Princeton-Columbia Electronic Music Center. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. March 5 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Playing an all-Mozart program, with guest violist Michael Tree. (Alice Tully Hall. March 6 at 8.)

BALI AND THE WESTERN WORLD—Stephen Mosko directs the Music Today Ensemble in Balinese-influenced works by Colin McPhee, Lou Harrison, Claude Vivier, Gerald Levinson, and Evan Ziporyn; and the Dharma Swara Balinese Gamelan performs traditional Balinese pieces. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 6 at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Performing three of Mozart's quartets dedicated to Haydn. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 6 at 8.)

FOUR NATIONS ENSEMBLE—Baroque flutist Anne Briggs and a quartet of viols join the period-instrument ensemble in music from Paris and London. (Friends' Meeting House, 15 Ruth-

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CONCERTS

MUSIC—Cont'd

erford Pl., between Second and Third Aves. March 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BARGEMUSIC—Solo and chamber works by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Shostakovich. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 7 at 7:30 and March 10 at 4.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—The ensemble celebrates its twentieth anniversary by performing premièrès and *pièces d'occasion* by Bruce Adolphé, Stephen Albert, John Gibson, George Perle, Shulamit Ran, Gunther Schuller, Richard Wilson, and Yehudi Wyner. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 7 at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—A Villa-Lobos trio, a Dvořák quintet, and "Desert Knights," a new chamber work by Roland Hanna (who will preside at the keyboard), composed to honor American forces in the Persian Gulf. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 7 at 8.)

ALAN TITUS—Baritone, with pianist Mathias Weber, performing Schubert's "Winterreise." (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 8 at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Performing works by Mozart and Schumann (his E-Flat Piano Quartet, with guest pianist Lukas Foss), and recent compositions by Mr. Foss and by Charles Wuorinen. (Alice Tully Hall. March 8 at 8 and March 10 at 5.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—The pianist performs Beethoven's Sonatas No. 7 and No. 8 and the "Diabelli" Variations. (Carnegie Hall. March 9 at 8.)

OMNI ENSEMBLE—Chamber music by Haydn, Schumann, Roussel, and Lee Hyla, with guest artists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. March 10 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

SCHOENBERG STRING QUARTET—The Dutch four-some performs Beethoven's A-Minor Quartet, Op. 132; Webern's "Five Movements," Op. 5; and "Trümmer," by Jan van Vlijmen (who was recently appointed director of the Holland Festival). Presented by the Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., at Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. March 10 at 3:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Louise Basbas directs Alessandro Scarlatti's oratorio "La Giuditta," performed by five vocal soloists and an early-instrument chamber ensemble. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. March 10 at 4. For information about tickets, call 666-0675.)

MERIDIAN STRING QUARTET—Presenting quartets by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Fauré. (Weill Recital Hall. March 10 at 5:30.)

RICHARD LALLI—Baritone, with pianist Gary Chapman, presents an evening of Gershwin songs (some chestnuts, some rarities). The evening includes a commentary by Gershwin's biographer, Edward Jablonski, and recollections from the composer's friends and colleagues. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 11 at 8.)

ALAN CHOW—Piano, performing sonatas by Haydn, Chopin, and Griffes; Liszt's "Vallée d'Obermann"; and Tan Dun's "Traces II," a set of variations commissioned for Mr. Chow by Concert Artists Guild. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 12 at 8.)

VINEYARDMUSIQUE—Performing Swedish Baroque music. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. March 12 at 8.)

GUARNERI AND RIDGE STRING QUARTETS—Performing quartets by Beethoven and Dvořák, as well as compositions for octet by Strauss and Shostakovich. (Alice Tully Hall. March 13 at 8.)

CLASSICAL QUARTET—Playing chamber music for strings by Mozart: a duo, a quartet, and (with guest artist Stephanie Chase) a quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 13 at 8.)

DEBRA VANDERLINDE—Soprano, in a song recital with pianist Brian Zeger. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 13 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

PAUL SIMON—Trying to sort out all the paradoxes and contradictions that have been generated by the musical safari this singer embarked upon with "Graceland" and continued with "The Rhythm of the Saints" would make



Arleen Auger with the New York Philharmonic

anyone's head hurt. But Simon's Afro-Latin-Upper West Side music pulses and shines with such delicacy and liveliness that the knotty effort is resolved with a smile. There he stands—diminutive, small-voiced, and self-effacing, a veritable Walter Mitty of a folkie—surrounded by the Technicolor blast of a seventeen-piece international band, including four of Africa's finest guitarists and four brilliant Brazilian percussionists, and somehow it works. This forty-three-city tour is just picking up steam, and there won't be a hotter show this winter. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. March 7 at 8.)

THE REPLACEMENTS—This formerly hard-drinking and formerly hard-core band from Minneapolis barely made it into the nineties. (Rumors of a band breakup were rampant last year, and their most recent album, "All Shook Down," was really lead singer Paul Westerberg's first solo album—their record company insisted that it go out under the group's name.) But now that they're here—and seeing straight—they've brought with them one of the best songbags in American rock. Westerberg's lyrics convey eagle-eyed wit and bleary-eyed soul, and the boys churn out lyrical and thrashing garage music with an irresistible groove even as they shrug and wink at success. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 7 at 8.)

ROSANNE CASH—The weight of family life and of long-term relationships is the dark subject of "Interiors," this singer-songwriter's new album and one of the most beautiful depressing records ever made. She's Maybelle Carter's granddaughter and Johnny Cash's daughter, and she's been married to country-rocker Rodney Crowell for thirteen years, but Rosanne Cash has been wrongly pegged as a country singer. She grew up near Los Angeles, and the intimate, confessional pop of seventies Southern California is her true genre. By now, she's unsurpassed. Anyone who has caught her infrequent shows at the Bottom Line during the past few years will know just how powerful and pleasing a performer Cash has become. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 8 at 8.)



Paul Simon

STING—With Concrete Blonde. (Nassau Coliseum. March 6 at 8.)

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. March 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.

ROLAND HANNA—With other musicians in a tribute to Major Holley. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 8 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

DRY BRANCH FIRE SQUAD—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. March 8 at 8.

NELSON—With House of Lords. (Beacon Theatre. March 9 at 7.)

SLEEPY LA BEEF—St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. March 9 at 8.

"AMERICAN FOLK"—The second in a series of four concerts features Santiago Jiménez, Jr., and his ensemble and Conjunto Melodía Tropical. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. March 9 at 8.)

DAKOTA STATON TRIO—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 9 at 8.

BOOK OF LOVE—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 947-5850. March 9 at 9.

"HEAVENLY JAZZ"—Norman Simmons and Frank Wess. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. March 10 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Sting, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Gilberto Gil, and other musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 10 at 7.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

KNICKS—¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, March 5 at 8. ... ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, March 9 at 8:30. ...

¶ Vs. the Nets, March 11 at 7:30.

NETS—Away until March 14, when they face the Detroit Pistons.

RANGERS—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 4. ... ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, March 13. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Devils, March 5 at 7:35. ...

¶ Vs. the Rangers, March 9 at 5:05. ... ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, March 10 at 5:05.

DEVILS—Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, March 13 at 7:45.

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. ... **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. ... At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASKETBALL

BIG EAST TOURNAMENT—The nine Big East basketball teams vie for their conference title at Madison Square Garden. (465-6000. March 7-10.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

BLOOM CITY—A prelude to spring: the annual Flower Show at Pier 92. Exhibitions include a Japanese rock garden, rare camellias, statuary, and faux moonlight. (51st St. at the Hudson River. March 8-17. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8, and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

HOUSE PROUD—In a town house at 115 E. 79th St., Alice Waters has designed a kitchen, Robert A. M. Stern has designed a sitting room, Tom Wolfe has designed a study, and Kenny Scharf has designed an atelier. The house will be open to the public, starting March 7. For information about hours and tickets (which benefit DIFFA), call 288-0606.

READINGS—March 5 at 7: Mark Jarman and Christopher Buckley read from their own works. (Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St. No tickets necessary.)

... ¶ March 7 at 8: Elmore Leonard, Ed McBain, and Robert K. Tanenbaum read from their own prose. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) ... ¶ March 11 at 8: Amos Oz reads from his new novel. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) ... ¶ March 11 at 8: Susan Cheever and Verlyn Klinkenborg read from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-0905.)

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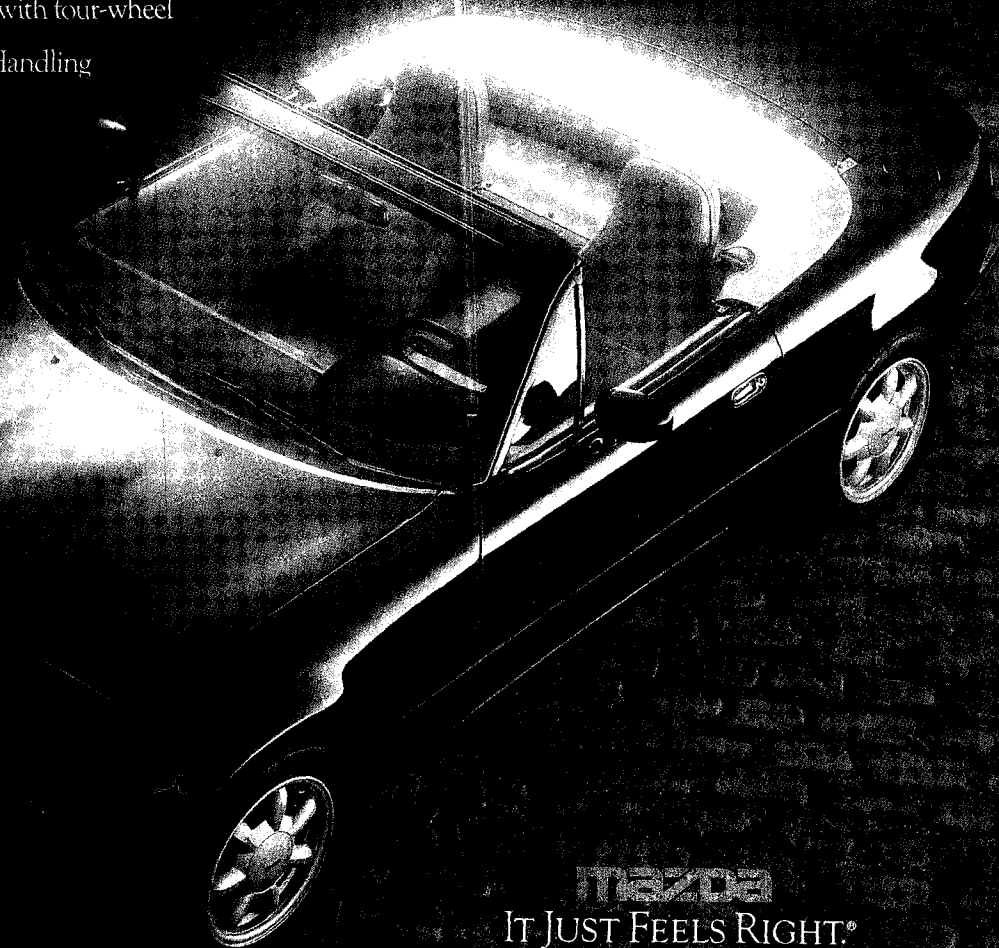
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Once Around" (directed by Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: Through March 5: The Third Animation Celebration. From March 6: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman.

Theatre 3: Through March 7: "Vincent & Theo" (†). From March 8: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).

Theatre 4: Through March 7: "Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead" (†). From March 8: "Shadow of China" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi), with John Lone.

Theatre 5: "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun).

Theatre 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through March 7: "Fable of the Beautiful Pigeon Fancier" (Ruy Guerra; in Portuguese).

From March 8: "Because of That War" (1988, Orna Ben-Dor Niv; in Hebrew) and "Berlin/Jerusalem" (1989, Amos Gitai; in German).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Doors" (†).

CINEMA 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"The Vanishing" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

Theatre 2: "The Sleazy Uncle" (Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman.

Theatre 3: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (Chuck Workman).

Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris.

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 4: "He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver).

Theatre 5: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 6: "L.A. Story" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Shipwrecked" (†) (Nils Gaup).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through March 7: "The Grifters" (†). From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hamlet" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris.

Theatre 4: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver).

Theatre 2: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"GoodFellas" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Shipwrecked" (Nils Gaup).

Theatre 2: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (Chuck Workman).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

From March 8: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes.

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Awakenings" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "The Grifters" (†). From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

Theatre 2: "Green Card" (†).

Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).

Theatre 2: "L.A. Story" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 2: "He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Hamlet" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through March 7: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

Theatre 2: "Edward Scissorhands" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through March 7: "Shipwrecked" (Nils Gaup), with Stian Smedstad and Gabriel Byrne.

From March 8: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles).

Theatre 2: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Blood in the Face" (†). From March 13: "Paris Is Burning" (directed by Jennie Livingston).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "1900" (†).

WAVELRY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Hamlet" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).

Theatre 2: "Misplaced" (Louis Yansen), with Viveca Lindfors.

Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 4: "Shipwrecked" (Nils Gaup), with Stian Smedstad and Gabriel Byrne.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Edward Scissorhands" (†).

Theatre 2: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

Theatre 3: Through March 5: "Nothing but Trouble" (Dan Aykroyd), with Chevy

Chase, Aykroyd, John Candy, and Demi Moore. From March 6: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman.

Theatre 4: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 6: "Awakenings" (†).

Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 8: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 9: Through March 7: "The Grifters" (†). From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)

Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Reversal of Fortune" (†). From March 8: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles).

Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates; and "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Reversal of Fortune" (†). From March 6: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman.

Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 3: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Theatre 5: "Green Card" (†).

Theatre 6: Through March 7: "Queens Logic" (Steve Rash). From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Doors" (†).

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7356)

"The Godfather Part III" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Heaven and Earth" (Karuki Kadokawa; in Japanese).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Through March 7: "Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead" (†).

From March 8: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg.

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Alice" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through March 5: (Separate admissions) "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates; and "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

From March 6: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Dances with Wolves" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Taxi Blues" (Pavel Lounguine; in Russian). From March 8: "Open Doors" (Gianni Amelio; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.

Theatre 3: "Ay, Carmela!" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 7: "Awakenings" (†).

From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "L.A. Story" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 5: "He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver).

Theatre 6: "The Doors" (†).

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The NeverEnding Story II The Next Chapter" (George Miller), with Jonathan Brandis; and (evenings only) "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin. From March 8: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Misery" (directed by Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 3: "L.A. Story" (†).

Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "The NeverEnding Story II The Next Chapter" (George Miller), with Jonathan Brandis; and (evenings only) "Popcorn" (Mark Herrier), with Tony Roberts.

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 6: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Godfather Part III" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Shipwrecked" (Nils Gaup), with Stian Smestad and Gabriel Byrne.

Theatre 2: "He Said, She Said" (Ken Kwapis and Marisa Silver), with Kevin Bacon, Elizabeth Perkins, and Sharon Stone.

Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 7: "King Ralph" (David S. Ward), with John Goodman. From March 8: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.

Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Nothing but Trouble" (Dan Aykroyd), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Run" (Geoff Burrowes), with Patrick Dempsey and Kelly Preston. From March 8: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

March 4: "Cover Girl" (1944, directed by Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "My Dream Is Yours" (1949, Michael Curtiz), with Jack Carson, Doris Day, and Eve Arden.

March 5-6: "Decision Before Dawn" (1951, Anatole Litvak), with Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill, and Oskar Werner; and "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952, Jean Negulesco), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis.

March 7-9: "The Women" (1939, George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, and Paulette Goddard; and "The Doughgirls" (1944, James V. Kern), with Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson, Alexis Smith, and Eve Arden.

March 10-11: "Sidewalks of London" (1938, Tim Whelan), with Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton, and Rex Harrison; and "Storm in a Teacup" (1938, Victor Saville), with Leigh, Harrison, Cecil Parker, and Sara Allgood.

March 12-13: "The Foxes of Harrow" (1947, John M. Stahl), with Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen, and Richard Haydn; and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney and Harrison.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through March 5: "Salaam Bombay!" (1988, Mira Nair; in Hindi); and "El Norte" (1983, Gregory Nava; in Spanish).

March 6-9: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (1990, John McNaughton), with Michael Rooker; and "River's Edge" (1987, Tim Hunter), with Daniel Roebuck, Crispin Glover and Dennis Hopper.

March 10-12: "Tune in Tomorrow..." (1990, Jon Amiel), with Keanu Reeves, Barbara Hershey, and Peter Falk; and



Closeups of a killer's crazed eye punctuate "The Spiral Staircase" like deadly periods. With visual panache and tingling details, Robert Siodmak, the director of this 1946 gothic melodrama, hooks audiences immediately and keeps them dangling on his line. Set at the turn of the century in a small New England town like Our Town, the movie is about a mute girl (Dorothy McGuire) stalked by a serial killer in an old dark house. The script (by Mel Dinelli) is based on Ethel Ling White's novel "Some Must Watch." Siodmak must have taken the book's title as his cue. In the opening sequence, McGuire watches "The Kiss" in a makeshift hotel movie hall; meanwhile, in a room above her head, the killer strangles the latest in a series of handicapped female victims. He gets ready to spring again as McGuire returns to the rambling mansion where she works for an invalid (Ethel Barrymore). In the single most horrifying moment, Siodmak shows how McGuire looks to the killer: a pretty



*Dorothy McGuire in
"The Spiral Staircase"*

girl with a hazy patch where her mouth should be. The running motif of partial or blurred vision provides a neat metaphor. "The Spiral Staircase" (playing March 10 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is an archetypal puzzle movie. The characters are viewers, too; everyone gradually sees the situation whole.

We grow to understand the members of Barrymore's household just well enough to suspect them of murder or complicity in murder: they include Barrymore's son the playboy (Gordon Oliver), her stepson the professor (George Brent), and the querulous caretaker (Rhys Williams). The always welcome Elsa Lanchester appears as the tiptling housekeeper. The movie is filled with classic scenes, like the voiceless McGuire attempting to grab a constable's attention during a storm. This is forties horror at its peak. Siodmak gets you in the eye, and whenever McGuire tries and fails to cry out for help, he gets you in the throat, too.

"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (1989, Paul Bartel), with Ray Sharkey, Robert Beltran, Mary Woronov, and Jacqueline Bisset.

From March 13: "Sweetie" (1990, Jane Campion); and "Miami Blues" (1990, Charles Armitage), with Alec Baldwin, Fred Ward, and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

March 4: "No Way Out" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier; and "The Blackboard Jungle" (1955, Richard Brooks), with Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, Louis Calhern, and Poitier.

March 5: "God's Stepchildren" (1938, Oscar Micheaux); and "Dirty Gertie from Harlem" (1946, Spencer Williams).

March 6-7: "Bright Road" (1953, Gerald Mayer), with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte; and "Tarzan's Peril" (1951, Bryon Haskin), with Lex Barker and Dandridge.

March 8-10: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean; and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker and Jean Gabin.

March 11-12: "Hallelujah!" (1929, King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; and "Sanders of the River" (†).

From March 13: "Nothing but a Man" (1964, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster; and "Dutchman" (1967, Anthony Harvey), with Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 4: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955, Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Masina, and Richard Basehart.

March 5: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945, John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942, Rouben Mamoulian), with Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

March 6: "I Could Go On Singing" (1963, Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, and Jack Klugman; and "The Star" (1953, Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden, and Natalie Wood.

March 7: "Forbidden Games" (1952, René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Gervaise" (1956, Clément; in French), with Maria Schell, François Périer, and Suzy Delair.

March 8-9: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards.

March 10: "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (†).

March 11: "Testament of Orpheus" (1959, Jean Cocteau; in French); "Blood of a Poet" (1930, Cocteau; in French), and "Orpheus" (1949, Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

March 12: "American Graffiti" (1973, George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard; and "Summer of '42" (1971, Robert Mulligan), with Jennifer O'Neill and Gary Grimes.

March 13: "The Wrong Man" (†); and "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus

Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—March 4-5 at 2:30 and 6: Academy Award-nominated films for foreign-language feature.

... ¶ March 4 at 6:30: "Everything for You" (1989, directed by Abraham Ravett). Mr. Ravett will be present. ... ¶ March 5-8 at 6

and March 9 at 2:30 and 5: Five different programs of Ida Lupino television films. ... ¶ March 7 at 2:30 and 6: "Paisan" (1946, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Maria Michi and Gar Moore. ... ¶ March 8 at 2:30:

"Henry V" (1945, Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Robert Newton, and Leslie Banks. ... ¶ March 8 at 6: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Joel McCrea,

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Veronica Lake, and Robert Warwick....
 ¶ March 9 at 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais and Josette Day....
 ¶ March 9 at 5: "The Third Man" (1949, Carol Reed), with Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli....
 ¶ March 10 at 2: "Love Affair" (1939, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Maria Ouspenskaya....
 ¶ March 10 at 2:30: "Beauty and the Beast"....
 ¶ March 10 at 5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Randolph Scott....
 ¶ March 10 at 5: A program of American avant-garde films from the fifties....
 ¶ March 11 at 2:30: "My Favorite Wife"....
 ¶ March 11 at 6: "Love Affair"....
 ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "The Third Man"....
 ¶ March 12 at 6: "Memphis Belle" (1944, William Wyler); and "The Battle of San Pietro" (†).
MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. Joe Piscopo: March 5-9: Excerpts from Piscopo's television work; "The Bensonhurst Bomber" (1956, CBS), an episode from "The Honey-mooners," with Jackie Gleason; and episodes from other shows that influenced Piscopo....
 Garry Shandling: From March 12: "The Graduate" (1986, Showtime/Fox), an episode of "It's Garry Shandling's Show"; and "The Woody Allen Special" (1969, CBS). Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and

Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15....
 ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." March 5-9: "Aaron Copland: An American Birthday" (1981, Bravo), a celebration of his eightieth birthday....
 From March 12: "On Location: Carlin at Carnegie" (1983, HBO), with George Carlin; and "Andy Kaufman Plays Carnegie Hall" (1979, Showtime). Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—March 6 at 7: "Hungarian Rhapsody" (1979, Miklos Jancso)....
 ¶ March 6 at 9: "Allegro Barbaro" (1978, Jancso; in Hungarian)....
 ¶ March 7 at 6: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966, Stan Brakhage)....
 ¶ March 7 at 10: "Tyrant's Heart" (1981, Jancso; in Hungarian)....
 ¶ March 8 at 7: "Season of Monsters" (1987, Jancso; in Hungarian)....
 ¶ March 8-10 and March 13 at 8:30 and 10: "Ten for Two" (1971, Steve Gebhardt)....
 ¶ March 9 at 5 and March 10 at 7: "Dawn" (1985, Jancso; in French)....
 ¶ March 9 at 7: "Jesus Christ's Horoscope" (1988, Jancso; in Hungarian)....
 ¶ March 10 at 2: "Full Moon Darkness" (1991, Carl E. Brown)....
 ¶ March 10 at 4:30: "Monterey Pop" (1969)....
 ¶ March 13 at 7: "A Movie" (1958), "Cosmic Ray" (1961), and "Report" (1965), all directed by Bruce Conner; and "The Flicker" (1966, Tony Conrad).
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—March 5 at noon: "Riddles of the

Sphinx" (1977, Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen)....
 ¶ March 5 at 2:30: "The Fable of He and She" (1974, Eliot Noyes, Jr.), "Sylvia, Fran and Joy" (1973, Joan Churchill), and "The Woman's Film" (1971, Louise Alaimo, Judy Smith, and Ellen Sorin)....
 ¶ March 7 at noon: "Sigmund Freud: His Offices and Home, Vienna" (1938, Gene Friedman) and "Young Dr. Freud" (1977, Axel Corti)....
 ¶ March 12 at noon: "The Gold Diggers" (1983, Sally Potter)....
 ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "The Emerging Woman" (1974, Helena Solberg-Ladd) and "A Simple Matter of Justice" (1978, Victoria Hochberg).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—March 9-10 at 2 and 4: Four different programs of short films by Stan Brakhage.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Programs of videotapes made by, or starring, Andy Warhol. Showings Tuesdays at 2, 3:30, and 6:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon, 1:30, and 3:30; and Sundays at 1, 2:30, and 4:30.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1981, Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nathalie Baye, Bernard-Pierre Donnadiou, and Roger Planchon....
 ¶ March 13 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Sand and Blood" (1988, Jeanne Labrunie; in French), with Sami Frey, André Dussollier, Clémentine Célarie, and Patrick Catilifo.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

ALICE—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption: the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy; it's a sermon with gags. The large cast also includes Joe Mantegna, Alec Baldwin, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Bob Balaban, and Bernadette Peters (who does a sensational brief turn as a cynical muse).—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Loews Fine Arts.)

AWAKENINGS—This adaptation of Oliver Sacks' account of the awakening of post-encephalitic patients who had been "living statues" for decades is persuasive in its own terms, but it's also a near-perfect example of Hollywoodization. In the book, Sacks, the fabulist of illness, is drawn into his patients' aberrant states—he sees their abnormalities as brilliantly unique forms of consciousness to be charted. In the movie, the director, Penny Marshall, works the audience. She keeps zapping us to feel the humanistic, the obvious; her forte is to make blandness ring true. The movie is all about the doctor (Robin Williams) being a caring individual; Sacks, who's sensitized to prodigious kinds of experience, is turned into an absent-minded professor banging his head. As for Robert De Niro, who's the prize patient—well, when you're playing a silent, somnolent person who wakes up and soon after erupts into madness, you certainly give the impression that you're acting. As the head nurse—a role that's an embarrassment—Julie Kavner still manages to give the best performance. With the frail octogenarian Ruth Nelson as De Niro's mother, and John Heard, Penelope Ann Miller, Max von Sydow, and a large cast that in-

cludes Judith Malina, Richard Libertini, Laura Esterman, Anne Meara, Mary Catherine Wright, Alice Drummond, Keith Diamond, Peter Stormare, and Dexter Gordon. The screenplay is by Steven Zaillian; the syrupy music is by Randy Newman.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Baronet, Waverly, and Chelsea Cinemas....) Regency; through March 7.)

THE BATTLE OF SAN PIETRO (1943)—This record of one of the fights engaged in by a regiment of infantrymen for the capture of a seven-hundred-year-old Italian village is regarded as perhaps the greatest wartime documentary ever made. It was shot by six Signal Corps cameramen, under Major John Huston's direction. He wrote and spoke the factual narration, which shades into austere irony. The film got into trouble with the Army and was cut from five reels to the thirty-three minutes that remain, but you wouldn't guess it. This doesn't seem like a cut film; it has its own perfection. James Agee referred to part of it as "the first great passage of war poetry that has got on the screen," and it's as war poetry that the whole brief film is experienced.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; March 12.)

BLOOD IN THE FACE—A skillfully made documentary about the radical right wing in North America. The movie's directors—Anne Bohlen, Kevin Rafferty, and James Ridgeway—put on display an alarmingly large aggregation of Fascist loonies: members of the Klan, the American Nazi Party, and other, less well-known organizations, all of them dedicated to spreading the gospel of anti-Semitism and white supremacy. What makes these zealots good subjects for a documentary is that they're compulsive talkers, tirelessly eager to expound their elaborate paranoid theories and make converts to the cause. (It passes the time while they wait for Armageddon.) Some really stunning delusional systems are elaborated here; everyone interviewed in this picture seems in need of a complete neurological workup. The film is fascinating, but it's also frustrating in that it doesn't provide much of a context for its menagerie of crackpots. The filmmakers don't try to explain the origins of these reactionary movements or to assess their current strength. The movie's tone is sometimes cautionary, suggesting that these groups constitute a sizable and material danger, and sometimes merely condescending, encouraging us to respond to the sheer ridiculousness of the radical right's ideas. When the film is over, all we can say for sure is that we've seen a compelling freak show.—T.R. (Film Forum; through March 12.)

DANCES WITH WOLVES—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a movie-making novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semier, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

THE DOORS—With Val Kilmer, directed by Oliver Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS—A Transylvanian castle rises high in the air out of the end of a bare, flat suburban street. One day, Peg Boggs, the Avon lady (Dianne Wiest, magically daffy), makes a call on the macabre, tumbledown place and discovers an adolescent fairy-tale boy, white-faced Edward (Johnny Depp), with two collections of long, sharp shears where his hands should be. (He was created in the castle's kitchen workshop by an aged inventor—Vincent Price, in flashbacks—who died before he could attach the hands he had prepared.) Peg invites the boy to come home with her. At first, this movie, directed by Tim Burton, has a lovely comic spirit, but when the suburbanites think Edward is dangerous and turn against him, the material turns into cheery, plot-centered melodrama. It has a central flaw: the idea of a boy who cuts when he wants to touch is pre-inter-



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preted. He's the pure creative artist who can't be around people because he can't help hurting them; he's the awful misunderstood kid. Edward is an emasculated Tim Burton—he's Burton saying, "I've always been a sweet guy." (The picture becomes Christmassy and angelic.) With Winona Ryder.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

GHOST—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the gooiier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Embassy.)

THE GODFATHER PART III—Lightning didn't strike three times. It's a big, ambitious project, and it looks like the first two "Godfather" movies, but the internal force has vanished, and the quality of feeling—what gave the films their lyricism and made the public bond with them—is gone. In the first two pictures the director, Francis Ford Coppola, took opportunistic, sensationalist material and turned it into drama. Now he doesn't transform the sensationalist material (the Corleones' involvement in Vatican swindles); he just presents it, with an aura of solemnity. With Al Pacino as the morose godfather, Andy Garcia as his successor, and Diane Keaton, Talia Shire, Eli Wallach, Joe Mantegna, Donal Donnelly, Raf Vallone, Bridget Fonda, Sofia Coppola, George Hamilton, Franc D'Ambrosio, and Helmut Berger. Written by the director and Mario Puzo.—P.K. (1/14/91) (Loews Festival, and Embassy 1.)

GOODFELLAS—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura; the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . .) Olympia. Evenings only.)

GREEN CARD—A limp, dispirited romantic comedy, written and directed by Peter Weir. A rather prissy horticulturist (Andie MacDowell) agrees to an in-name-only marriage to a Frenchman (Gérard Depardieu); he needs a green card to stay in New York, and she needs to show that she's married in order to get past the stuffy co-op board of the building



At the Lincoln Plaza,
Carmen Maura in "Ay, Carmela!"

in which she wants to buy an apartment. They meet (for the first time) at City Hall, do the deed, and separate, until several months later, when they're forced to pretend that their union is real—that they aren't strangers but devoted partners who know every little thing about each other. This is a serviceable premise for a screwball comedy, but the screwball is apparently not one of Weir's best pitches: the movie is as flat and lifeless as a hanging curve. Depardieu—as shaggy and hefty as ever—is a skillful comedian, and he looks as if he's having a great time. Not even his vivid presence is enough to rescue this wan little picture. Also with Bebe Neuwirth and Gregg Edelman.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE GRIFTERS—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never get a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord; we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding; you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . .) Bay Cinema, and Coronet; through March 7.)

HAMLET—Franco Zeffirelli gives Shakespeare's tragedy the ripping-yarns treatment: a dashing star (Mel Gibson); lavish sets and costumes; a generous amount of swordplay and leaping about; and just enough text to enable the audience to follow the story. Zeffirelli and his co-screenwriter, Christopher De Vore, have cut the play to an acceptable prestige-picture running time of two hours and fifteen minutes; you get the feeling that they would have eliminated Hamlet's tortured, action-retarding soliloquies if they could have done so without losing all those famous lines. The movie isn't exactly dull, but it doesn't feel like "Hamlet," either. The play's alternating rhythms of action and reflection have been flattened to a single tempo, brisk but monotonous. Gibson's performance is competent and enjoyable. He isn't interesting, though, and that's probably not entirely his fault—the intellectual vacuity of the production leaves him stranded. Among the all-star supporting cast, Ian Holm (as Polonius) and Paul Scofield (as the ghost of Hamlet's father) do the best work. Also with Glenn Close (as Gertrude) and Helena Bonham-Carter (as Ophelia). Cinematography by David Watkin.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

L.A. STORY—Steve Martin wrote and stars in this romantic comedy—a take on "Annie Hall" that turns it inside out. What Martin loves about L.A. is what Woody Allen rejected it for: its pleasure-loving, materialistic irresponsibility. For Martin, who grew up in Southern California, superficiality is the norm. This movie is totally inconsequential, and he accepts that—it doesn't bother him. As a clowning TV weatherman, Martin is split between his wonder-struck obsession with a British journalist, played by Victoria Tennant, and the carefree high of sex without love, represented by a bouncy nymph played (wonderfully) by Sarah Jessica Parker. The jokes spin by as if choreographed by summer breezes. If some of them aren't quite fresh, the movie is such a silly, light-headed joyride that you don't really mind. With a batch of sharp performers: Rick Moranis (uncredited), Marilu Henner as a tough dame with a cold stare, Susan Forristal as Martin's pal, M. C. Shan as a waiter-rapper, and Richard E. Grant, Kevin Pollak, and Patrick Stewart, among others. Artfully directed by the English TV ace Mick Jackson; with cinematography by Andrew Dunn, editing by Richard A. Harris, and a funny, lilting score by Peter Melnick.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

MR. & MRS. BRIDGE—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Praver Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance; she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us; they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow.—T.R. (12/3/90) (Village East Cinemas, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. Bertolucci is trying to transcend the audience appeal of his lyrical, psychological films. He is trying to make a people's film by drawing on the mythology of movies, as if it were a collective memory. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) In form, it's an opera-novel, and its homage is to Verdi, the great Emilian who died on the day of the boys' birth; it has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs, and one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever

filmed. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. This is not the cut version that opened in this country in 1977. It's the full (five hours and eleven minutes) version; however, it's in English.—P.K. (Film Forum.)

POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE—This tale of a sorrowful, wisecracking starlet (Meryl Streep) whose brassy, boozing former-star mother (Shirley MacLaine) started her on sleeping pills when she was nine is camp without the zest of camp. It's camp played borderline straight—a druggy-Cinderella movie about an unformed girl who has to go past despair to find herself. The director, Mike Nichols, is a parodist who feigns sincerity, and his tone keeps slipping around. What's clear is that we're meant to be enthralled by the daughter's radiant face, her refinement, her honesty. Nichols keeps the camera on Streep as if to prove that he can make her a popular big star—a new Crawford or Bette Davis. (She remains distant, emotionally atonal.) The tacky, bright-colored film—a near-plotless version of a woman's picture—is weightless, yet it's watchable. Its jadedness appeals to the narcissism of show-biz insiders and to the would-be insider in the rest of us. (Nichols is acclaimed for being hip to the Zeitgeist.) —P.K. (10/22/90) (23rd St. West Triplex. ... Cinema 3; through March 5.)

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE—An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his superrich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Manhattan Twin. ... Worldwide Cinemas; through March 5. ... 23rd St. West Triplex; through March 7.)

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—The heroes of Tom Stoppard's 1967 play are a pair of marginal, forgettable characters from "Hamlet"—the school friends of the Prince who have been summoned by Claudius to help the King find out why his stepson is in such a bad mood. The conceit of the play is that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those bozos in doublet and hose, have some sort of life independent of their brief appearances on the stage of a great tragedy. Stoppard's manner is that of an antic modernist, a meta-absurdist; his Rosencrantz and Guildenstern both evoke and send up the Beckett-influenced theatrical fashions of the late sixties. The title characters' exchanges are all undergraduate-philosophy jokes and puns of the elaborate/inane variety favored by English cryptic crosswords. The shocking thing about this movie version, which was directed by the playwright, is that the material doesn't seem very funny anymore. Stoppard has "opened out" the play in all the conventional wrong-headed ways, and he doesn't seem to have a clue about where to point the camera. As a movie director, he doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw. He even manages to sabotage the Ping-Pong rhythms of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's comic set pieces: we rarely have the sense that the actors, Tim Roth and Gary Oldman, are playing off each other. (Oldman, who sometimes suggests Stan Laurel, succeeds in getting a few laughs anyway.) The movie is so lethargic and gloomy-looking that you'd think Stoppard didn't understand his own play; what he really doesn't understand is the movies. Also with Richard Dreyfuss and Ian Richardson.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through March 7.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER (1935)—One of those all-for-the-glory-of-the-British-Empire specials.

Paul Robeson plays Bosambo, a trustworthy Congo chieftain so loyal to the British that he helps the colonial officials crush a native revolt. Robeson, who had apparently expected this English film—an Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltán Korda—to have a very different point of view, fought its release. However, despite the junkiness of the Edgar Wallace story on which it is based, and despite the flagrant racism of the noble-savage conception, Robeson himself has a nobility that transcends the picture's terms. He's magnificently stirring in his African bangles, especially when his chants roll out over the waters. Bosambo and Robeson's similar role in "King Solomon's Mines" were among his most popular performances. With the elegant Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; March 11-12.)

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish; he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparency of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The trainee draws near Buffalo Bill with the hovering, darting motion of a moth around a flame, and Foster, with amazing delicacy, shows us the constant tension between the character's emotions and her actions—the omnipresent self-consciousness of inexperience. The suspense of this man-hunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn, Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY—Julia Roberts, as a frightened young wife who fakes her death and changes her identity to escape her rich

husband (Patrick Bergin), a psychopathic perfectionist. Roberts is an incredible object—you can at least see why a perfectionist would want to hang on to her. But she's a blank goddess here, and the settings—Cape Cod and Cedar Falls, Iowa (both shot in North and South Carolina)—are uninspiring. The director, Joseph Ruben, does a smooth job, with snappy editing every time there's a cut to the enraged husband on the wife's trail. There are no surprise twists, though; the picture is a glossy combination of second-hand, showing-off-Julia scenes from "Pretty Woman" and secondhand scares from "The Stepfather." Ronald Bass's script, out of a novel by Nancy Price, is one letdown after another. With Kevin Anderson, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Nancy Fish. The score, by Jerry Goldsmith, keeps plugging away at ominousness.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

THE VANISHING—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for; the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems; traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air, and these wispy, ephemeral indications of unself-conscious life haunt us when the story is over. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. Bernard-Pierre Donnadiou gives a chilling performance as the perverse, enigmatic villain. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)

VINCENT & THEO—The director, Robert Altman, and the screenwriter, Julian Mitchell, give us an interpretation of the bond that helps to keep Vincent alive while it tears Theo apart. Vincent is obsessive about his painting; Theo is obsessive about Vincent and about his own inability to sell Vincent's work and help him—he can give him only a pittance. This double Passion-play movie is very different from other Altman movies (even allowing for how different they are from each other). The theme—the bitter entanglement of art and commerce—is Altman's lifelong theme, and, staying with it strictly in terms of the van Gogh brothers, he's able to release his own feelings about how an artist's frustrations lead him to acts of self-destructive fury—cutting off his ear to spite his face. It's a movie about two sensualists made by a sensualist, who understands that their bond of love of art is also a bond of shared rage at the world of commerce. This daring film works on its own relentless, celebratory terms. With Tim Roth, whose acting is a form of kinetic discharge, as Vincent and Paul Rhys as Theo. The cinematography is by Jean Lepine, the production design is by Stephen Altman, the score is by Gabriel Yared; all three rise to the occasion.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Angelika Film Center; through March 7.)

THE WRONG MAN (1956)—An unusually drab Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafkaesque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle, Esther Minciotti, and Harold J. Stone. Written by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail; music by Bernard Herrmann.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT the end of a war in which Americans were repeatedly told to steel themselves for difficulties that lay ahead, the thing that few of us were fully prepared for was the continued absence of difficulties—the degree to which the long-feared ground war turned out to be a repetition of the air war. Again, the allied forces rained long-distance destruction on an enemy that had little or no capacity to respond and was rarely even in a position to see its attackers. In the final days of the war, according to the *Washington Post*, allied pilots “swarmed over Iraqi armor and truck columns, slaughtering the scattering vehicles by the score in a combat frenzy variously described as ‘a turkey shoot’ and ‘shooting fish in a barrel.’” Military analysts have estimated the number of Iraqi dead at anywhere from twenty-five thousand to a hundred thousand, and we may never have a significantly better figure. Many have already been buried without being counted, and many died in trenches and bunkers that allied bombs and rockets turned into mass graves. Following the announcement of the ceasefire, twenty-eight Americans were reported to have died in the ground war. “I lost more men in one day in a rifle company in Korea,” the *Wall Street Journal* quoted a retired Army officer and military historian, Colonel Harry Summers, as saying. (A later report put the figure at thirty-eight, and eighty-nine soldiers were said to have died in the war as a whole.)

The United States, having provided most of the soldiers, equipment, and leadership for this victory, now occupies an astonishing place in the history of warfare. Never has a nation brought so much destruction upon its enemy at

so little apparent cost to itself. Perhaps the closest comparisons are to be found not in the annals of war but in the annals of massacres: moments when the contending forces seemed to come from different centuries, as when the Spaniards, with their guns and armor, prevailed over lance-wielding Indian tribes. Because of the relative backwardness of the Iraqi military and the open terrain of the desert, the Gulf War was a kind of “dust-free laboratory in which all the conditions were on our side,” as William Arkin, a former Army Intelligence analyst who now does military research for Greenpeace, has observed.

Just as Iraqis must now deal with a devastating defeat, Americans must deal with a breathtaking victory—one that, moreover, stands in dramatic contrast to the frustrations this country has experienced on various non-military fronts in recent years. The question is: What will we make of our victory, and how will it affect us?

The phrase “world’s policeman”

was something of a misnomer in the years of its greatest popularity, when the United States led an alliance of nations pitted against what we presumed to be a comparable alliance. It is a far more appropriate term for the role that this country played in the Gulf war. A policeman is paid to do things that other people are uneasy about doing—and, indeed, may not care even to see being done. At times, a number of nations in the anti-Iraqi alliance indicated some uneasiness about their participation, or expressed doubts about a war strategy that entailed extensive bombing of cities and towns far from Kuwait. But the United States remained determined throughout—the principal supplier not only of military might but of resolve. So consistent was the Bush Administration in its refusal to hear of compromise, or even of face-saving, that the war drew to its end with the Soviet Union and the United States playing, in effect, a variation on good cop/bad cop, and the Soviets telling the Iraqis, “You’d better shape up, or I’m going to leave the room and you’ll be alone with my friend here.” It was a convincing act.

The outcome of the war, and the discoveries that are coming to light of horrors wrought by the Iraqi army of occupation in Kuwait, will be widely seen as a vindication of the Administration’s position. It will suggest to some people that even when the greater part of the world agrees on the need to counter an act of aggression it is better to have one nation—this nation—act as surrogate for the rest. What began as an exercise in international coöperation could be interpreted as proof that in times of crisis it’s best to abandon the niceties of collective decision-making and due process and to rely on Washington.

Nations need policemen, but it is



important for Americans to think long and hard about what can be expected to happen to a nation that *becomes* a policeman. The memory of the Gulf war seems destined to become a part of our national identity, and possibly it will come to supplant the memory of the Vietnam War, which has hung over us for the last sixteen years. What to do with this new memory—of a seemingly omnipotent American military, unfazed by the kind of political and cultural complexities that brought us up short in Vietnam—could turn out to be a bigger challenge than the war itself.

ON Friday, February 22nd, with a great, long sigh, *The New Yorker* moved out of 25 West Forty-third Street, our home since 1935, and into fresh new offices across the street. It took forty-seven hours—five shifts, fifty-seven men on each shift—and four thirty-foot trucks to move us ninety feet. When Harold Ross started this magazine, in 1925, he planted it on West Forty-fifth Street; then it spent fifty-six years on the north side of Forty-third, and now we have made it across to the south. At this rate, in a thousand years we should be on Fourteenth.

"Possessions breed like mice. A man forgets what a raft of irrelevant junk he has collected about him till he tries to move it," E. B. White wrote in *Notes and Comment* after the 1935 move. If he had been around last week, he would have found that the raft had become an ocean-going barge—eleven thousand cartons, a hundred and ten truckloads. And yet moving day went forward with a light-heartedness and a precision that we are almost too modest to mention. And with the inevitable sadness. On that Friday, the halls were full of cartons—stacked, labelled, numbered, color-coded. At one-fifteen, the last pages for the March 4th issue were corrected and the last of the books and plants and pictures were being packed up, and by three o'clock the Makeup Department had sent those last pages to the printer. A few minutes past six, the movers arrived. Desks went out on dollies; the library went out—shelves of fat black scrapbooks of old writing. In Fiction, a lively party was under way, and one of the editors had drawn a passable Thurber figure on the wall with marking pen and

written underneath, "OLD THURBER, DO NOT TOUCH." A floor below, a uniformed security guard named Dennis was posted beside the genuine Thurber mural: a series of pencil drawings, in Thurber's hand, on the south wall of his old office—a surreal landscape with a rising (or setting) sun, a man fending off the grasp of a fierce woman diving for his legs, and a graceful self-portrait. The guard would be on duty overnight, he told a writer.

Writer: "Why are you here?"

Guard: "So nobody can touch or do damage."

Writer: "What happens if somebody does?"

Guard: "I don't have an answer for that. I gotta do what I gotta do."

Writer: "Do you have a gun, or anything?"

Guard: "I can't answer that."

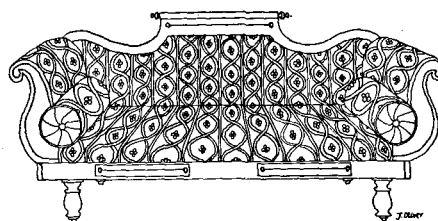
Surely it would have pleased Thurber to know that his art was under round-the-clock guard by a man who was possibly armed. Any humorist would like to believe he is a genuine threat.

Thurber and White were two famous residents of 25 West Forty-third, and there were enough others around to have made the place into a National Literary Park, with velvet ropes and signs with arrows. The Rangers would meet you by the twentieth-floor elevator bank and take you into the Interpretative Center for the ten-minute slide show. ("The year is 1925," booms the baritone voice. "Jazz is hot, skirts are high, the stock market is higher, and an ex-doughboy from Colorado decides that America needs a weekly humor magazine.") In groups of fifteen, you would head down the high, narrow pale-yellow corridors, under the hanging Harding Administration light globes, to inspect the three more or less bracket-shaped floors—the main drag a hundred feet long, the wings seventy feet and twenty feet. You'd trek past the old John O'Hara office and the Geoffrey Hellman office and around the dogleg bend to Fiction ("Along this hallway, for almost sixty years, messengers pushed carts of fic-

tion, about fifteen thousand submissions a year, from which the editors were able to print approximately a hundred and thirty") and into the corner office that was for so long the realm of Katharine S. White. ("Mrs. White was small and wore an elegant suit every day, and a beautiful Sally Victor hat. She carried a big envelope of galley proofs and smoked a cigarette as she walked, and the *clomp-clomp-clomp* of her feet could be heard at a distance.") Then down the stairs to Nineteen, with the editor's office, where William Shawn presided for thirty-five years, in the southeast corner, and, near the stairs, a tiny office with a green stuffed chair where the pink-cheeked Edmund Wilson liked to sit ("The preëminent American man of letters of our time, Wilson did most of his writing at home but came in regularly for mail and for conversation"), and down the hall and past the Thurber Wall to the E. B. White office, with his big brown desk still there—the office where the famous photograph of him and his dachshund, Minnie, was taken. And then on down to Eighteen, where the handsome, dashing St. Clair McKelway had his office, and where A. J. Liebling wrote his *Wayward Press* columns and his pieces about the Jollity Building. ("A fat man with little steel-rimmed spectacles, Liebling sat jiggling with silent mirth as he typed.") In the northwest corner, where a pencil sharpener is mounted on a bookcase, is the office of Charles Addams. And then, at last, down to the National Park souvenir shop for a selection of Eustace Tilley T-shirts, plates, bumper stickers, and placemats.

It isn't the thought of abandoning those ghosts that makes us sad to leave the old place; it's the memory of all the other people who labored there, doggedly, sometimes brilliantly, and who are mostly unknown. The famous ones live on and on, far beyond West Forty-third, and one page of the writing of any of them will tell you more about him or her than a look at a restored office would, but the others are loved and remembered mainly by us, and the old preserve reminded us of them.

For example, Maeve Brennan, who wrote fiction and the *Long-Winded Lady* pieces in *Talk of the Town*: her office had been on the main drag on the twentieth floor, and once in a while we'd pass it and think of her, and look up her story "Family Walls," which



in turn made us think of James Joyce.

There was Murdock Pemberton, a regular contributor to *The New Yorker* and a regular at the Round Table at the Algonquin, who in later years, down on his luck, worked at the magazine as a messenger. A precipitous fall, one would think, but Mr. Pemberton was a cheerful man and always dressed well, in handsome tweed jackets. His wife, a former Ziegfeld showgirl, was a receptionist in the Business Department. We recall Charlie Beitler, the old messenger who made the rounds of the offices with a tray of freshly sharpened pencils, a cigar always in his mouth; and the office manager Daise Terry, who had been a secretary to President Wilson at the Versailles Peace Conference, and who terrorized the messengers; and Malcolm Anderson, a checker, who said, in reference to something, "Perhaps someday they'll let me play my crappy rhapsody."

Drifting through the old quarters are ghosts of former denizens such as Kip Orr, a kind and funny and sometimes acid man who answered letters from readers and wrote to some of them, "If you don't like us, read something else." And the editor Hobey Weekes, who when you met him in the hall would raise his eyebrows and make his mouth into an O; the elegant Popsy Whitaker, whose expensively tailored trousers rose almost to armpit level; and the porter and the cleaning woman who communicated across the floors of empty offices by whistling a distinctive descending tone—he whistled and she whistled back, and they went and had a coffee break. There are ghosts of old elevator men, who all wore white gloves: one made trombone noises at his work, and another heard voices speaking to him and, one day, told a passerby that the voices were saying, "Drop the sons of bitches. Drop them." He was taken to Bellevue.

We think of Freddie Packard, the head of Checking, who trod our halls for forty-five years—a gregarious man



"For all his brilliance, we're going to have to replace Trewell. He never quite seems able to reduce his ideas to football analogies."

in a place famous for its grumps. And we could continue the list from here to the door.

A man who draws in pencil on an office wall hardly expects to need an art restorer, nor do magazine people expect to be remembered, but we remember our own. Though these things are hard to express outside the family, within the family it's just as Ross said: God bless them. We are glad to have crossed West Forty-third. White was right: the only way to clean out an office is to move on. The new place is roomy, simple, and trim. In the hallway is a photograph of Ross beaming fondly on us, as handsome as a cardinal. And in the lobby is a dog named Pepé, a black-and-tan-and-white Akita, ten years old, who looks very much like a Thurbur dog, large and thoughtful. His job is to sniff for bombs.

"Ashokan Farewell"

JAY UNGAR, who is the composer of "Ashokan Farewell," the sweet, sad fiddle tune that was the theme of

the PBS documentary "The Civil War," is an old friend of ours, so we've known all along that the tune wasn't either (a) traditional or (b) written for the show; it is, as Jay has described it, "a Scottish lament written by a Jewish guy from the Bronx" at the end of a particularly happy series of the fiddle-and-dance workshops he runs several times each year at the Ashokan Field campus of the State University of New York, which is near his home, in the Catskills. Still, there's never any harm in getting right to the bottom of a story, so when Jay and his fiancée, Molly Mason, came to town recently, to play for a dance sponsored by Country Dance New York at Simon Baruch Junior High School, we met with them beforehand and did our best to find out everything we had always wanted to know about Jay's career but had never got around to asking.

For almost all the time we've known Jay, he has worn his hair pulled back into a knot, and until last fall he had a decorative full beard. Then he shaved off the beard for Halloween, leaving

just a mustache. Though his hands are blunt, square, and powerful-looking—not what you'd expect on a fiddle player—his gestures are graceful and precise.

What we found out was that Jay hadn't set out to be a fiddle player (he had wanted to play the concertina but had settled on the violin when his mother couldn't find a concertina teacher, because he thought the violin sounded like a concertina); that he had switched to the mandolin while he was in his teens, because a friend's father, who was impressed with Jay's ability to pick out tunes on the mandolin (the fingering for mandolin and violin are identical), gave him a brand-new one; that he started playing folk music because "there were certain parts in every classical piece I learned that I really liked, and the rest of it I couldn't care less about, and when I first started hearing folk fiddling, it seemed to be all the parts I liked"; and that his previous greatest hit, written around 1970, when he was a member of a rock group called Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys, was titled "Strike a Match and Light Another (Marijuana Cigarette)."

In fact, most of the songs Jay has written have been notably cheerful,

even celebratory. "You Low Down Dirty Dog," a high-spirited Cajun-style tune, was written the night that Jay finally won the approbation of Dewey Balfa, a Cajun fiddler whose style Jay had been trying for a couple of years to learn. "Dewey's face just lit up," Jay told us. "I think he'd tolerated my playing for a while, and then he thought it was O.K., and then he thought it was really good. After that, I was driving him to someone's house, and he and some other people were in the back of my van, and they were playing fiddles back there. Everyone had had a few beers, and every time we hit a bump in the road they'd bang around with their fiddles, and Dewey would yell at me, 'You dirty dog! You low-down dirty dog!' Then, when I was driving home alone, I was so excited about playing with him, and how well it had gone, that by the time I got home I was singing the song. That's the way I usually write a tune—I get really jived up about something, and it just comes out."

"Ashokan Farewell" came out of what Jay calls "post-Ashokan depression syndrome." He said, "I was home alone one morning, and I started playing the fiddle, and I was really sad. I

found that melody, and tears just started pouring out of my eyes. You could actually find lots of bits of other melodies in it." He broke off to sing a phrase that echoed the opening line of the national anthem exactly until it veered off into the eerie minor seventh that may be the single note most responsible for the frequency with which the word "haunting" has been used to describe "Ashokan Farewell." "And there's a little hint of an old Scottish air called 'Wild Mountain Thyme,' and of one called 'Margaret Ann Robertson,'" he went on. "I don't do this consciously. While it's happening, I have a feeling that I'm the channel for something else—that this tune exists somewhere, and it's coming out of me—so I try not to interfere with it and think too much, because then I lose it. I've probably lost more tunes than I've written, because I got self-conscious and wanted to make them work, or I got excited and thought, This is *such a great tune*—and it was gone. So I usually have to shut my brain off and turn a tape recorder on, and I fortunately did that while this one was happening." An hour after "Ashokan Farewell" was finished, he wrote a joyous dance tune called "Hoodoo Hoedown," which "is

a kind of Middle Eastern-French Canadian contradance tune," he told us, adding, "It was the antidote to 'Ashokan Farewell'—to me they're like a pair."

When his band performs now, it's often asked to play "Ashokan Farewell," he went on. "Sometimes I would like to play other tunes that were inspirational for me, like 'Da Auld Resting Chair' or 'Da Slockit Light,' by the Shetland fiddler Tom Anderson—tunes that I knew before and that have the same kind of feeling to them. But occasionally when people request 'Ashokan Farewell' I feel that it means so much for them to hear it, because of connections they've made—either people they watched the show with or something it's touched in them—and it's so easy for me to just play it that I do. It's no big deal,



"Big date tonight, Dad. Can I borrow the cardigan?"

and it's nice—it's nice to be able to do that."

Shy

RAPUNZEL in winter is a lonely rhino. For that matter, Rapunzel is a lonely rhino in spring. She's lonely in all seasons, for both ecological and Garbo reasons: a shy type. Rapunzel gets her name from the hairs that cover her big snout, her barrel torso, her short legs, and the ratty switch she uses for a tail. The idea that Rapunzel is named for a fairy-tale beauty is something we find charming, because Rapunzel herself is as plain as a fire-plug. Squat and unlovely, but not unloved, Rapunzel has a reddish coat and weighs close to a ton. She is one of only a few hairy Sumatran rhinos left living on the planet. An instinctive forager, she was born in a dense Sumatran rain forest, and has travelled to Singapore, Amsterdam, and Los Angeles. Currently, she resides just off Southern Boulevard, in her own room at the Bronx Zoo. That's Rapunzel there, snacking on defrosted branches. She's the one with the stubble.

We wrote briefly about Rapunzel when she arrived here, last spring, and we've been visiting her on and off ever since. During much of this warm winter, she has spent her days outside the newly revamped Elephant House, in a cul-de-sac reached through a screen of bamboo and tall reeds. On the south side of the enclosure lies Rapunzel's habitat, where she can often be found napping, flat on her side in her pool, invisible but for her ears, which she twitches minutely, and her tail, which she uses to bat flies. The docents who watched over Rapunzel often have a vaguely distracted air. We attribute it to the fact that Rapunzel doesn't disport herself much, although once in a while she is known to whistle or let out a diffident snort.

To our eyes, Rapunzel looked forlorn in her wallow. Gazelles have herds. Lions have prides. Baboons have harems. For society, Rapunzel has only pigeons and keepers. Yet this arrangement seems to suit her fine. "The rhino is a very solitary forest animal by nature," Jim Doherty told us recently. Mr. Doherty, a general curator at the zoo, is one of the world's experts on hairy Sumatran rhinos. He has been to Indonesia to observe them, and he has



"Mr. Bush, this is Vytautas Landsbergis, in Vilnius. Guess what."

met one of two other specimens in American zoos. "The truth is, we know very little about this rhino at all," he said.

We know that it is the smallest of just five rhino species; that it has a soft coat and fringed ears, which suggest great evolutionary age; that hairy rhinos seek each other out only for breeding; that a single calf is born after a gestation of fourteen months; that the life expectancy of a hairy rhino is thirty years; and that Rapunzel is a mature adult. "These rhinos don't live in groups, or even pairs, in nature—they live alone," Mr. Doherty said. "What limits our knowledge is the scarcity of the animals. It's hard to find any figure I can accept on the numbers, since they're so intensely shy. But the population is probably around six hundred. Poaching goes on. The hairy rhino doesn't have much of a horn, but I presume its horn is what poachers are after. In Sumatra, twelve hairy rhinos were poached last year."

Encroachment and lumbering are also a menace. "If rhinos hear chain saws, they're not going to hang around," Mr. Doherty said. "They're going to head for denser brush. But these pockets of jungle are scattered. They're not connected. And as the encroachment

continues there could come a time when there's no underbrush left."

Although you can't tell it from her poky expression, Rapunzel seems content in the Bronx. She gets along with her keepers. A mate has been selected for her from another zoo. "I think it's presumptuous of us to put a male and a female together and think they're automatically going to breed," Mr. Doherty said gently. "So we'll go slow. We'll introduce them gradually at first—a crack in the door. That way, they can sniff each other. We don't want Rapunzel afraid of the male. And we don't want her to get hurt."

None of this seems to concern Rapunzel, whose overriding quotidian concern is her grub. Several times a day, she is given a feeding of hay and a type of grain fed to captive moose. For a snack she eats branches of maple, mulberry, alder, or grape. To keep her supplied for winter, zoo workers cleaned hundreds of tree limbs, then Hefty-bagged them and stored them in a walk-in freezer. If you happen to come upon Rapunzel in her winter quarters, you will likely find her munching leaves or else asleep. She is a gentle beast, but apparently not one with a rich range of moods. "She eats," Mr. Doherty said, "and then she crashes."

AL DENNY

SO much dead wood and garbage in our lives, pretense, dishonesty. How to rid ourselves of it, move on to richer, deeper things? How to shuck these lures and snares and give the beauty within us room to grow? How to be more the person we set out to be when we were nineteen, instead of this dull, greedy old weasel snarfing all the food on the plate? These questions began to bear down on me a few years ago, when I was en route to San Francisco for a conference on Birthing Our Self-Affirmation of Wellness, and looked through my briefcase bulging with (believe it or not) twigs and grass clippings and dry leaves, and could not find my home telephone number or remember where I lived. Suddenly I recalled Thoreau's advice, "Simplify, simplify." So the next week, during a retreat at the Bobist Institute, I wrote down my ideas on the subject, and the result was "Being the Person You Are."

I never thought this little book would cut much timber in the self-esteem field, up against giants like Wayne Dyer and Leo Buscaglia, but so far it has sold sixty-seven million copies in more than eleven languages and seventeen dialects. So many people have told me that the book completely

changed their lives, and others have had their lives changed partially. It changed mine, too. I got rich and gained sixty pounds and lost my hair and lived in various Sheraton hotels and became a big lumbering galoot with bleeding cuticles, climbing in and out of limos and wearing a rug. And though I could afford a good one—not nylon—still I felt stressed, tense, owly; and the baldness affected my balance, so I was liable at any time to topple over into a heap for no apparent reason.

Doctors puzzled over this. One morning, I woke up in Santa Fe, fully dressed, sprawled across a hotel bed, my pants moist from creamy desserts stuffed in my pockets. I was registered there under the name Santana Diego, Ph.D., and a pink name tag was gummed to my breast pocket. I had no idea how I got there or if I was scheduled to give a speech. I still was not absolutely clear on my current address. What day was it now, I wondered. And where was Mona?

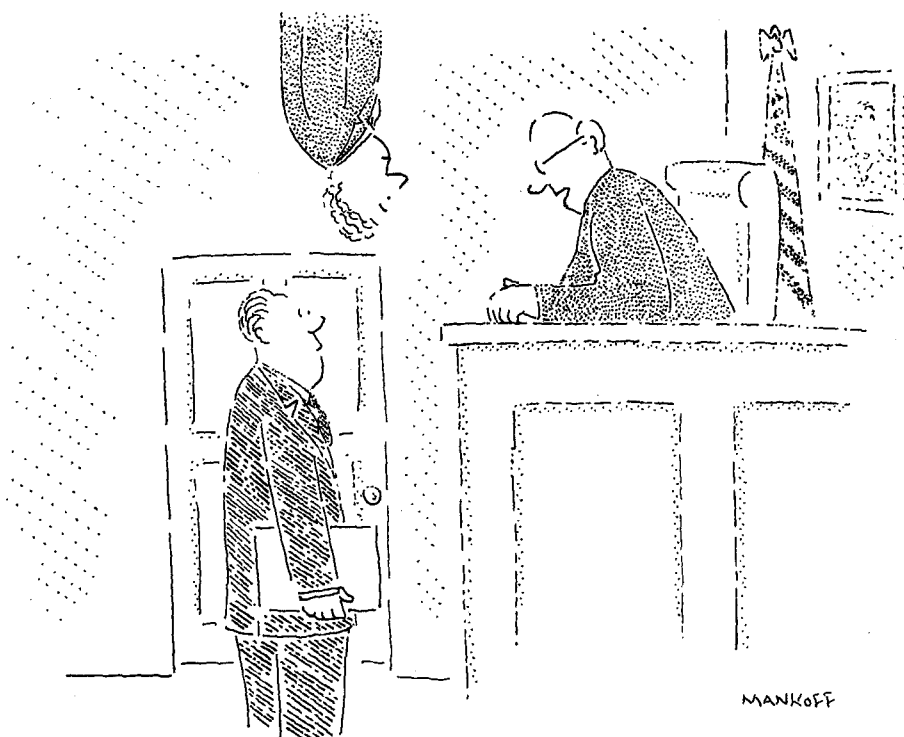
I thought, You've got to do something about this, Al. So I wrote "Rebirthing the Me You Used to Be," and that sucker sold *eighty* million copies. In fact, it's *still selling*. Nobody can understand it. It's a phenomenon.

Thirty languages, including a New Guinea tribal dialect in which my book was the first written literature. Through an interpreter, the chief, a man named Wallace Boogada, invited me to come and be their deity. Evidently, "Rebirthing" struck a chord there somewhere.

The book rang my doorbell, too. It reawakened the desire to simplify my life. I believe this was in 1983. I decided to take the loot and buy a mountain and build a log lodge on top and move up there with nothing but dry clothes and a notepad and some coffee beans and warm bedding and a Scout knife. I desperately needed to put my priorities in order. Then I was offered a lecture tour: "An Evening with Dr. Al Denny"—ninety evenings in ninety cities, at fifty thousand dollars a shot. So I did it, and the tour was standing room only: hockey arenas packed with quiet, intense people; press conferences; autographing sessions; people fawning over my every word—the works. I'd say, "Hi, how are you?" and someone would say, "Yes! Of course! *How* are you! It's not the whereness, or the whyhness, or the whoness of the you, it's *how!* *How!*" People adulated me, and I became involved in the child-rebirthing movement, the re-aging movement, the chrysalis movement, the campaign to introduce polarity into the public schools, and the success of the tour led to a cable-TV show of my own, "The Circle of Life, with Dr. Al Denny," which I got through a man named Danny, who told me I had a unique gift for one-on-one. It turned out he was a cable broadcaster himself.

SO I moved to Los Angeles. Didn't *move* exactly, because I still couldn't remember where Mona was and couldn't pack up my stuff, so I opened up a new home in Santa Monica. It came fully furnished, even things like toothpaste and night-light and wine carafe, throw rugs, accent pieces provided. Danny took care of it.

We taped the show at Danny's Shalimar Studios, in West Hollywood, and Danny and his wife, Monique, became more or less a second family to me, since I had lost track of Mona and the children. Mona and I had been mar-



"Counsellor, please advise your client that, issues of personal safety aside, gravity is the law."

ried for twenty-four years, but I was never clear on exactly what she did—some sort of teaching, I believe, or investment services—so it was hard to track her down. She was the primary child-care giver, what with me gone so much, and I wasn't dead certain how many we had, whether it was three or four. But Danny and Monique and her brother Bill (or Bob) and I became very close, and I often went there for dinner. I recall that we went fishing once. It may have been in the mountains, perhaps in Utah. East of Los Angeles, at any rate.

On the show—whose ratings, by the way, were the highest of any first-year cable talk show—I chatted with persons who had gained particular life wisdom, such as quilt makers and wood-carvers and Southern people and farmers and old blues singers and old ballplayers and old shepherds and guys named Walt. I was deeply moved by their simple philosophies, but it was also conflicting for me. I thought, Al, you don't believe a word they say. Why do you sit and nod and say "Uh-huh"?

For example, they all said that the best things in life are spiritual, while I myself was in a very acquisitive stage of life. I owned four Bentleys. I owned immense oil paintings. I owned four farms, three of which I had never seen. I owned a hundred and sixty-four cases of a 1952 Bordeaux that I loved to drink with a particular kind of lobster that had to be flown in live from Mindanao. I kept buying sweaters and loafers and those baggy pants with the fronts that pooch out. I purchased dogs by the dozen and kept losing track of them. I'd leave them in stores, in the dressing rooms, and forget which store. One day on the show, I had a heavysset gal from Mobile who made art from bread bags and said that she felt lucky just to be alive, and the very same day I paid thirty-seven thousand dollars for a CD player. It was like that a lot of the time.

Out of a sharp sense of contradictions, I wrote "Co-Existing with Your Other Self," which did not do as well as "Rebirthing" but sold ten million copies. In some ways, it was my favorite book. It had a blue cover with some sort of primitive masks on it.

The day "Co-Existing" hit No. 1 on the best-seller list, I had on the show a child Autoharp player named Little



"It's kittens."

Ginny. We never booked children on the show, but Danny said, "I think she is an angel sent from God," which he seldom says about anyone.

She died a few days afterward, of a mysterious raging fever. She was an assertive little tyke, and she spoke right up in her sickly voice and told you what she thought. She wasn't whiny or grumpy. When I asked her what her name was, she said, "God gives us new names after we die, and I want to be a Theresa, but right now I'm Ginny."

I'll never forget the hush in the studio when that tiny, pale blond child limped to the couch in her pure-white dress, lugging the harp, and climbed up, and sat, her chin on her chest, listing to one side, and softly strummed "Oh, Dem Golden Stairs!" and faintly sang, "I'se goin' up de ribbah wheah de golden rainbow shine," as her relatives collapsed, sobbing, in the wings. Afterward, the audience clapped and clapped until our production people had to make them stop.

At this point, she was supposed to tell me a folktale about a mother hen and her chicks, but instead she climbed up on my lap and draped her skinny arm around my neck and put her little cheek next to mine. My gosh, she was hot, burning up with fever, and sweat

poured off her. An extremely hot, damp child. A bead of her sweat fell on the back of my hand, and—this sounds insensitive, I know, but I didn't know if her illness was contagious or not—I thought to myself, Al, you need a fatal disease right now like you need a hole in the head. So I tried to pry her loose, but her bony fingers were clamped onto my wrist and my lapel, and when I tried to bend her fingers back she just flopped around, and her eyes rolled, so I tried to signal Danny with my eyebrows to come and take this hot potato off my hands. But he was overcome with emotion, I guess, and when I tried to stand up she clung to me like a bat and tore the rug off my head. And then Little Ginny pressed her burning face to mine and whispered in her hoarse little voice, "God says to cut out this shit. He says to stop it and shape up."

I knew right then that my career had peaked and that the long grim slide had begun. I said, "Friends and neighbors, I know this show is one I'll remember as long as I live. What do you say we invite Little Ginny to come back next week?"

Everybody clapped again, but Little Ginny looked at me with pure disgust. She said, "Don't be stupid. You know I'll be in my grave next week." And



"He sounds like a papaya I bought that just went straight from green to rotten."

she was right. As I mentioned, she died a few days later.

A few weeks later, a guest from Kentucky, who raised vegetables with human-looking features and who lived in a little mountain holler the size of a deep freeze, told me that Southern sick children possess great wisdom, and that folks come from miles around to sit by their beds and hear what they have to say. Sometimes a child will burst into rapturous revelation, and the people, members of an oral tradition, will tell their friends, "Roy and Esther's little boy Spud says that all is one and we're each part of the whole, pass it on."

So maybe God did say what she said He said, but what was I supposed to cut out? A person could buy less stuff and start giving money away, but where do you draw the line? There's the heart fund and the bladder fund and the Save the Snakes Foundation and the Center for the Dull, and there's a cabdriver whose old mom is waiting to come over from Nestorenko, and a waitress with a slight limp, and who do you say no to? You say no, and bitter, accusing people will lurk around your home and attack you with coat hangers. No, a rich man can't buy peace of mind.

I discussed this in "Empowering

Others by Enabling Yourself," my fourth book—the book I had always wanted to write, the big one, the one that really attacked the ethical problems of affluence head on, the one I dedicated "To the late Little Ginny, always in my thoughts." It was the first book published by the Dr. Al Denny Press—located at the Dr. Al Denny Study Center, Hotel, and Production Facility, on Mount Pleasant, in a six-hundred-acre theme park with deer and buffalo and a pioneer village with authentic homes, stores, etc., which Danny set up for me—and I'm sure the book would have sold millions, but before it hit the stores, bang, the sky collapsed. The Denny Savings Institute—darned if I hadn't forgotten all about this!—suddenly became insolvent when the people who had mailed in money on the guarantee that they could live at the hotel in their declining years and be rebirthed and pet the deer and enjoy eternal happiness began cashing in their Life Savings Certificates. Several men in sharkskin suits arrived at my door and confiscated everything—everything but my extra socks and underwear. Danny, who always handled these things, was gone. One minute, I was ensconced amidst walnut panelling and soft leather and ankle-deep carpets,

and the next moment I was on a curb by the bus depot, shining a flashlight in the air.

BANKRUPTCY gave my life a simplicity it had never had before. I moved into a small, clean room at the Y.M.C.A. and awoke every morning at five to do a hundred sit-ups and eat RyKrisp and read a few verses of Scripture. I whizzed through Lamentations in no time, read Job, worked out, lost weight, worked as a dishwasher at a tony restaurant, and it was there that a reporter spotted me and wrote a long where-are-they-now story that eventually reached Akron, Ohio, where, as it turns out, I live. And Mona saw the story and, along with our three (as it turned out) beautiful and healthy daughters, who, by the way, all have her red hair and big beak and melting brown eyes, came and found me. She forgave me completely. "Al, you big wombat," she said, throwing her arm over my shoulder. "Do you know I'm still nuts about you? You're a stinker and you oughta be locked up, but what can I say? I love you. I can't help it." And we all drove back to Akron and now I am a regular daddy again instead of a big cheese.

I have promised the kiddos not to write a book. I secretly began one, called "Starting Over"—I couldn't help myself—but fortunately I have nothing more to say on the subject. I said everything there is to say about rebirth before I knew anything about it. An author's fate—to write the books and then go and live them. So I devote myself to fatherhood, cooking, and my dishwashing job, the best one I ever had. You stand in the steaming scullery, stripped to the waist, spraying the garbage off the plates and racking them up and heaving the racks onto the conveyor and hauling the clean stuff off the other end and stacking it by the steam table, and after three hours you feel like a new man. You open the back door to let out the steam, and you stand and take a deep breath, and briefly all is clean and in order and all that is wrong is forgotten. Praise God for His goodness! —GARRISON KEILLOR

FDIC ORDERS
ABSOLUTE AUCTION
OBJECT'S OF D'ART
—Adv. in the Baltimore Sun.

All apostrophes must go.

THE LAST LOVELY CITY

OLD and famous, an acknowledged success both in this country and in his native Mexico, though now a sadhearted widower, Dr. Benito Zamora slowly and unskillfully navigates the high, sharp curves on the road to Stinson Beach, California—his destination. From time to time, barely moving his heavy, white-maned head, he glances at the unfamiliar young woman near him on the seat—the streaky-haired, underweight woman in a very short skirt and green sandals (her name is Carla) who has somewhat inexplicably invited him to come along to this party. What old hands, Benito thinks, of his own, on the wheel, an old beggar's hands. What can this girl want of me? he wonders. Some new heaviness around the doctor's neck and chin makes him look both strong and fierce, and his deep-set black eyes are powerful, still, and unrelenting in their judgmental gaze, beneath thick, uneven, white brows.

"We're almost there," he tells the girl, this Carla.

"I don't care; I love the drive," she says, and moves her head closer to the window, so her long hair fans out across her shoulders. "Do you go back to Mexico very often?" she turns now to ask him.

"Fairly. My very old mother still lives there. Near Oaxaca."

"Oh, I've been to Oaxaca. So beautiful." She beams. "The hotel—"

"My mother's not in the Presidente."

She grins, showing small, white, even teeth. "Well, you're right. I did stay there. But it is a very nice hotel."

"Very nice," he agrees, not looking at her.

His mother is not the doctor's only reason for going to Oaxaca. His interests are actually in almost adjacent Chiapas, where he oversees and has largely funded two large, free clinics—hence his fame, and his nick-

name, Dr. Do-Good (to Benito, an epithet replete with irony, and one that he much dislikes).

They have now emerged from the dark, tall, covering woods, the groves of redwood, eucalyptus, occasional laurel, and they are circling down the western slope, as the two-lane road forms wide arcs. Ahead of them is the sea, the white curve of beach, and strung-out Stinson, the strange, small coastal town of rich retirees; weekenders, also rich; and a core population of former hippies, now just plain poor, middle-aged people with too many children. In his palmier days, his early, successful years, Dr. Zamora often came to Stinson from San Francisco on Sundays for lunch parties, first as a semi-sought-after bachelor ("But would you want your daughter actually to marry . . . ?" Benito thought he felt this question), and later, less often, with his bride, the fairest of them all, his wife, his lovely blonde. His white soul. Elizabeth.

After Elizabeth died, now some five months ago, in April, friends and colleagues were predictably kind—many invitations, too many solicitous phone calls. And then, just as predictably (he had seen this happen with relatives of patients), all the attention fell off, and he was often alone. And at a time impossible for trips to Mexico: rains made most of the roads in Chiapas

impassable, and he feared that he was now too old for the summer heat. Besides, these days the clinics actually ran quite well without him; he imagined that all they really needed was the money that came regularly from his banks. (Had that always been the case? he wondered. Were all those trips to Chiapas unnecessary, ultimately self-serving?) And his mother, in her tiny stucco villa, near Oaxaca, hardly recognized her oldest living son.

Too much time alone, then, and although he had always known that would happen, was even in a sense prepared, the doctor is sometimes angry: Why must they leave him now, when he is so vulnerable? Is no one able to imagine the daily lack, the loss with which he lives?

And then this girl, this Carla, whom the doctor had met at a dinner a month or so before, called and asked him to the lunch, at Stinson Beach. "I hope you don't mind a sort of last-minute invitation," she said, "but I really loved our talk, and I'd wanted to see you again, and this seemed a good excuse." He gratefully accepted, although he remembered very little of her, really, except for her hair, which was very long and silky-looking, streaked all shades of brown, with yellow. He remembered her hair, and that she seemed nice, a little shy; she was quiet, and so he had talked too much. ("Not too unusual, my darling," Elizabeth might have said.) He thinks she

said she worked for a newspaper; it now seems too late to ask. He believes she is intelligent, and serious. Curious about his clinics.

But in the short interval between her call and this drive a host of fantasies has crowded old Benito's imagination. She looked about thirty, this girl did, but these days most women look young; she could be forty-two. Still a long way from his own age, but such things did happen. One read of them.

Or was it possible that Carla meant to



"Good, but not immortal."

write about him for her paper? The doctor had refused most interviews for years; had refused until he noticed that no one had asked, not for years.

"What did you say the name of our hostess was?" he thinks to ask her as they round the last curve and approach the first buildings of the town.

"Posey Pendergast. You've never met her?"

"I don't think so, but the name—something goes off in my head."

"Everyone knows Posey; I really thought you would. She's quite marvelous."

"Quite marvellous" is a phrase that Benito (Elizabeth used to agree) finds cautionary; those marvellous people are almost as bad as "characters." All those groups he is sure not to like, how they do proliferate, thinks old Benito sourly, aware of the cruel absence of Elizabeth, with her light laugh, agreeing.

"I'm sure you'll know some of her friends," adds Carla.

POSEY PENDERGAST is a skinny old wreck of a woman, in a tattered straw sun hat and a red, Persian-looking outfit. She breathes heavily. Emphysema and some problems with her heart, the doctor thinks, automatically noting the pink-white skin, faintly bluish mouth, and arthritic hands—hugely blue-veined, rings buried in finger flesh. "I've been hearing of you for years," she tells Benito, in her raspy, classy voice. Is she English? No, more like Boston, or somewhere back there, the doctor decides. She goes on. "I can't believe we've never met. I'm so glad Carla brought you."

"This is some house," he says solemnly (using what Elizabeth called his innocent-Indian pose, which is one of his tricks).

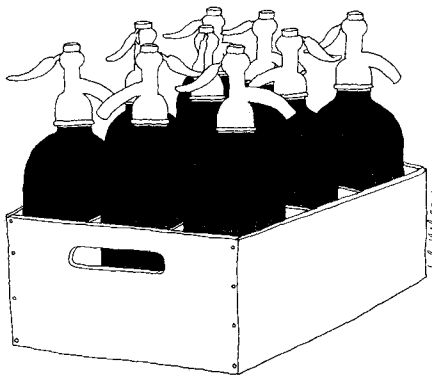
It is some house, and the doctor now remembers walking past it, with Elizabeth, marvelling at its size and opulence. It was right out there on the beach, not farther along, in Seadrift, with the other big, expensive houses, but out in public—a huge house built up on pilings, all enormous beams, and steel and glass, and diagonal boards.

"My son designed it for me," Posey Pendergast is saying. "Carla's friend," she adds, just as some remote flash is going off in the doctor's mind: he used to hear a lot about this Posey, he recalls, something odd and somewhat

scandalous, but from whom? Not Elizabeth, he is sure of that, although she was fond of gossip and used to lament his refusal to talk about patients. Did he hear of Posey from some patient? Some old friend?

This large room facing the sea is now fairly full of people. Women in short, silk, flowered dresses or pastel pants, men in linen or cashmere coats. Rich old gringos is Benito's instant assessment. He notes what seems an unusual number of hearing aids.

He and Carla are introduced around by Posey, although Carla seems already to know a number of the guests. People extend their hands; they all say how nice it is to meet the doctor; several people say that they have heard so much about him. And then, from that roster of Anglo-Saxon names, all sounding somewhat alike, from those voices, nasal Eastern to neutral Californian, Benito hears a familiar sound: "Oh."



KITCHEN FABLE

The fork lived with the knife
and found it hard—for years
took nicks and scratches,
not to mention cuts.

She who took tedium by the ears:
non-forthcoming pickles,
defiant stretched-out lettuce,
sauce-gooed particles.

He who came down whack.
His conversation, even, edged.

Lying beside him in the drawer
she formed a crazed patina.
The seasons stacked—
melons, succeeded by cured pork.

He dulled; he was a dull knife,
while she was, after all, a fork.

—ELEANOR ROSS TAYLOR

(It is the drawn-out "Oh" that he recognizes.) "Oh, but I've known Dr. Zamora *very* well, for a *very* long time."

He is confronted by an immense (she must weigh two hundred pounds), short woman, with a huge puff of orange hair, green eyeshadow, and the pinkish spots that skin cancer leaves marking her pale, lined forehead. It is Dolores. Originally Dolores Gutierrez—then Osborne, then Graham, and then he lost track. But here she is before him, her doughy face tightened into a mask, behind which he can indistinctly see the beauty that she was.

"BENITO ZAMORA. Benny Zamora. What an absolutely awful name, my darling. So *spic*," said Dolores, almost fifty years ago.

"How about Dolores Gutierrez?"

"I can marry out of it, and I certainly plan to. Why else would I even think of Boy Osborne, or for that matter Whitey Satterfield? But you, you simply have to change *yours*. How about Benjamin Orland? That keeps some of the sound, you see? I really don't like names to begin with 'Z.'"

"This is an extremely ugly room," he told her.

She laughed. "I know, but poor dear Norman thinks it's the cat's pajamas, and it's costing him a fortune."

"When you laugh I feel ice on my back." He shivered.

"Pull the sheet up. There. My, you are a gorgeous young man. You really are. Too bad about your name. You don't look so terribly spic."

They were in the pink-and-gold suite of a lesser Nob Hill hotel, definitely not the Mark or the Fairmont, but still no doubt costing poor Norman a lot. Heavy, gold-threaded, rose-colored draperies, barely parted, yielded a narrow, blue view of the San Francisco Bay, the Bay Bridge, a white slice of Oakland. The bedspread, a darker rose, also gold-threaded, lay in a heavy, crumpled mass on the floor. The sheets were pink, and the shallow buttocks of Dolores Gutierrez

were ivory—cool and smooth. Her hair, even then, was false gold.

"You know what I'd really like you to do? Do you want to know?" Her voice was like scented oil, the young doctor thought, light and insidious and finally dirty, making stains.

"I do want to know," he told her.

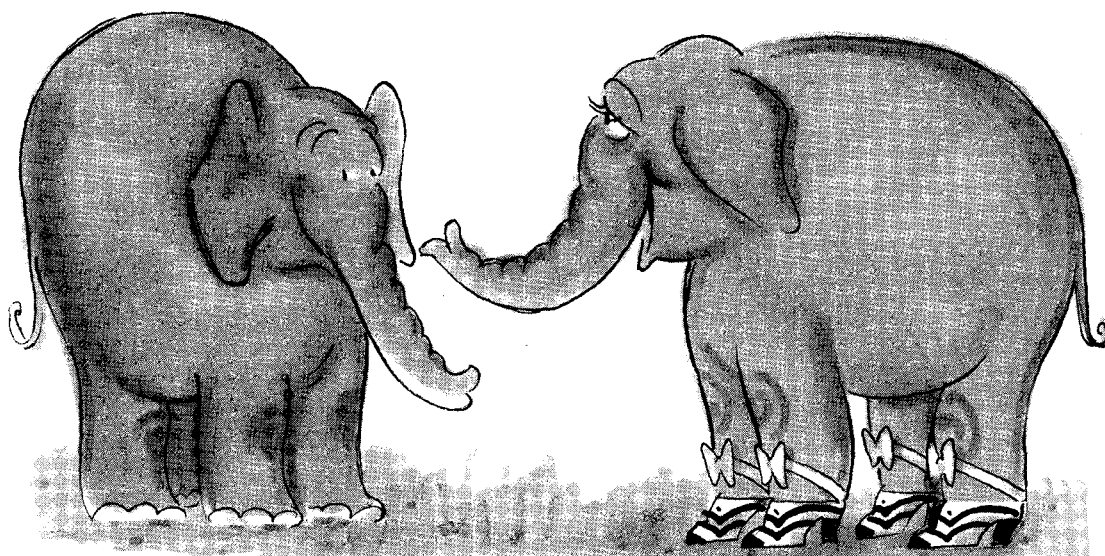
"Well, this is really perverse. *Really*. It may be a little too much for you." She was suddenly almost breathless with wanting to tell him what she really wanted, what was so terrifically exciting.

"Tell me." His breath caught, too, although in a rational way he believed that they had surely done everything. He stroked her smooth, cool bottom.

"I want you to pay me," she said. "I know you don't have much money, so that will make it all the more exciting. I want you to pay me a lot. And I might give it back to you, but then again I might not."

After several minutes, during which he took back his hand, Benito told her, "I don't want to do that. I don't think it would be fun."

AND now this new Dolores, whose laugh is deeper, tells him, "This is a classic situation, isn't it, my angel?



Benito Schwabman

"I couldn't resist—the second pair was free."

Famous man runs into an old lady friend, who's run to fat?" She laughs, and, as before, Benito shivers. "But wherever did you meet my darling old Posey?"

"Just now, actually. I never saw her before."

"The love of my life," Dolores declaims, as the doctor reflects that this could well be true, for he has just remembered a few more lines from their past. "I really don't like men at all," Dolores confided back then. "I only need them, although I'm terrified of them. And now I've fallen in love with this beautiful girl, who is very rich, of course. Even thinner than I am. With the most delicious name. Posey Pendergast. You must meet her one day. She would like you, too."

Wishing no more of this, and wishing no more of Dolores, ever, Benito turns in search of Carla, who seems to have vanished or hidden herself in the crowd that now populates this oversized room, milling around the long bar table and spilling out onto the broad deck that faces the sea. As he catches sight of the deck, the doctor instinctively moves toward it, even as Dolores is saying, "You must come back and tell me how you

made all that money, Dr. Do-Good."

"Excuse me," he mutters, stiffly, making for the door. He is not at all graceful in the usual way of Latins; Elizabeth said that from time to time.

From the deck San Francisco is still invisible; it lurks there behind the great cliffs of land, across the surging, dark-streaked sea. The tall, pale city, lovely and unreal. Benito thinks of his amazement at that city, years back, when he roamed its streets as an almost indigent medical student—at Stanford, in those days a city medical school, at Clay and Webster Streets, in Pacific Heights. How lonely he used to feel as he walked across those hills and stared at massive apartment houses, at enormous family houses—how isolated and full of greed. He *wanted* the city, both to possess and to immerse himself in. It is hardly surprising, he now thinks—with a small, wry, private smile—that he ended in bed with Dolores Gutierrez, and that a few years later he found himself the owner of many sleazy blocks of hotels in the Tenderloin.

But that is not how he ended up, the doctor tells himself, in a fierce interior whisper. He ended up with Elizabeth, who was both beautiful and good, a

serious woman, with whom he lived harmoniously, if sometimes sadly (they had no children, and Elizabeth was given to depression), near St. Francis Woods, in a house with a view of everything—the city and the sea, the Farallon Islands.

Nor is that life with Elizabeth how he ended up, actually. The actual is now, of course, and he has ended up alone. Childless and without Elizabeth.

The doctor takes deep breaths, inhaling the cool, fresh wind, and exhaling, he hopes and believes, the germs of self-pity that sometimes enter and threaten to invade his system. He looks back to the great Marin headlands, those steep, sweeping hills of green. Far out at sea he sees two small, hopeful white boats, sails bobbing against the dark horizon.

Looking back inside the house, he sees Carla in intimate-seeming conversation with withered old Posey. Fresh from the intimations of Dolores, he shudders: Posey must be even older than he is, and quite unwell. But before he has time for speculation along those lines, he is jolted by a face, suddenly glimpsed behind the glass doors: bright-eyed and buck-toothed, thinner and grayer but otherwise not much aged, in a starched white embroidered shirt (Why on earth? Does he want to

look Mexican?), that lawyer, Herman Tolliver.

“WELL, of course they should be condemned; half this town should be condemned, are you crazy?” Tolliver grinned sideways, hiding his teeth. “The point is, they’re not going to be condemned. Somebody’s going to make a bundle off them. And from where I’m sitting it looks like you could be the guy. Along with me.” Another grin, which was then extinguished as Tolliver tended to the lighting of a new cigar.

In that long-ago time (about forty years back) the doctor had just opened his own office and begun his cardiology practice. And had just met a young woman with straw-blond hair, clear, dark-blue eyes, and a sexy overbite—Carole Lombard with a Gene Tierney mouth. A young woman of class and style, none of which he could ever afford. Elizabeth Montague: her very name was defeating. Whoever would exchange Montague for Zamora?

None of which excused Benito’s acquiescence in Tolliver’s scheme. (Certain details as to the precise use of Tolliver’s “hotels” Benito arranged not quite to know, but he had, of course, his suspicions.) It ended in making the doctor and his wife, Elizabeth Montague Zamora, very rich.

And in funding the clinics for the indigent of Chiapas.

AFTER that first encounter with Herman Tolliver, the doctor almost managed never to see him again. They talked on the phone, or, in the later days of success and busyness, through secretaries. Benito was aware of Tolliver, aware that they were both making a great deal of money, but otherwise he was fairly successful in dismissing the man from his mind.

One morning, not long before Elizabeth died, she looked up from the paper at breakfast (Benito only scanned the *New York Times*, did not read local news at all) and said, “Didn’t you used to know this scandalous lawyer, this Tolliver?”

“We’ve met.” But how did Elizabeth know that? Benito, shaken, wondered, and then remembered: some time back there had been phone calls, a secretary saying that Mr. Tolliver wanted to get in touch (fortunately, nothing urgent). Just enough to fix the name in Elizabeth’s mind. “Is he scandalous?” Benito then asked his wife, very lightly.

“Well, some business with tax evasion. Goodness, do all lawyers do things like that these days?”

Aware of his own relief (he certainly did not want public scandals connected with Tolliver), Benito told her, “I very much doubt it, my darling.”

And that was the end of that, it seemed.

CARLA is now talking to both old Posey and Herman Tolliver, but the doctor can see from her posture that she doesn’t really like him much, does not really want to talk to Tolliver. She is barely giving him the time of day, holding her glass out in front of her like a shield, or a weapon. She keeps glancing about, not smiling, as Tolliver goes on talking.

Is she looking for him? the doctor wonders. Does she ask herself what has happened to old Benito? He smiles to himself at this notion—and then, almost at the same moment, is chilled with longing for Elizabeth.

A problem with death, the doctor has more than once thought, is its removal of all the merciful dross of memory: he no longer remembers any petty annoyance, ever, or even moments of bore-



“Would you consider donating your car to us, Mr. Framdon, so that other cars like it might live?”

dom, irritation, or sad, failed acts of love. All that is erased, and he only recalls, with the most cruel, searing accuracy, the golden peaks of their time together. Beautiful days, long nights of love. He sees Elizabeth at their dining table, on a rare warm summer night. Her shoulders bare and white, a thin gold necklace that he brought her from Oaxaca shines in the candlelight; she is bending toward their guest, old Dr. McPherson, from med-school days. Benito sees, too, McPherson's wife, and other colleague guests with their wives—all attractive, pale, and well dressed. But none so attractive as his own wife, his pale Elizabeth.

"OH, there you are," Carla says, coming up to him suddenly.

"You couldn't see me out here? I could see you quite clearly," he tells her, in his sober, mechanical voice.

"I was busy fending off that creep, Tolliver. Mr. Slime." She tosses her hair, now gleaming in the sunlight. "I can't imagine what Posey sees in him. Do you know him?"

"We've met," the doctor admits. "But how do you know him?"

"I'm a reporter, remember? I meet everyone."

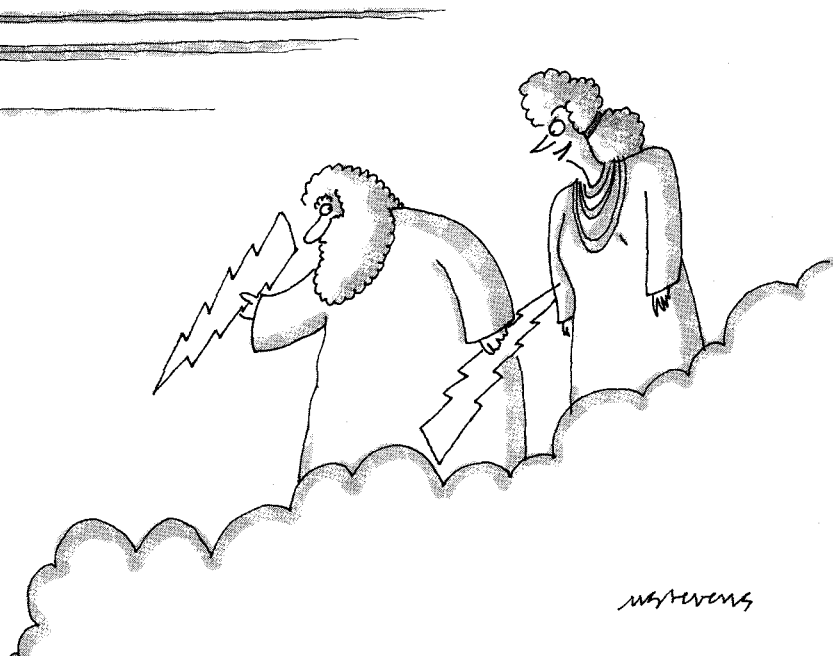
"And Posey Pendergast? You know her because—"

But that question and its possible answer are interrupted, cut off by the enormous, puffing arrival of Dolores. "Oh, here's where you've got to," she tells Benito and Carla, as though she had not seen them from afar and headed directly to where they stand, leaning together against the balcony's railing. "Carla, I'm absolutely in love with your hair," says Dolores.

Carla giggles—out of character for her, the doctor thinks—and then, another surprise, she takes his arm for a moment and laughs as she asks him, "Why don't you ever say such flattering things to me?"

Is she flirting with him, seriously flirting? Well, she could be. Such things do happen, the doctor reminds himself. And she seems a very honest young woman, and kind. She could brighten my life, he thinks, and lighten my home, all those rooms with their splendid views that seem to have darkened.

"Don't you want some lunch?" she is asking. "Can't I get you something?"



"Let me try that!"

Before he can answer (and he had very much liked the idea of her bringing him food), Dolores, again interrupting, has stated, "He never eats. Can't you tell? Dr. Abstemious, I used to call him."

"Well, I'm really hungry, I'll see you two later." And with an uncertain smile (from shyness? annoyance? and if annoyance, at which of them?) Carla has left. She is pushing back into the room, through the crowds; she has vanished behind the glass.

Looking at Dolores then, the old doctor is seized with rage; he stares at that puffy, self-adoring face, those dark and infinitely self-pitying eyes. How he longs to push her against the railing, down into the sand! How he despises her!

"My darling, I believe you're really hungry after all" is what Dolores says, but she may have felt some of his anger, for she deftly steps sideways, on her high, thin, dangerous heels, just out of his reach.

"Not in the least," says Benito rigidly. "In fact, I think I'll go for a walk on the beach."

Down on the sand, though, as he walks along the dark, packed strip that is nearest to the sea, Benito's confusion increases. He feels the presence of those people in that rather vulgar, glassed-in house behind him—of Dolores Gutierrez and Herman Tolliver, and

God knows who else, what other ghosts from his past whom he simply failed to see. As though they were giants, he feels their looming presences, and feels their connection to some past year or years of his own life. He no longer knows where he is. What place is this, what country? What rolling gray-green ocean does he walk beside? What year is this, and what is his own true age?

Clearly, some derangement has taken hold of him, or nearly, and Benito is forced to fight back with certain heavy and irrefutable facts: this is September, 1990, the last year of a decade, and the year in which Elizabeth died. He is in Stinson Beach, and if he continues walking far enough along the coast—he is heading south, toward the Golden Gate—he will be in sight of beautiful, mythical San Francisco, the city and the center of all his early dreams, the city where everything, finally, happened: Dolores Gutierrez and his medical degree; Herman Tolliver and those hotels. His (at last) successful medical practice. Elizabeth, and all that money, and his house with its fabulous views. His fame as Dr. Do-Good.

His whole San Francisco history seems to rise up then and to break his heart. The city itself is still pale and distant and invisible, and he stands absolutely still, a tall figure on the

BOOK LEARNING

There are certain constants
In Shirley's old photographs
Of one-room schools in Albany County, Wyoming.

For one thing,
The schoolmarms are the only ones
Whose clothes ever fit.

A few depict the pale ragamuffins
Horseback, sometimes three or four
Astride the one quixotic nag

That brought them.
One shows the four resident scholars
Perched on the roof of their log alma mater,

Massive and gloomy as a wooden raft.
But most are more formulaic:
Children mustered against a wall

To stand in gap-toothed rows,
Wildly varying in height and age, pale
In their tight or tentlike collages of clothes,

Their cowboy hats and galoshes,
Fresh as mushrooms from the logdark where they learned
(Too dim to photograph),

Staring straight into the sun
Of a winter afternoon chosen for its brilliance,
Trying not to blink for long enough.

Indeed, these pictures make Albany County
Look much hotter than it is.
The children look like they're burning up

In so much unresisted glare.
Never mind the snowdrift
Loitering on the right,

Even paler than the squinty grimaces.
When they go back in
They'll all go blind awhile again,

This time in darkness
Where they could see before.
They are learning things

Whose relevance
To the clear light they go home in
Is only promised.

—JAMES GALVIN

sand, next to an intricate, crumbling sandcastle that some children have recently abandoned.

Hearing running feet behind him, at that moment the doctor turns in fright (expecting what? some dangerous stranger?)—but it is Carla, out of breath, her hair streaming backward in the wind. His savior.

"Ah, you," he says to her. "You ran."

"And these aren't the greatest running shoes." She laughs, pointing down to her sandals, now sand-streaked and damp.

"You came after me—"

She looks down, and away. "Well. It was partly an excuse to get out of there. It was getting a little claustrophobic, and almost everyone I talked to was hard of hearing."

"Oh, right."

"Well, shall we walk for a while?"

"Yes."

Walking along with Carla, the doctor finds that those giants from his dark and tangled past have quite suddenly receded: Dolores and Tolliver have shrunk down to human size, the size of people accidentally encountered at a party. Such meetings can happen to

anyone, easily, especially at a certain age.

Benito even finds that he can talk about them. "To tell you the truth"—an ominous beginning, he knows, but it is what he intends to do—"I did some business with Herman Tolliver a long time ago, maybe forty years. It came out very well, financially, but I'm still a little ashamed of it. It seems to me now that I was pretending to myself not to know certain things that I really did know."

"You mean about his hotels?"

"Well, yes. Hotels. But how do you— Does everyone know all that?"

"I'm a reporter, remember? Investigative." She laughs, then snuffles a little in the hard, cold ocean wind. "He had an idea a few years back about running for supervisor, but I'm sure he was

really thinking mayor, ultimately. But we dug up some stuff."

"Here, take my handkerchief—"

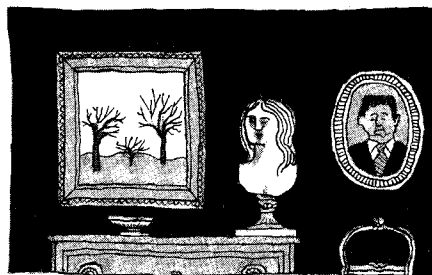
"Thanks. Anyway, he was persuaded to forget it. There were really ugly things about pre-teen-age Asian girls. We made a bargain: the papers would print only the stuff about his 'tax problems' if he'd bow out." She sighs, a little ruefully. "I don't know. It might have been better to let him get into politics; he might have done less harm that way."

This walk, and the conversation, are serving both to calm and to excite the doctor. Simultaneously. Most peculiar. He feels a calm, and at the same time a strange, warm, quiet excitement. "How do you mean?" he asks Carla.

"Oh, he got in deeper and deeper. Getting richer and richer."

"I got richer and richer, too, back then. Sometimes I felt like I owned the whole goddam city." Benito is paying very little attention to what he is saying; it is now all he can do to prevent himself from speaking his heart, from saying, "When will you marry me? How soon can that be?"

"But that's great that you made so much money," Carla says. "That way



you could start those clinics, and do so much good."

Barely listening, Benito murmurs, "I suppose . . ."

She could redecorate the house any way she would like to, he thinks. Throw things out, repaint, reupholster, add mirrors. His imagination sees, all completed, a brilliant house, with Carla its brilliant, shining center.

"How did you happen to know Dolores?" Carla is asking.

By now they have reached the end of the beach: a high mass of rocks left there by mammoth storms the year before. Impassable. Beyond lie more beach, more cliffs, more headlands, all along the way to the sight of the distant city.

"Actually, Dolores was an old girlfriend, you might say." Since he cares so much for this girl, Benito will never lie to her, he thinks. "You might not believe this, but she was quite a beauty in her day."

"Oh, I believe you. She's still so vain. That hair."

Benito laughs, feeling pleased, and wondering, Can this adorable girl be, even slightly, jealous? "You're right there," he tells Carla. "Very vain, always was. Of course, she's a few years older than I am."

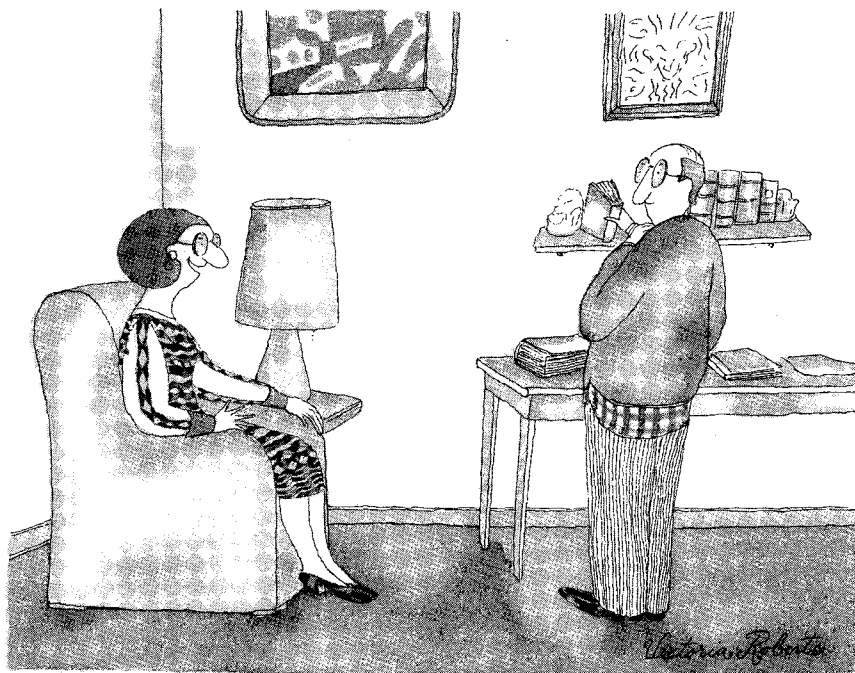
"I guess we have to turn around now," says Carla.

"And now Dolores tells me that she and that Posey Pendergast were at one time, uh, lovers," Benito continues, in his honest mode.

"I guess they could have been," Carla muses. "On the other hand, it's my impression that Dolores lies a lot. And Posey I'm just not sure about. Nor any of that group, for that matter. Tolliver, all those people. It's worrying." She laughs. "I guess I sort of hoped you might know something about them. Sort of explain them to me."

Not having listened carefully to much of this, Benito rephrases the question he does not remember having begun to ask before, which Dolores interrupted: "How do you know Posey?" he asks Carla.

"It's mostly her son I know. Patrick. He's my fiancé, I guess you could say. We keep planning to make it legal, and I guess we will. Any day now." And she goes on. "Actually, Patrick was supposed to come today, and then he couldn't, and then I thought—I thought of you."



"I signed up for 'Dressage Without the Horse.'"

The sun has sunk into the ocean, and Benito's heart has sunk with it, drowned. He shudders, despising himself. How could he possibly have imagined, how not have guessed?

"How nice," Benito remarks, without meaning, and then he babbles on, "You know, the whole city seems so corrupt these days. It's all real estate, and deals."

"Get real," she chides him, in her harsh young voice. "That's what it's like all over."

"Well, I'll be awfully glad to get back to Mexico. At least I more or less understand the corruption there."

"Are you going back for long?"

The wind is really cold now. Benito sniffs, wishing he had his handkerchief back, and unable to ask for it. "Oh, permanently," he tells Carla. "A permanent move. I want to be near my clinics. See how they're doing. Maybe help."

The doctor had no plan to say (much less to do) any of this before he spoke, but he knows that he is now committed to this action. This permanent move. He will buy a house in San Cristóbal de las Casas, and will bring his mother there, from Oaxaca, to live in that house for as long as she lasts. And he, for as long as he lasts, will work in his clinics, with his own poor.

"Well, that's great. Maybe we could

work out a little interview before you go."

"Well, maybe."

"I wonder if we couldn't just bypass the party for now," says Carla. "I'm just not up to going in again, going through all that, with those people."

"Nor I," the doctor tells her. "Good idea."

"I'll call Posey as soon as we get back. Did she tell you the house was up for sale? She may have sold it today—all those people . . ."

Half hearing her, the doctor is wrestling with the idea of a return to the city, which is suddenly unaccountably terrible to him; he dreads the first pale, romantic view of it from the bridge, and then the drive across town to his empty house, after dropping Carla off on Telegraph Hill. His house with its night views of city hills and lights. But he braces himself with the thought that he won't be in San Francisco long this time. That as soon as he can arrange things he will be back in Chiapas, in Mexico. For the rest of his life.

And thus he manages to walk on, following Carla past the big, fancy house, for sale—and all those people, the house's rich and crazily corrupt population. He manages to walk across the sand toward his car, and the long, circuitous, and risky drive to the city.

—ALICE ADAMS

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

NO ONE LIKE ME

ON the afternoon of June 13, 1990, John Mulheren, Jr., a big, rangy man, wearing blue-jeans, a green pin-striped shirt, deck shoes, and no socks, rose from his seat at the defense table in federal court in Manhattan and bounded to the witness stand. Mulheren, a legendary Wall Street trader, had been waiting to testify in his own behalf for over three years—ever since the Securities and Exchange Commission and, subsequently, the United States Attorney's Office for the Southern District of New York began to investigate his relationship with Ivan Boesky, the notorious admitted felon, who was formerly Mulheren's fellow-arbitrageur and friend, and whose cooperation with the government had unleashed a barrage of Wall Street prosecutions, the like of which had not been seen since the securities laws were enacted, in the nineteen-thirties.

A successful prosecution of a professional in the securities industry for a so-called victimless crime, such as stock manipulation or insider trading, almost always requires an informant; no matter how suspicious a transaction may appear, a benign explanation for it can usually be conjured up, particularly by someone who makes his livelihood buying and selling securities. And before Boesky no one of his stature—he was the biggest and most successful arbitrageur on the Street, with a wide-ranging web of business relationships—had ever informed on his fellows. It was not done. It was antithetical to the ethos of Wall Street, which was insular, secretive, and cheerfully scornful of the S.E.C.'s largely ineffectual attempts at oversight. Not that the Street was anarchic; like any closed society, it had its own rules and customs, its own internal methods of reward and retribution; some of its practices flouted the securities laws, while others seemed simply to elude them. But the vast majority of such activities, both the illegal and the ambiguous, went unexamined, shielded by the protective protocol of the Street.

Boesky violated the code—as did, in turn, most of those on whom he informed, in a successive contagion of

coöperation. (One of them, the former investment banker Martin Siegel—who, after exchanging the passwords “red light, green light” with a Boesky messenger in a Manhattan hotel lobby, had received a briefcase stuffed with cash in payment for inside information—set what a former prosecutor told me was the “all-time record” for speed in the popular rush to implicate others and help oneself. “We subpoenaed Marty Siegel at the end of the day on a Friday, and he arrived ready to cooperate Monday morning,” the lawyer recalled.)

But Mulheren had resisted from the outset, and had worn his resistance like a fiery badge—loudly protesting his innocence, recounting parts of his story to almost anyone who inquired, proclaiming his willingness to “stand up and be counted.” In most criminal cases, a defendant takes the witness stand only when his counsel is persuaded that there is no other recourse; in this one, Mulheren's lawyer, Thomas Puccio, told me, “John was always intent on testifying. If I had told him he should not, I'm not so sure he would have listened to me.”

Now, on direct examination by Puccio, Mulheren drew a thumbnail sketch of his life. It proved to be the sort of life that seems, in retrospect, almost bifurcated: no long continuum of an emerging talent or interest, no foreshadowing—just a sudden, quite chancy discovery, which catalyzes all that follows. The first part of Mulheren's life was spent as one of six children in a middle-class Irish-Catholic family in Red Bank, New Jersey;

he worked from the time he was twelve and put himself through college, but his school career was altogether indifferent, and he—as the troublemaking “black sheep” of the family, he says—seemed destined for nothing remarkable. The second part began in 1972, when, at twenty-two, he came to Wall Street looking for a job and, to his surprise, found there something so compelling that at the end of his first day spent on a small firm's trading floor he told his prospective employer, “I'd do this for free.” After that, *everything* was remarkable. Three years later, Mulheren was courted by the chairman of Merrill Lynch to join the firm and set up and head an arbitrage department. Within a few months, he was appointed a managing director. Subsequently, he joined Spear, Leeds & Kellogg, and created a trading department there; that firm's capital grew from \$37 million to \$250 million in three and a half years. And, most recently, he had been trading for Jamie Securities, a partnership he had created, with capital of more than \$150 million contributed by some of Wall Street's shrewdest investors.

Puccio led Mulheren through his account of how he had met Boesky (at the Café des Artistes in 1976, for a dinner at which the eccentric Boesky, in characteristic fashion, ordered six or eight different entrées and, once they were served, decided which he would eat) and had developed a relationship with him over the years, conversing with him frequently about stocks—particularly as the mergers-and-acquisitions business (and, concomitantly, that of merger arbitrage) expanded, geometrically, in the eighties. Mulheren acknowledged that he had become the trustee of a fund for Boesky's children but attempted to minimize any personal relationship, testifying that Boesky had been to his home on only one occasion, at a party “with five hundred other people.” Finally, he gave his explanation of the circumstances surrounding the transactions with which the government had charged him—transactions that, essentially, involved several instances of alleged stock parking and one of



alleged stock manipulation, all in connection with Boesky.

During his direct testimony, which lasted through the afternoon and into midmorning of the following day, Mulheren appeared engaging, affable, unpretentious—a little too eager to play to the jury, more wisecracking than sober, but not incredible (though his story was, in some respects, peculiar). Just moments into his cross-examination, however, a different persona emerged: pugnacious, surly, arrogant, and seemingly disingenuous—one that the government later described as “the *real* John Mulheren.”

Referring to Mulheren’s testimony about the slight social contact he had had with Boesky, Assistant United States Attorney Alfred Pavlis demanded, “Now, Mr. Mulheren, when you gave those answers yesterday, were you trying to mislead this jury about the true nature of your relationship with Ivan Boesky?”

“No.”

“Were you trying to distance yourself from Ivan Boesky when you gave those answers?”

“No.”

“Isn’t it true that you had a close personal and professional relationship with Ivan Boesky?”

“No.”

“Isn’t it true that you talked to Mr. Boesky twenty times a day every day of the year?”

“I’m sure I said that sometime, sure.”

“Well, my question, Mr. Mulheren, is, Did you or did you not speak with Ivan Boesky twenty times a day every day of the year?”

“No, I probably didn’t. But I probably said that I had done that.”

“You said that under oath, haven’t you?”

“Sure.”

“You have said that to the S.E.C. under oath, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“And that wasn’t the truth?”

“No.”



“Lately, I’ve been reading Jane Austen—just to clear my palate.”

“You lied to the S.E.C.?”

“I guess I did.”

“You said that twice under oath to the S.E.C.; is that correct?”

“In response to was I talking to the guy a lot, yeah.”

“But you gave that answer, ‘I speak to Mr. Boesky twenty times a day every day of the year’; isn’t that correct?”

“If you say so, I’m sure it’s true.”

After a further exchange, Pavlis showed Mulheren the testimony in question, which Mulheren had given to the S.E.C. in 1985, in one of the S.E.C.’s numerous investigations of Boesky’s trades—investigations that were uniformly fruitless until the S.E.C. acquired an informant on Boesky, in 1986.

After looking at it, Mulheren said, “It’s called a gross exaggeration. That’s what I do when I’m manic. It’s not a lie.”

“Well, Mr. Mulheren, your manic-depression, I think you testified that that was diagnosed in the late seventies?”

“I think so, yeah.”

“This manic-depression never interfered with your becoming a managing director of Merrill Lynch at the age of twenty-five, did it?”

“Actually, it helps when I’m manic. I don’t sleep.”

“Mr. Mulheren, my question was, Did your manic-depression interfere with your becoming a managing director of Merrill Lynch at the age of twenty-five?”

“Absolutely not.”

“And you are a very wealthy man, aren’t you, Mr. Mulheren?”

“No. The lawyers are now.”

And so it went. A few minutes later, Pavlis put a document of Mulheren’s from the early eighties before him and asked him to identify his signature. Mulheren said that he didn’t think it was his.

“That’s not your signature?”

“I don’t think so. I don’t know. Most people sign my signature.”

“Is it your testimony under oath that that’s not your signature?”

“I have no idea. Half the time people sign my signature.”

At this point, United States District Court Judge Miriam Cedarbaum intervened, saying, rather sharply, to Mulheren, “Why don’t you take a closer look at it.”

“Have you ever seen my signature, Your Honor?” Mulheren demanded, turning to face her.

“First, you look at what is being



"After all, what is 'yo'? Only 'oy' backward."

shown and see if you recognize it," Judge Cedarbaum ordered.

"If the question is, does my signature sometimes look like that, sometimes it does. O.K."

"Mr. Mulheren," the judge demanded, in exasperation, "do you recognize your own signature?"

"I often don't, Your Honor."

Questioned again by the prosecutor, Mulheren responded, "If you want me to swear to it, fine, I'll swear it's my signature. My signature changes all the time."

Moments later, having excused the jury for a midmorning recess and summoned the lawyers to a sidebar conference, Judge Cedarbaum told Mulheren's lawyer, "Mr. Puccio, I think you should caution your client that when I ask a question he is supposed to answer my question and not make repartee," and she added, "I take it that what is concerning everybody is that your client apparently is reluctant to recognize or not recognize his signature. It is most unusual for somebody to say, 'I can't tell you. I can usually not tell whether I signed something.' . . . Normally, people can recognize their own writing."

Later in the trial, it emerged in testimony by Mulheren's former secretary that Mulheren generally authorized others to sign documents for him, and that one of the signatures Mulheren had been shown was one that she had written. But the apparent oddity of what Mulheren was saying, combined with his combativeness, was bound to invite disbelief—as it had in the judge.

Mulheren told me afterward that during this midmorning recess Puccio demanded to know what he thought he was doing, and "I said, 'I'm going to beat the shit out of Pavlis,' and Tom said, 'That's exactly what they want you to do.' I said, 'I don't care!'" Then, Mulheren continued, one of his sisters asked him whether he had taken his lithium, the mood stabilizer with which his manic-depressive illness is treated. He had not. For years after his illness was diagnosed, Mulheren had resisted taking lithium and then had taken it only irregularly, because of a fear that it would dull him; he believes that in his unmedicated, hypomanic state (the less acute and more livable form of full-blown mania) he is more stimulated, more creative, stronger,

virtually indefatigable, quicker mentally, more focussed, or what he calls "one hundred and fifty per cent of normal—everything works." The hypomanic state, however, is also shadowed by an underpinning of irritability, impulsivity, and paranoia. Despite the considerable drawbacks those qualities might pose on the witness stand, it was not so surprising that Mulheren—given who he is—would choose to skip his lithium on such a pivotal day. But then Puccio's and his sister's comments made him realize that he needed it, so he took a larger than normal dose and returned to the stand.

The rest of his testimony was far more even—strikingly so. The government team, which had watched Mulheren begin to self-destruct in the first half hour of his cross-examination (one of them remarked on it to me, with considerable satisfaction, during the recess), must have been disappointed, and also puzzled, by his composure during the rest of the day. Still, Puccio would feel compelled to try to explain away in his summation the impression Mulheren had almost certainly made. "And I submit to you that you saw a very, very angry man up on that witness stand before you, someone who could barely control himself over what he and his family have been put through by the likes of Ivan Boesky," the lawyer said. "And, yes, maybe he said some things that were a little exaggerated, maybe he was a little nervous, a little angry, maybe his hands shook a little bit because of the lithium he takes. . . . Somewhat flamboyant, somewhat unique, somewhat testy, angry, but someone who told you the truth."

However unfortunate from a strategic standpoint the pugilistic first half hour of his cross-examination may have been, it was no aberration but vintage Mulheren, his personality seen—as it must be—refracted through his illness. The medication he subsequently took tempered him, but the subdued witness who returned to the stand was not the truer image of the man; defiance, after all, had been Mulheren's touchstone from the inception of this case. Indeed, for years before this prosecution began, his friends attest, whenever he perceived an issue to be one of principle no countervailing argument could move him. And here, Mulheren himself told me, he had decided at the

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outset that defending against these charges was a matter of principle. "So I would take whatever consequences came, but I would never budge or compromise," he said. "If you give an inch on a principle, ever, that's the end!"

He had therefore refused to cooperate with the government by implicating others. He had refused to consider a deal that would have involved pleading guilty to a minor (albeit criminal) count—a recordkeeping violation that in all likelihood would have entailed no prison time—and had ultimately fired the lawyer who he said was repeatedly urging him to do so. Instead, he had been indicted, on forty-two counts of conspiracy, securities and mail fraud, and keeping false records, which carried a possible penalty of \$10.5 million in fines and up to two hundred and ten years in prison.

Mulheren's resolution never to yield—on anything, large or small—was evident in other ways, too. With characteristic absolutism ("For me, everything is black or white," he often says), he concluded at pre-trial hearings that Judge Cedarbaum had already accepted the government's charges as true, and from then on he was loath to show her the requisite respect. On the first day of the trial, Judge Cedarbaum admonished Puccio that his client should be reminded to rise when she entered. Mulheren insisted on appearing in court dressed in the casual attire he always wears; he doesn't wear suits (his father-in-law recalls having last seen Mulheren wearing one on his wedding day, nineteen years ago), and he felt that "it would be a lie—it would be *perjury*" to wear one to court. And he waved off most of Puccio's attempts to prepare him for taking the stand (which included the reviewing of his prior S.E.C. testimony): "I said, 'I don't want to look prepared, like everybody else.' I said, 'Tom, the truth speaks loud.'"

To many observers, Mulheren appeared to be acting as his own worst enemy. Yet in a sense his insistence on being so purely himself at trial—in his dress, in his demeanor, in his testimony—was not without strategic rationale, for what was at issue in this prosecution was not the events themselves (those were manifest in trading tickets and brokerage payments, and were uncontested by Mulheren) but the understandings that gave rise to them. The crux of the case lay in what had been in

Mulheren's mind. And Mulheren's mind, given his illness, is a febrile and far-flung place, impervious to the confines of normalcy—a place about which conventional assumptions are bound to miss the mark. The jurors would have to be persuaded to surrender those assumptions, and to listen to his story in context—the context of his anomalousness—if they were ultimately to give credence to his testimony. A former partner of Mulheren's expressed the idea with beguiling simplicity: "I always thought the key to the defense was trying to make the jury understand what John Mulheren was really like."

IN his opening statement at the trial, Puccio declared to the jurors, "When John Mulheren was made, the mold was thrown out." Mulheren loved that line. He had felt "a drive to be different from the moment I dropped," he once told me. When the boys in his high-school class started to smoke and drink, he did not. When they wore jeans, he donned a jacket and tie. In adult life, this was simply reversed: Mulheren went to work on Wall Street in jeans, or camouflage clothes, or leather pants and Hawaiian shirts, or, on at least one occasion, a gorilla suit; for black-tie functions, he wore black silk pajamas. (On first meeting Mulheren, a prospective investor, confused by the sight of the dishevelled man, asked him what he did for a living. Mulheren replied, "I'm a fashion consultant.") Though some in the business community have viewed his manner of dress as affectation, it is probably more compulsive than contrived. "If I see people in bathing suits, I *have* to put on a shirt and pants," he said.

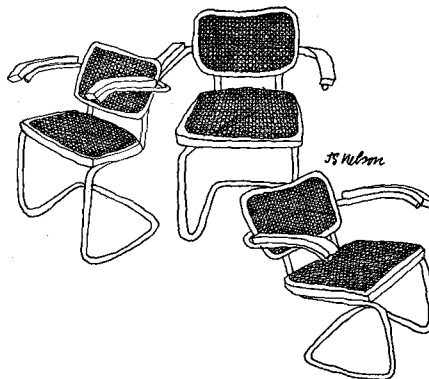
To be unindividuated is perhaps Mulheren's worst fear. In his early years on Wall Street, before he started commuting by helicopter from an estate he had bought in Rumson, New Jersey, he developed a dread of the walk at rush

hour through the crowds in the World Trade Center. "I was always afraid that I would be killed in a bomb explosion, and then I would be just a number," he explained.

There seems, moreover, to be no end to the need for reassurance that he is indeed unique. "As I often say, you may like me, you may not like me, but one thing I'll bet on," Mulheren declared eagerly. "You've never met anyone like me."

Life as a Wall Street trader offered Mulheren ample opportunity to establish, and ceaselessly reestablish, his singularity. It catered to several of his strongest predilections—for risk (to which he is addicted, in physical as well as in financial forms), for numerical intricacy (he was one of the early pioneers in options trading), and for a position that was perpetually center stage. He prided himself on his willingness to move with conviction in the market, on a breathtaking scale, while others hesitated, equivocated, and then, often, followed his lead. "When you're buying, you see who's weak, who's strong, and the more aggressively you do things the more it causes other people to do things, and the more you know," Mulheren told me. "I was willing to spend money for information. I did it violently all the time. I would do such big amounts people thought it was crazy. If there were ten guys sitting there hoping a stock didn't go down, I'd be the guy who drove it down."

In Mulheren's view, his manic-depressive illness—now recognized as one of the most severe forms of mental disorder, which typically affects mood but can also distort reasoning and judgment—served to enhance his native abilities as a trader. The depressive part of his cycle, which rendered him so profoundly anergic that he would take to his bed, unable to process even simple information, robbed him of perhaps thirty days a year, Mulheren says, but he believes that when he was in his excited, hypomanic state he did his most inspired trading. "When I would finally get high enough that it impaired my judgment, I'd lose—and I'd get so bummed out by losing that I would just leave," Mulheren recalled. "I'd say, 'Let's all go to Atlantic City.' Or I'd go out on my boat. Or I'd go shopping. I love to buy stuff when I'm high. I say, 'Gee, I really like this shirt—I'll buy nine of them, in every color.'"



Mulheren set himself apart on the Street in other respects as well. While he devoted himself to making money as assiduously as his fellows did, few, if any, gave it away as freely, or as spontaneously. He was one of the Street's biggest donors to both Christian and Jewish organizations, and he was known to be personally generous to individuals—to whoever was in trouble and happened to cross his path, it seemed. Stories of his philanthropy, dating back to the seventies, are legion; most are anecdotal, since he tended to make his charitable contributions anonymously (like the benefactor of "The Millionaire," Mulheren's favorite childhood television program).

Several times a year, including Christmas Eve, Mulheren put about twenty thousand dollars in envelopes—several hundred-dollar bills in each—and went to the Bowery and handed them out. (One reason he did this, Mulheren offers, is that he had an uncle, afflicted with manic-depression, who lived on the Bowery toward the end of his life.) A former trader at Mulheren's firm recalled that when a woman who delivered pizza one day noticed a thousand-dollar casino chip taped to the forehead of a huge Statue of Liberty replica behind the trading desk, Mulheren gave her the chip as a tip. When one of Mulheren's friends, a high-school teacher, retired, Mulheren, who found out that the man had dreamed all his life of owning a Ferrari, conspired with the teacher's wife to have a red Ferrari delivered to him, ostensibly as a gift bought by hundreds of his former students.

Mulheren was also known as someone who would extend himself, more than most, for others in the business. If a floor broker made an error on an order, causing a loss of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, of dollars, Mulheren might take the loss himself rather than charge him. If someone called to ask about a trade that Mulheren had just made, he would often share whatever information or perspective he had. If another trader needed to unload a stock, Mulheren would buy it if he could. While he was hardly alone in this—the business of Wall Street has historically been one of favors readily exchanged—Mulheren carried the practice to unusual lengths.

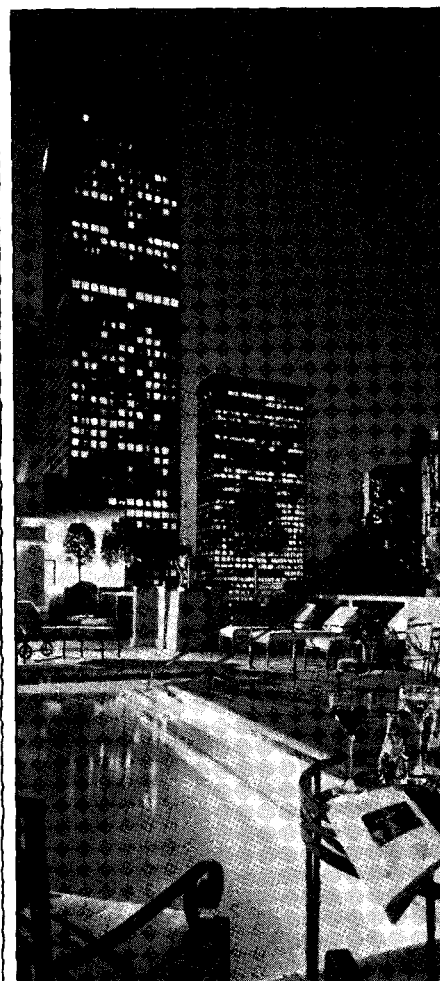
"I routinely did favors for people, but not because I was a charitable institution," Mulheren told me. "I had

an ulterior motive—because in the long term you *do* better if people trust you. People in this business are generally very shortsighted—they want to think about *this* trade. But I had a ten-year game plan. If I did those favors for them, they would give me their business, they'd tell me everything. No other arbitrageur had a relationship like that with most of the big institutional houses. We all like to think that we want to help other people. But it's the nicest thing in the world if you can build a business, make money, and help people at the same time."

Mulheren's theory apparently worked. A managing director at a large Wall Street firm told me, "If we had one million shares of a stock to trade and ten people wanted it, instead of giving them each one hundred thousand shares we'd tell them we had twenty customers, and we'd give them each fifty thousand, and give the rest to John. These guys are barracudas. John was not a barracuda. He was a friend and an ally."

Mulheren's altruism was imperfect, in that it was apparently easier for him to do favors for colleagues and make grand gestures to strangers than to be consistently kind to his own employees; his rages at employees he deemed incompetent were notorious, and, according to a former partner of his, he fired some of them without their ever understanding their error. But on Wall Street, especially, varying forms of behavioral pathology tend to accompany talent, and Mulheren was far more conspicuous for his benevolence than for his temper.

IT may have been Mulheren's benevolence that attracted Boesky to him. The two men could not have been more dissimilar. Boesky was heartily disliked on the Street, being widely perceived—long before his guilty plea and cooperation—as the biggest "barracuda" of them all. But Boesky remarked to me in an interview in 1984 that he liked "tough guys who have soft centers and sweet spots." And he seemed at that time to view Mulheren—alone among his fellow-arbitrageurs—as a friend. He donated money to Mulheren and his wife's alma mater, Roanoke College, in Virginia, of which Mulheren was for years a trustee and to which he has contributed several million dollars. Boesky requested that Mulheren act as host to a Jewish Theo-



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Aside from any personal affinity Boesky may have felt with Mulheren, he had reason to treat him well. In 1982, a deal in which Boesky had taken a gargantuan, highly leveraged position fell through, causing his company's stock price to plummet. On the verge of bankruptcy, he turned for help to Mulheren, and Mulheren constructed a complex series of options trades by which Boesky was able to recoup some of his losses as the stock price gradually rose, and his business was saved.

As for Mulheren, his willingness to maintain a close business relationship with Boesky showed a pronounced, and perhaps characteristic, lack of judgment. Mulheren's friends say that he never tried to remake himself as his fortune of at least fifty million dollars grew; instead, he remained the same unaffected, provincial person he had always been, and was easily impressed by celebrities, on and off Wall Street—and somewhat awed by Boesky. He may also, from a more pragmatic standpoint, have chosen to overlook things that should have troubled him about Boesky, because the relationship was—as the government argued—one in which Mulheren valued the information that Boesky passed along to him.

What is clear, in any event, is that for years before Boesky pleaded guilty the Street was rife with whispers that he traded on inside information. And Mulheren plainly recognized Boesky's insatiable appetite for information. (In 1984, Mulheren told me that T. Boone Pickens, a friend of Mulheren's and an active corporate raider, avoided speaking to Boesky about any of his own deals, because "Ivan tries to drain his brain.") Nevertheless, Mulheren routinely defended Boesky when others suggested that Boesky used inside information. "I knew what his returns were," Mulheren told me. "They were not as good as mine, and I knew I didn't use inside information."

Mulheren had always presented himself as a stickler on that score. When I first interviewed him, seven years ago, he told me anecdotes about having inadvertently come into possession of inside information and so, to his chagrin, having had to stop trading the stock in question. Those who have

worked for him also recount numerous instances of his having done that. "It's no fun, cheating," Mulheren would often declare. He once told me, "I am not lily-white—a church would not approve of all I do. I've done some bad things in my life, but none of them have to do with compromising, lying, cheating, or welching on a deal."

Given Mulheren's image of himself as someone who would not deign to cheat—and his rather flamboyant projection of that image over the years—it is clear that pleading guilty to a criminal offense, however minor, would have been enormously difficult. But perhaps the truly insuperable obstacle to his doing so was the fact that by the late eighties cooperation with the government had become, by



and large, the order of the day on the Street. In fact, every person Boesky implicated, and the United States government prosecuted, ultimately pleaded—every person except Mulheren. If Mulheren were to plead, he would be joining the crowd—and a craven crowd, at that.

During his trial, Mulheren acknowledged to me that, particularly in that environment, his resistance may well have been something of a psychological imperative. "I have scruples, absolutely," he said. "But it is also true that I will take them to a degree that probably no one should, in order to be different."

IN mid-February of 1988, fifteen months after the Boesky plea was announced, Mulheren did something that probably removed irremediably the possibility that the government might decline to prosecute him. He recently told me, describing not this event but a general aspect of his personality, "I say, somebody's got to take the first step—it'll be me. I always want to be the hero. I *love* being the hero." What motivated him in this particular instance, it is true, was far more complex than a mere desire to be a hero, but it is also true that when a news report that Mulheren had been arrested for setting out with a semiautomatic weapon to kill Boesky came across the tape at the New York Stock Exchange a huge murmur of excitement and, perhaps, approval rose from the floor.

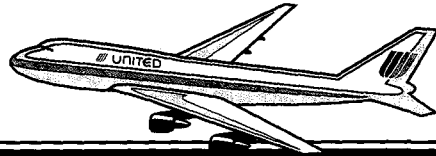
In early 1987, with the help of Boesky and his head trader, Michael

Davidoff (who that January had pleaded guilty to one count of stock parking and had agreed to cooperate with the government), the S.E.C. began to investigate Mulheren, along with many others in the Boesky-related probe. In Mulheren's case, the government was focussing on a number of transactions in which Mulheren had parked stock for Boesky.

Parking stock was a common practice on Wall Street, despite the fact that as it was generally carried out it was illegal. One firm often asked another to hold stock, thereby hiding its ownership from the Internal Revenue Service, the stock exchanges, or the S.E.C. (obviously, a violation of the law). The firm that held the stock was typically not "at risk of the market" but had a secret, oral agreement that it would be reimbursed if the stock price fell or would return profits if the stock rose (the holder thus was not the real owner and was participating in a sham transaction). If, however, the holder was at risk of the market, then that firm was not breaking the law, inasmuch as it *was* the owner and the transaction was genuine. Boesky and Davidoff were telling the government that Mulheren had parked stock for the Boesky firm and had not been at risk.

Of the Wall Street criminal prosecutions that were spearheaded in the late eighties by Rudolph Giuliani, then the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, not all were for equally serious crimes. At the most serious end of the spectrum were the prosecutions of Drexel Burnham Lambert and its driving force, the financier Michael Milken, for such systemic violations of the securities laws that RICO, the Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations law, was applicable to them—manipulating the market, filing false disclosure forms with the S.E.C. in order to disguise ownership of stock, and filing fraudulent offering materials, among other things. Then, there were crimes that were less serious from a societal standpoint, because they were narrower, but that appeared more flagrant to the general public—crimes that involved the buying and selling of, and trading on, inside information, by Boesky (who had also participated in Drexel and Milken's more wide-ranging criminal endeavors), and by the former Drexel investment bankers Dennis Levine and Martin Siegel, the former Goldman,

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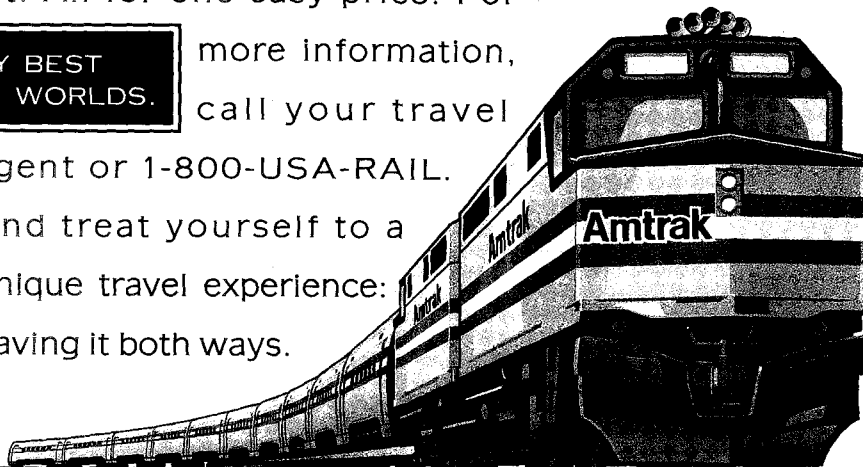
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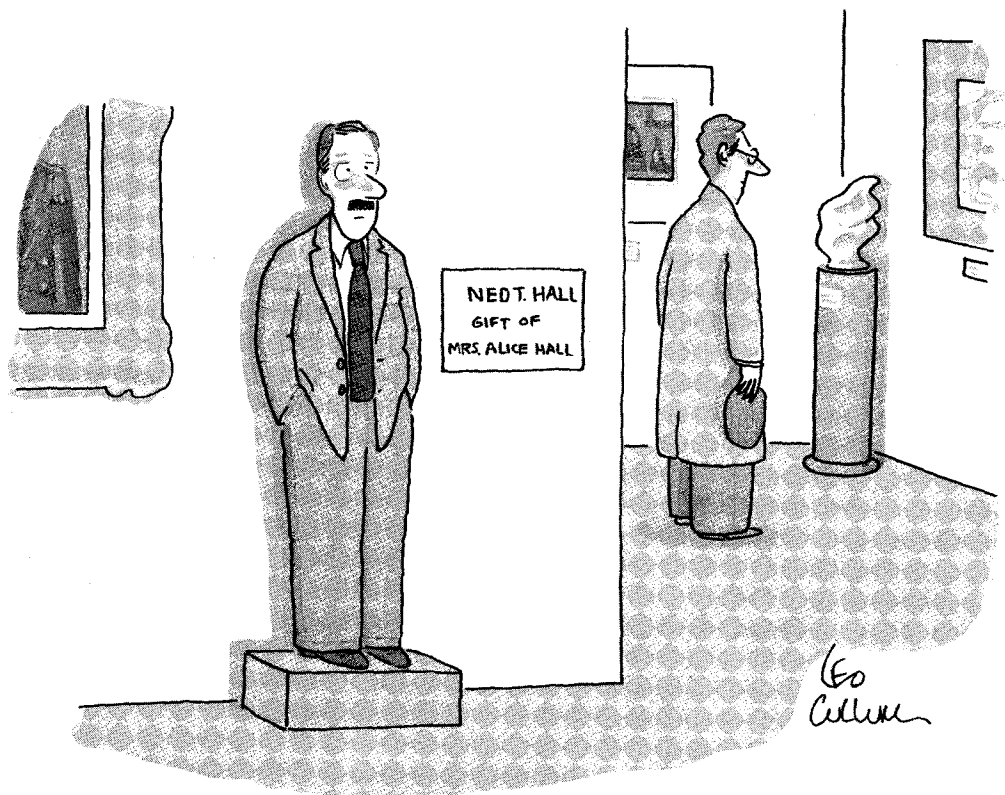
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Sachs arbitrageur Robert Freeman, and many others.

At the opposite end of the spectrum were violations—some of which heretofore had mainly been prosecuted civilly, not criminally—such as parking (as in the case of Boyd L. Jefferies, the former chairman and chief executive officer of Jefferies & Company) and stock manipulation (as in the cases of the former arbitrageur Salim Lewis and a former vice-chairman of GAF Corporation, James Sherwin). In cases of this kind, in which the action was narrow, and the perpetrators made no monetary profit, there was considerable debate—on Wall Street, naturally, but also within the relevant government agencies—about whether criminal prosecution was appropriate.

Giuliani was extremely aggressive, as was the head of the securities division in his office, Bruce Baird, who had previously worked in the organized-crime unit of the United States Attorney's Office. Baird, who is now in private practice, remarked to me recently that he felt, in a sense, more strongly about the "cleaning up" of Wall Street than he had about prosecuting organized crime. "I could in some ways have more sympathy in the organized-crime area," he said. "Someone like Carmine Persico, whose parents were Italian immigrants, had

very few options. And, yes, he was involved in murder, but he was quite conservative in lots of his other values—adhered, in fact, to a whole system of values. Unlike these Wall Street guys who had unlimited options—and who, in many cases, were amoral."

Through the fall and early winter of 1987, Mulheren's lawyers regarded the matter of his alleged parking as primarily a civil matter, and did not view the incipient criminal investigation with alarm. Mulheren had told his lawyers that while he had indeed bought stocks in 1985 as a favor to Boesky he had always been in control of those stocks and at risk of the market, and that he had said as much, explicitly and repeatedly, to Boesky's trader, Davidoff, with whom he had discussed the details of the transactions between the two firms. What made Mulheren's version of events seem strained, at best, was that ultimately, in 1986, he *had* made payments to the Boesky firm which reflected profit he had made on those stocks.

Then, on February 17, 1988, Mulheren had a meeting in the late afternoon with Otto Obermaier, who had been brought into the case by Mulheren's civil attorney, Kenneth Bialkin, to represent Mulheren in the criminal investigation. Mulheren had been

close to Bialkin for years but had met with Obermaier only a few times previously. Now, as Mulheren recalls it, Obermaier told him he believed, on the basis of recent conversations with Robert Gage, an Assistant United States Attorney assigned to the case, that Mulheren would surely be indicted, and that if he didn't plead guilty he would go to jail. Mulheren recalls, too, that when he protested that he had committed no crime Obermaier said, in effect, "O.K. So you obviously don't mind going to jail. You probably need a vacation from your family anyway."

Mulheren was already in an exceedingly fragile, volatile state. According to a psychiatric report on Mulheren that was later prepared by Dr. Ross J. Baldessarini, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, even with the mood-stabilizing lithium treatment Mulheren had been

receiving since the early nineteen-eighties he still experienced "about twice-yearly major shifts toward high or low mood," and that "on at least one occasion, in November, 1987, Mr. Mulheren spent 'twenty-one hours walking the streets of New York' in a state of possibly altered consciousness, 'dressed only in pants and an undershirt.'" Moreover, in the first two weeks of February, 1988, he had had stomach problems—for which lithium is contraindicated—and had taken little.

Extremely upset by his conversation with Obermaier, Mulheren phoned Bialkin, and said that the criminal-justice system was not working, that he thought he would fire all his lawyers, and that he hoped Bialkin would look after his family. (Bialkin took the last statement to mean that he was contemplating suicide.) Mulheren went home and told his wife that the lawyers wanted him to plead to something he had not done, and that he intended to fire them; she recalls that she agreed that he should, saying, "Who needs lawyers, if that's what they do?" Mulheren, who says he was too manic to sleep, passed the night staring fixedly at his television screen, ceaselessly clicking the channel selector.

The next morning, he told his wife and also one of Bialkin's colleagues

about "wanting to kill" Boesky and Davidoff, according to Dr. Baldesarini's report; he is said to have felt "betrayed" by them, and to fear "disgrace." According to a police report, he also told his wife that he had driven past Davidoff's house earlier that morning, looking for him. (Later, he said he did not know if he had done so or not.) When his partner in Jamie Securities, Israel Englander, took a helicopter to Rumson to see him, Mulheren is said by one of his attorneys to have told Englander that he planned to harm or kill those who were going to testify against him, and he suggested that he would then commit suicide. According to one of Mulheren's lawyers, Englander, who had consulted a psychiatrist in preparation for this visit, and had been told that one should humor a manic-depressive, responded, "You gotta do what you gotta do."

At midday, Obermaier, having somehow learned of Mulheren's statements, called the United States Attorney's Office and spoke to Robert Gage. According to Bruce Baird, "Otto told Bob, 'This is the first time I've made a call like this in my thirty years as a practicing attorney. But I think you had better protect your witnesses, and arrest Mulheren.' " When Gage phoned Bialkin to ask about Mulheren's condition, Bialkin told him he feared that Mulheren was going to commit suicide. At the United States Attorney's Office, Baird and Gage decided to send the investigator for the securities division, Thomas Doonan, to Rumson. Mulheren had steadfastly refused to be interviewed by the government, but they thought that in his present emotional state he might prove more malleable.

Meanwhile, Mulheren's family had summoned an off-duty Rumson patrolman who was a friend of his. Mulheren was an avid gun enthusiast (he told me that because he is paranoid he always liked to have a gun with him, even when he went to work on Wall Street), and often went to a shooting range to practice with the local police, a couple of whom had been his friends since childhood. Now the patrolman and a colleague took several guns and assorted ammunition from the trunk and glove compartment of Mulheren's Mercedes. A little later, Mulheren put a duffelbag in his car, and then drove out of the driveway. The police stopped

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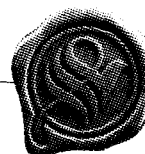
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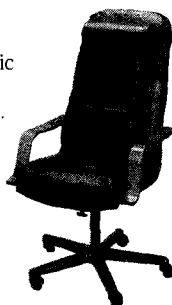


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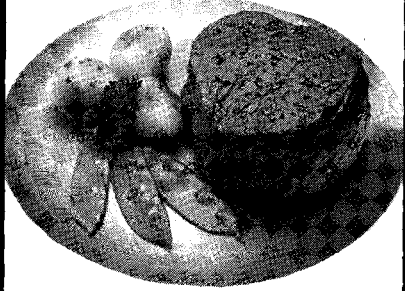
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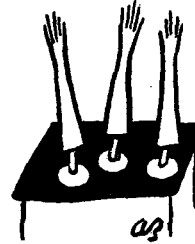
him a few blocks away and removed a loaded semiautomatic assault rifle from the bag, and drove around with him for about half an hour, trying to quiet him. He told them, as he had told Bialkin, that he had lost faith in the criminal-justice system—that he had done nothing wrong and the federal government simply needed scapegoats. He also said that without Boesky and Davidoff “the head-hunt would be over.” He told them, too, that he had not been taking his medication. The policemen offered to take him home to get it, or to a hospital for help, but Mulheren now insisted that they should arrest him and take him to jail.

There Peter Bennett, a New Jersey lawyer who was summoned to the Rumson Police headquarters to represent Mulheren vis-à-vis state authorities, met him for the first time. “I walked into his cell, and John—who is very big, anyway—was standing on this bench, towering over me, with his arms folded,” Bennett recalls. “He said that he didn’t need a lawyer, that no jail could hold him, that he was going to be out of there very soon.”

Two and a half months would pass before Mulheren was free again, and by that time his partnership, Jamie Securities, had been placed in liquidation. After being held for eleven days by the state on a weapons charge, he was released into federal custody and arrested for allegedly threatening federal witnesses, and was incarcerated in the Metropolitan Correctional Center (M.C.C.), in Manhattan. A battle ensued between Mulheren’s lawyers, seeking his release—first to a private psychiatric hospital and, subsequently, to his home—and the federal prosecutors, who consistently opposed his release, suggesting (especially at the start) that his manic-depressive illness was a rationale of the defense, and that his actions had instead been triggered by their deepening investigation; and that (as time went on, and as the defense accumulated medical evidence of his mental illness) however real his illness might be, he continued to be a danger to the community.

One Mulheren supporter who was involved with his case during this period believes that the prosecutors—already angered by Mulheren’s intransigence—were infuriated by the

thought that if he had somehow made his way to Boesky he could have effectively wiped out the biggest Wall Street prosecutions in recent memory, and that they therefore hoped to “break” Mulheren, now that he was weak and was in their custody. In this person’s view, the prosecutors’ directives—and not merely bureaucratic inefficiency and bedlam at M.C.C.—caused Mulheren’s name to be put on



the court list almost daily, whether or not a court appearance was scheduled, and caused Mulheren to spend as much as ten hours a day in the M.C.C. bullpen, missing meals and his lithium. The prosecutors also opposed allowing Mulheren’s own psychiatrist to see him, but they were overruled by the court.

Mulheren’s lawyers argued to the court that Mulheren was not receiving adequate treatment for his manic-depressive illness in M.C.C., and urged that he be sent to a secure ward at the Carrier Foundation, a well-known private psychiatric hospital in New Jersey. The government took the position that if he required such treatment he should be incarcerated in the criminal ward at Bellevue Hospital. In early March, a United States magistrate ruled that Mulheren should be released to Carrier, whereupon the government appealed the ruling first to a United States district judge and from there to the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit—a process that delayed for a full week Mulheren’s transfer to Carrier.

According to Mulheren, while he was in Carrier, Obermaier continued to urge him—as Mulheren said he had on February 17th—to plead guilty. The relationship between the two men was not good. Obermaier met infrequently with Mulheren, and when the two did meet the atmosphere was strained. Other attorneys representing Mulheren felt that while it was clear that Obermaier believed he was giving Mulheren the best possible advice, he showed little sensitivity to Mulheren’s distressed mental state. Mulheren, however, frustrated by that advice, began to question Obermaier’s motives.

Friends of Obermaier knew that he had long cherished hopes of someday becoming the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York—the position that he does hold today.

(In view of his present position, Obermaier refuses to comment on the case.) Giuliani had been flirting publicly with the idea of challenging United States Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan for his Senate seat, and told the press in early January, 1988, that if a suitable successor could be found he would resign in order to run. A *News* article that month reported that Giuliani was "concerned that some potential nominees represent financial-industry clients involved in some way with ongoing investigations." Obermaier was listed in this article as someone who was being considered. By early February, however, Giuliani had announced that he would not join the Senate race and would remain in office a while longer.

In Mulheren's view, Obermaier's ambitions colored his attitude toward the case. It had become something Obermaier was eager to dispense with, Mulheren believed; he thought that Obermaier was more interested in helping the United States Attorney's Office to achieve its agenda here—to receive another plea, in the ever-lengthening list of Wall Street pleas—than he was in representing Mulheren in his desire to fight.

In any event, Mulheren says that while he was in Carrier he had meetings with Obermaier in which Obermaier exhorted him to plead, arguing that the situation had become far more dire now that there was the potential of a federal indictment not only for securities-law violations but for obstruction of justice (related to the threatening of government witnesses), and that all those charges could be evaded with a plea to a single securities violation. Mulheren says that on one occasion, when he told Obermaier that he could not plead, because it was a question of principle, Obermaier responded, "You will have to put your principles in your back pocket."

In mid-April, Mulheren fired Obermaier and hired Thomas Puccio. Eight days later, Mulheren was freed on twenty million dollars' bail. The state weapons charges were ultimately deferred, and Mulheren was accepted in New Jersey's Pretrial Intervention Program, where, after three years' probation, the charges would be dropped.

Mulheren's more serious problems were in the federal arena, however. In the year following his release from Carrier, Giuliani and Puccio engaged

in a protracted pas de deux, in which Giuliani would ask for an extension of time (the Speedy Trial Act mandates that an indictment follow an arrest by thirty days) and Puccio, hoping that the indictment would never be brought, would advise Mulheren to grant the extension. When the forty-two-count indictment finally was brought, in June, 1989, shortly after Giuliani left the United States Attorney's Office to run for Mayor of New York, it did not include the obstruction-of-justice charge. Baird told me that the government team had debated at length about whether to include it. "But in the end we concluded that the psychiatric stuff would have overshadowed the securities stuff—and there would have been a considerable sympathy factor," he said. "The whole trial would have become a battle of experts, and the question would have been 'Was he responsible or not?'—and for the securities violations as well."

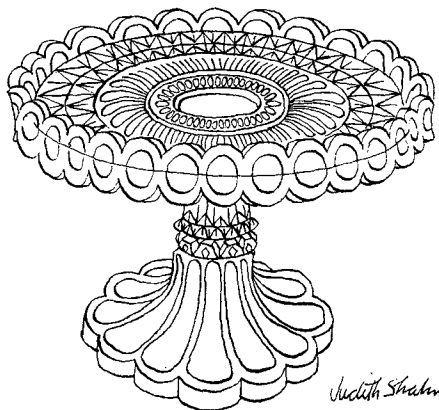
AT Mulheren's trial, Boesky made his first and, given his performance, in all likelihood his last public appearance as a government witness. What was most remarkable—considering the velocity of his fall from power; the ordeal, particularly for someone who had craved respectability, of coming to assume larger than life proportions as the very personification of disfiguring greed; and the stories about his immersion in Talmudic studies, along with sightings of him at the federal prison in Lompoc, California, with a flowing gray beard and looking like a wilderness hermit—was how unshriven, and essentially unchanged, he seemed: pretentious, evasive, arrogant, secretive.

Under an excoriating cross-examination by Puccio, Boesky seemed traumatized and cornered, yet he did not reveal himself but shielded himself all

the more. "I would have to be refreshed," or "I don't recall," he repeated, in automatic refrain, dozens of times.

Boesky testified that his net worth just prior to his plea agreement with the government, in 1986, was somewhere between a hundred million and a billion. He confirmed that at the time of his sentencing, a year after he paid the government a fine of a hundred million dollars (fifty million of which was tax deductible), his lawyers represented to the court that he was nearly bankrupt, but he could not recall whether, in contemplation of reaching his plea agreement, he had conveyed any money out of his name or, specifically, transferred any to his wife and children—this despite the fact that at some point after his sentencing he was borrowing from his wife, that he had acknowledged having bank accounts in Switzerland, that while there were currently more than a billion dollars of claims pending against him in civil litigation not a single judgment had been rendered. Nor could he recall whether or not he had traded on inside information in a myriad of deals besides the ones he had divulged to the government. Indeed, his plea agreement with the government—one that is widely regarded, an article in the *Financial Times* noted, as "the plea bargain deal of the century"—required him to tell the government only of those deals about which it inquired.

In two days of testimony whose hallmark was Boesky's utter lack of recollection, his few shards of memory concerned his transactions with Mulheren; thus, Boesky presented a broad-brush outline of the government's case. In the first, and much fuller, part of what was essentially a two-part prosecution, the government was contending that Mulheren, as a favor to Boesky, conducted a series of trades that were designed to generate tax losses for Boesky's firm and to help Boesky evade the minimum, or net, capital requirements set by the S.E.C. The government charged that Mulheren had been aware of the violations he was helping Boesky to commit, and had agreed to be protected against market risk, inasmuch as any profits and losses from the trades would be those of the Boesky firm, and thus the trades were illegal, sham transactions. Indeed, the government contended, Mulheren had come up with a scheme to pay the Boesky firm



seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars—representing profits made in the trades—by inflating brokerage bills that Mulheren's firm, Jamie Securities, paid to Boesky's trading company.

Boesky recalled asking Mulheren in the first instance of parking, in the summer of 1985, to "hold certain securities for me for about thirty days" and "that he would be protected." Mulheren had said he would have to check on whether he could afford to, Boesky testified, and when he called back to say that he could do a trade of about ten million dollars Boesky had instructed Davidoff, his head trader, to work out the details with Mulheren. (The security they had agreed on was Unocal.) From then on, the overwhelming majority of the conversations between the two firms about this transaction, about a series of subsequent parking transactions, and about repayment to Boesky occurred between Mulheren and Davidoff.

The testimony by Boesky that bore most directly on the heart of this part of the case was his statement that he had told Mulheren, in that initial conversation, that he would be "protected." But under cross-examination, when Puccio demanded whether "protected" was the "precise word" that Boesky had used in his conversation with Mulheren, Boesky answered, "I cannot recall whether that was the precise word."

"Thank you," Puccio said.

"I think it was the precise word," Boesky said hurriedly.

Davidoff, following Boesky, fleshed out this part of the government's case. He testified that when he made the arrangements with Mulheren he had told him that all profits and losses would be borne by the Boesky firm, and that after Boesky ordered him to calculate what was owed the firm and arrange repayment with Mulheren he had begun to call him repeatedly. Asked, in his direct examination, what had been said in those conversations, Davidoff testified, "Well, I spoke to John several times. I got different responses from him at different times. One response was 'We got to think of ways how we are gonna get it back.' Other times, 'Gee, I'm a little busy right now, call me back,' and he'd hang up. And third times he would say to me in a jokingly manner, 'What? What money do I owe you? This is all risk of market.'"

Davidoff testified that in November, 1985, shortly after they began to have those conversations about repayment, Mulheren had given him a trading idea (in Texaco "straddles," a complicated series of options transactions) on which Davidoff made about four hundred thousand dollars for the Boesky firm. And shortly after that, he testified, Boesky and Mulheren had arrived at a figure that was owed to Boesky (credit having been given for the trading idea), and Mulheren had said that he would pay off the rest by inflating payments on floor brokerage—commissions for executing trades—that his firm paid to the Boesky firm. Mulheren, Davidoff said, had introduced him on the phone to "Lenny"—Leonard De Stefano, a clerk at Jamie, who became Mulheren's co-defendant in this case—and had said that Lenny would keep track of the floor-brokerage payments and speak to Davidoff about them each month. By the fall of 1986, Davidoff testified, the money had been paid.

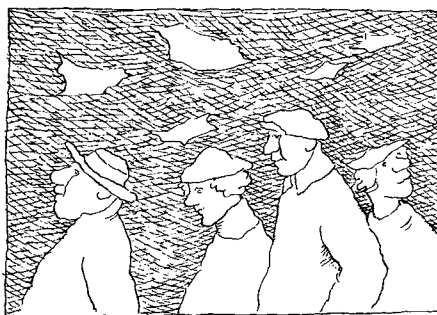
At the end of his direct testimony, Davidoff offered a further recollection, saying that in December of 1986—after Boesky's plea and cooperation with the government was announced, on November 14th—Mulheren had phoned him. By that time, government investigators were spending their days poring over files at the Boesky firm, dozens of subpoenas had been sent out, and the assumption was that wherever Boesky had done business the phones were tapped and the rooms were probably bugged. In this phone call, Davidoff testified, "Mr. Mulheren said that people walked around the office, S.E.C. people, other regulatory people, and it would be best that we—that I do not talk about anything that we have done together in the past."

The third principal witness in this part of the government's case—and the one whose testimony, on its face, was

the most damning—was Edward McCarthy. McCarthy had worked for Israel Englander before joining Jamie Securities, in 1985, as its chief financial officer, but he had barely known Mulheren. He testified that in late June or early July, shortly after the new firm opened its doors, Mulheren had asked him to keep the Unocal holding separate on the firm's daily profit-and-loss sheets—and a government exhibit did indeed show the Unocal position kept separate. Referring to Mulheren's instruction about Unocal, McCarthy testified, "He said it was Ivan's." This was the most unambiguous statement from any government witness about what had been in Mulheren's mind. McCarthy also provided the sole testimony that Mulheren had known why Boesky wanted him to park the securities—testimony that made Mulheren a party to Boesky's alleged attempt, in this instance, to evade his net-capital requirements. McCarthy testified that Mulheren, before engaging in a second series of parking arrangements for Boesky, "asked me if we had enough buying power to buy three or four large options positions," and "he said that Boesky has a capital problem." Finally, McCarthy testified about a conversation he had had with Mulheren and Englander, in which Mulheren said that Boesky wanted "his money back." McCarthy had said, "Let's send him a check," everyone had laughed, and there had followed a discussion about paying Boesky back through inflated floor-brokerage bills.

McCarthy had arrived on the witness stand under pressure as intense as that under which Boesky and Davidoff (each attempting to satisfy his plea bargain) had testified. Before McCarthy concluded his testimony on direct, he admitted that although he had been given immunity, he had lied in several appearances before a grand jury in 1988, and then, when he was threatened with indictment (for a transaction in Viacom securities, unrelated to the transactions at issue in this trial), he had reached an agreement with the government that he would change his testimony and would not be prosecuted for perjury.

On cross-examination, Puccio brought out the fact that McCarthy had testified before the grand jury that "either John Mulheren or Israel Englander" told him to separate the



THE NEW YORKER

Unocal position on the daily profit-and-loss sheets, and that he had been unable to say that it was more likely to have been one than the other. He had also testified that no explanation for this instruction was offered him. In one grand-jury appearance after another, in response to questions about whether he had been told by Mulheren that Mulheren was assisting Boesky because he had a net-capital problem, McCarthy had always answered that he had not.

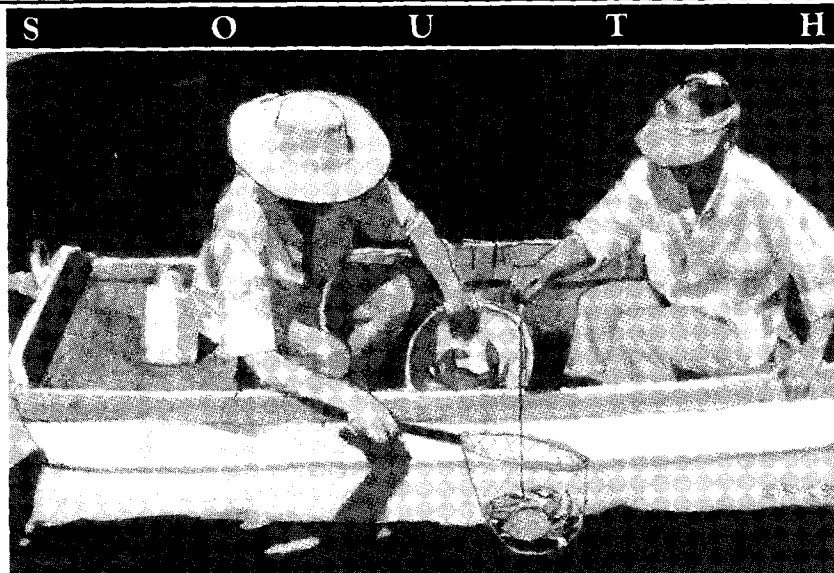
Furthermore, Puccio elicited from McCarthy the admission that, insofar as he had been threatened by the United States Attorney's Office with indictment, he was afraid of losing his job and, in addition, an extraordinary, \$1.2-million bonus that was due him within the year.

Whatever damage Puccio was able to inflict on those three witnesses at trial, this part of the government's case had been quite solidly constructed. Not only was Boesky bolstered by Davidoff and McCarthy but there was also paper corroboration: in the profit-and-loss sheets showing the Unocal position kept separate; in a "chit sheet" that De Stefano kept which showed the amount of debt being paid each month; and in the inflated brokerage payments themselves. The second part of the case—on the more serious charge of stock manipulation—was, by contrast, supported by a single reed: the testimony of Boesky.

Again, the fact of the transaction at issue was uncontroverted: on October 17, 1985, Mulheren had bought seventy-five thousand shares of Gulf & Western (since renamed Paramount Communications) stock, driving up the price from \$44.75 to \$45 a share. Within seven minutes of Mulheren's final purchase, Boesky sold 3.4 million shares at \$45, reaping a profit of seventeen million dollars. Carl Icahn, Boesky's friend and fellow-arbitrageur, also sold his position at \$45—making a profit of forty-two million dollars. Mulheren lost about sixty-five thousand dollars. The government charged that Mulheren had manipulated the stock price, at Boesky's behest.

Boesky testified that the day Mulheren bought the stock, and Boesky made his trade, he had had a phone conversation with Mulheren in which they discussed Gulf & Western stock. It was then trading at \$44.75. Boesky testified, "I said I liked it; however, I

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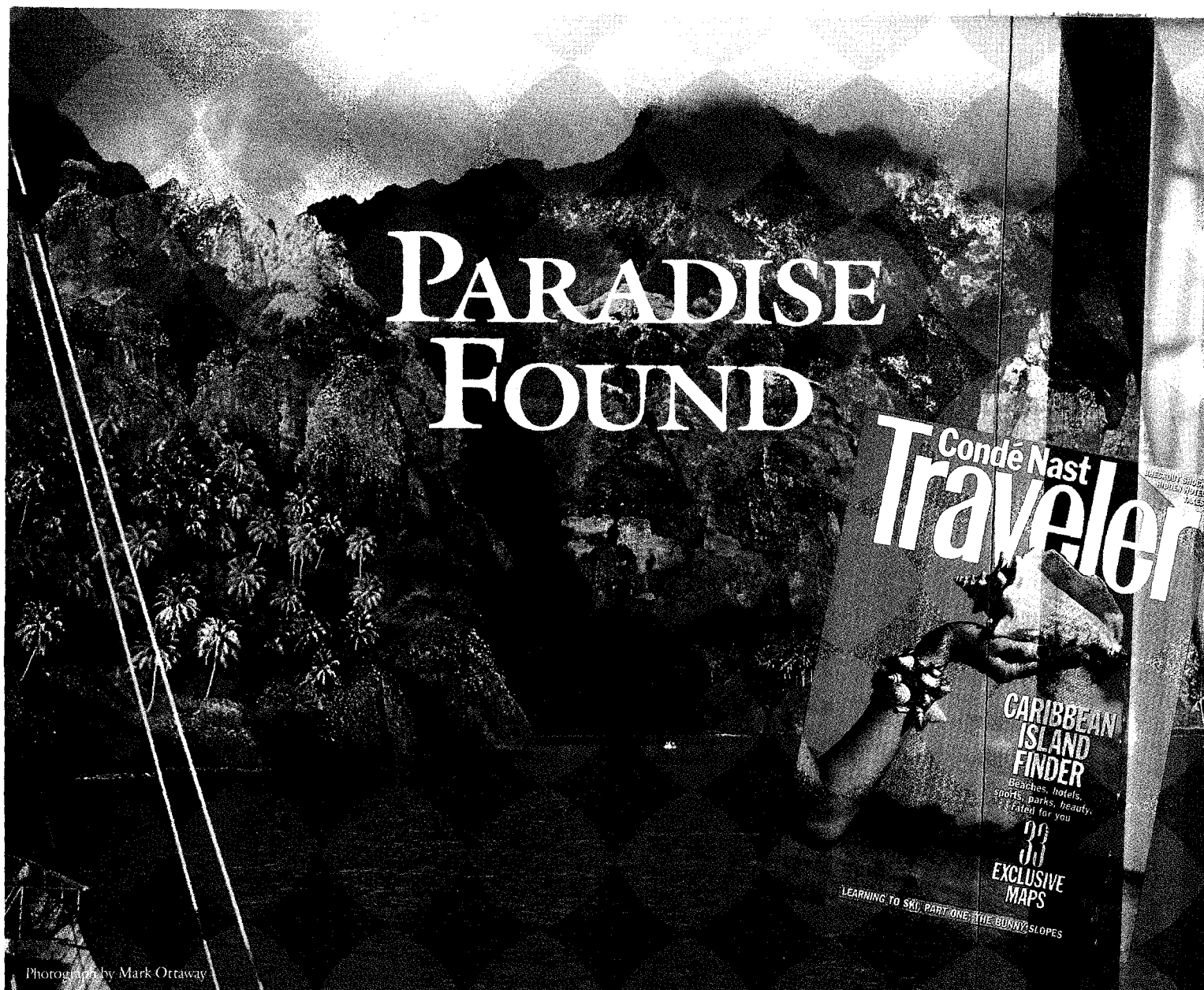
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would not pay more than forty-five for it and it would be great if it traded at forty-five." Mulheren, Boesky continued, had responded, "I understand."

Martin Davis, the chairman and chief executive officer of Paramount Communications, also appeared as a government witness. He testified that Mulheren, whom he had not known previously, had come to see him in October of 1985 to discuss a possible takeover of CBS (Davis had decided he was not interested) and also Boesky's position in Gulf & Western stock. Although Boesky's and Icahn's positions were not public at that time, they were certainly rumored, and there was speculation about them in the business press. Davis testified that in the course of his and Mulheren's conversation Mulheren offered to try to monitor Boesky's activities in Gulf & Western stock, and that, when he himself used a four-letter word in reference to Boesky, Mulheren concurred.

This testimony—in the light of the fact that Mulheren was a friend of Boesky's, and had a business relationship with him that was much closer than most relationships Boesky had—made Mulheren seem a gross opportunist, one who not only did not defend a friend but offered to spy on him. No matter how much Davis's testimony did to impart an unsavory cast to Mulheren's character, however, it did nothing to directly buttress Boesky's testimony on the purported manipulation.

The stock-manipulation case hung, quite simply, on "It would be great . . ."—from a witness so devoid of credibility that when it came time, several months later, for the government to present a limited version of its evidence against Michael Milken in a sentencing hearing, prosecutors elected not to call Boesky (the primary source of their case against Milken) to the stand.

MULHEREN, in his testimony, retraced the path that the government had taken, and attempted to explain his state of mind. He testified that in the first of the parking transactions, involving Unocal securities, Boesky had called him and said that "he was raising cash and would like to sell some stock" and had asked "could I help him," and that "I told him I didn't know." Mulheren said he had got off the phone, thought about how much

stock he might be willing to buy from him, and then called him back and said he'd buy ten million dollars' worth "if the stock's right." Boesky, he continued, told him to talk to Davidoff. Those two conversations, Mulheren added, lasted a total of "ten seconds, twenty seconds," and took place while he was trading—giving directions to clerks around him to buy and sell stocks, and receiving reports from the floor.

Then Mulheren recounted his conversation with Davidoff.

"He called me up and said, 'Ivan said you'd do us a favor.'

"I said, 'Yeah. What's the stock?'

"He said, 'Unocal.'

"I said, 'How much stock?'

"He said, 'Three hundred and thirty thousand shares.'

"I punched it up in the machine. Saw what was going on. And I watched the quotes and then I looked at the history. And I said, 'O.K., it sounds good to me.'

"He then said, 'O.K., I'm going to sell it to you and I might want to buy it back. O.K. And you'll be held harmless. You won't lose any money.'

"I said, 'You can stop right there. I don't do those trades. If I'm not at risk of the market, I will not do the trade.'

"And he just hemmed and hawed and said, 'O.K., thanks a lot, let's do the trade.' "

Mulheren testified that he did not have any conversation with Edward McCarthy concerning the Unocal stock but did have one with Israel Englander, his partner. Englander "asked me what the story was for Unocal," Mulheren said. "I said, 'It's a favor for Ivan, don't worry about it.' "

During the next three weeks or so, Mulheren testified, the price of Unocal "went down every single day," and he had conversations with Davidoff and many others, "trying to find out who is selling the stock, what's going on, what the bad news is." He had never instructed anyone to separate the Unocal position on the profit-and-loss sheets, Mulheren testified, but he paid little attention to the separation when he saw it, because he "thought it was Izzy nudging me." He went on to say, "Izzy didn't usually like me helping out other people. Not that he's—you know—a bad guy or anything. He didn't like it—he was always

afraid people were taking advantage of me. So I figured that he stripped it out to make me look at it every day because it was a big loss."

About a month later, Mulheren sold the stock in the market. Mulheren testified that he sold it then because the price had gone back up. (Davidoff, however, had testified that he had called Mulheren and—the thirty-day period that Boesky testified he had initially mentioned having expired—told him that Boesky did not want to buy the stock back and he was free to sell it in the market.) Mulheren testified, further, that in the case of Unocal he had actually lost money but had never called Boesky or Davidoff about that.

The second series of transactions (options in four different stocks) had started with Davidoff's calling and saying, "We need a favor," Mulheren testified. According to Mulheren, once they had agreed on the stocks Davidoff said, "Ivan wants me to sell you these calls"—options to purchase stock—"and we might or might not buy them back, O.K., and we'll take the risk." The testimony continued, "And I said, 'I told you before, I don't do those kinds of transactions. I'm a big boy and I take the risk because it's not legal if you do it that way.' He said, 'O.K., fine.' "

The price of Warner Communications, one of the stocks in which Mulheren had bought options from Boesky, began to rise days after the trade. Mulheren testified that he began to have "multiple conversations, every day," with Davidoff.

"When I was making about five hundred thousand bucks in it, he calls me up and says, 'This is really getting to be a problem.' I says, 'Oh, no, it's getting to be a problem for you. It's a profit for me.'

"I repeated to him they were my positions. I told him they were. He said, 'You're not going to do anything for us on this?' I said, 'I didn't say that. I'm just telling you whose positions they are and I decide what happens here.'

"Every single day it went up he would call me up and I told him, 'I said to you, Michael, that they were mine when they started; it was my risk.' This went on through the whole process of all these calls, and he would just back down each time."

Mulheren estimated that there were



ten or fifteen such conversations. Finally, sometime near the end of the year, he testified, "Ivan called up and he said, 'You know, you made all this money on these things. What's going to be worked out here? Michael's been talking to you.'"

The testimony continued, "I said, 'I know.'"

"He said, 'Do you think—you owe us something.'"

"I said, 'I don't know, I don't know what I'm going to do.'"

"He said, 'Well, would you write me a check?'"

"I said, 'No, under no circumstances, I don't believe it was that type of situation. And I won't give you any money. I won't give you cash.'"

"And then he said, 'Well, what do you mean?'"

"I said, 'I'll do other things for you, I'll give you ideas, I'll do more brokerage for you, I'll do all kinds of soft things, normal return-of-favor situations.' . . ."

"He said, 'Fine.' He didn't seem to give me much heat."

About a week later, Mulheren went on, he gave Davidoff the trading idea in Texaco straddles. And he testified that he also directed his employees to do more floor-brokerage business with the Boesky firm than they had in the past. Not long after this, Mulheren said, he received a call from Davidoff. "Davidoff said he talked to Ivan . . . and [Ivan] said we're all going to be dead and buried before I could get even with them doing the brokerage the way we're doing it. And Ivan got pissed off at him and I just said, Floor brokerage is a totally negotiable amount—I want—leave me the hell alone. I can—I'll just mark the bills up ten times."

Mulheren added that he had always marked up floor brokerage, doubling or tripling it if a floor broker had given him a good idea or if someone had taken a position from him and got hurt. (In fact, the defense later called several witnesses who testified that they had received marked-up floor brokerage from Mulheren, though never to that degree.) And Mulheren also testified that he had followed that practice at all the firms he had worked for, and had always believed that it was something he could legally do. (A well-respected Wall Street veteran told me, "Floor brokerage was totally negotiable. If you

made a big error—say, your clerk bought instead of sold—you might tell the floor broker to take your error, so you wouldn't get in trouble with the manager, and then you would pay him twice as much floor brokerage the next month. Or if you were having a charitable dinner you might give extra floor brokerage to get a firm to buy tickets. Floor brokerage was used for everything under the sun.")

Puccio also elicited from Mulheren testimony about how the government had come into possession of the document that it seemed to consider its smoking gun—the chit sheet kept by De Stefano, which subtracted the amount paid in inflated brokerage each month from the total amount owed to the Boesky firm. It was a piece of scratch paper bearing only the calculations; no names appeared on it, and no copies of it would have been likely to exist. Mulheren testified that after subpoenas had been served "the lawyers asked us to get anything together that we had, or anybody had, in the whole firm. . . . Lenny had it and he showed it to me and he said, 'You want this?' I said, 'I don't know. We'll just take everything, just give it to the lawyers.'"

Finally, Mulheren testified about the circumstances surrounding his purchase of the Gulf & Western stock. On October 16, 1985, a broker-dealer named James Keane, who did commission business with Jamie Securities, called late in the day, wanting to fill orders he had for Gulf & Western. Owning none himself, Mulheren shorted twenty-five thousand shares of the stock. (Shorting a stock is a bet that its price will go down.)

The following day, October 17th, Mulheren continued, "Ivan called up, which was unusual. Usually he didn't call me, I called him. And he said,

'What are you doing in Gulf & Western?'"

"I said, 'I shorted Jimmy Keane twenty-five thousand shares last night. It's the only thing I've done in months.'"

"And he said, 'Well, you know, I think it's the kind of stock you want to be in.'"

"And I said, 'Well, you know, I really don't know. . . . I've been doing some stuff with Marty Davis and I don't like to trade in stocks usually where I have conversations with the people.'"

"And he said, 'Don't worry, there's nothing going on here.'"

"And I said, 'O.K. . . . I'll tell you what, the options are really overpriced. Let me punch them up.'"

"I punched the options up on computers and they were substantially overpriced, and I said, 'You know, I don't like it that much, I'm going to do a buy/write on it.' A buy/write is a hedging technique."

"But the one thing I was definitely going to do was cover my short, because I had a real smart guy"—Boesky—"telling me not to be short in the stock, be long in it."

In response to a question from Puccio, Mulheren added, "I think I told him at one point that the stock was, you know, up a lot the day before and I didn't think I would pay higher than forty-five . . . and he said, 'I wouldn't pay higher than forty-five, either.'"

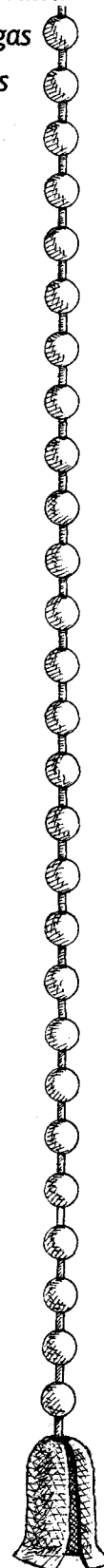
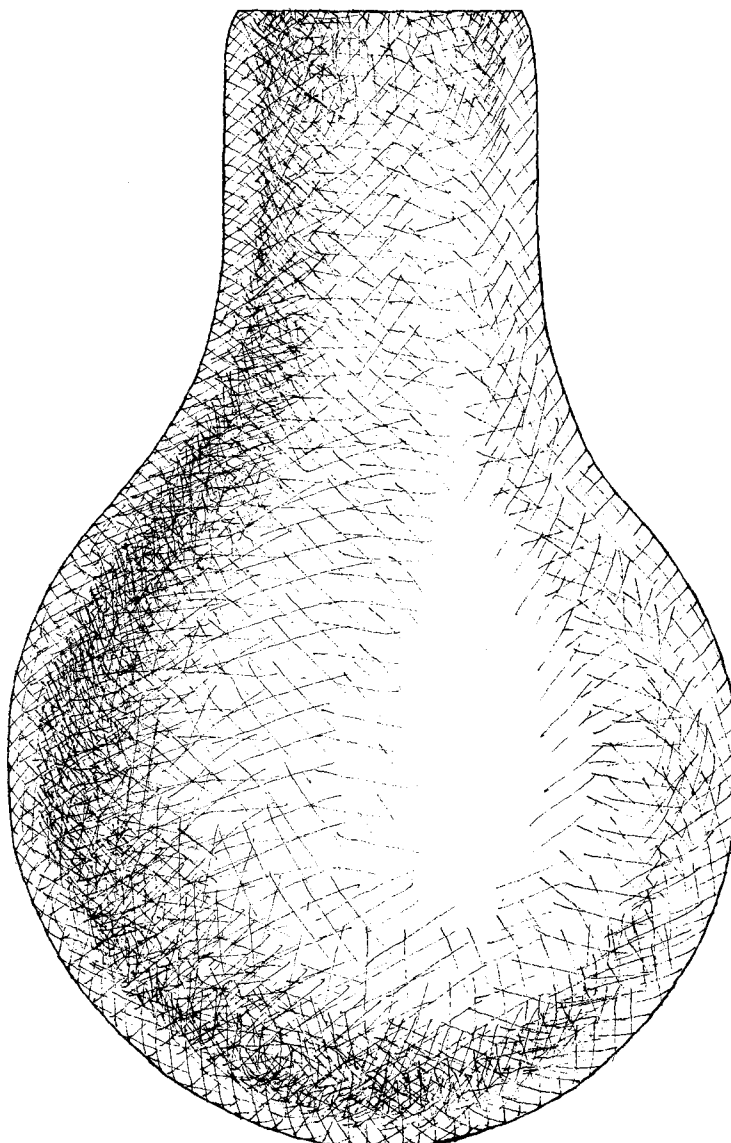
Mulheren also testified that Boesky had told him nothing about meetings Boesky had had with Icahn and Davis, and that he had not known that Boesky had a position in Gulf & Western stock. (Of the stories that so speculated in the business press, Mulheren said that he had not read them—that he typically did not read business publications but read only articles, clipped for him by an assistant, that concerned stocks he was actively trading.)

Minutes after Mulheren had given the order to buy seventy-five thousand shares of the stock, he continued, "Lenny asked me why I was buying the stock, and I said, 'I don't know. Ivan likes the stock.' . . ."

"And right when that happened, six million seven hundred thousand shares went across the tape, and I said a few things and—I said, 'The son of a bitch. I can't believe he's doing



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this.' O.K. And Lenny then said, 'Well, I guess we know now, you know, why you were doing it.' It was a ridiculous situation. You feel taken. . . . Because if somebody is going to be talking to you on a basis that they are your friend and giving you ideas, and we are doing all this, and he's using you to mark a stock so he can put a print on, you feel pretty pissed off when that happens. He ought to give you the choice whether you want to be involved with something like that."

IN conversations with me during and after the trial, Mulheren provided his own voluble, often heated exegesis of the courtroom testimony. He told me that—particularly after listening to the testimony of Boesky and Davidoff—he believed he understood better how their perceptions had come to exist (though, he insisted, they were at odds with reality), and to fuel the prosecution in the parking section of his case.

According to Mulheren's scenario, Boesky (for whom parking and holding harmless were a common practice) may have simply assumed that he was holding Mulheren harmless—without making it explicit to him. Mulheren

declared that Boesky had lied outright in an effort to help the government's case when he testified that he told Mulheren he would be "protected"—and Boesky had indeed edged away from that statement on cross-examination.

Mulheren posited further that Davidoff, having been told by Boesky that there was a deal, and instructed to work out the details, may have been confused by Mulheren's protestations but decided to ignore them, writing them off to Mulheren's eccentricity, and, in any event, not wanting to arouse Boesky's ire by inquiring further. Later, Davidoff may have become increasingly panicky as Boesky pressured him to recover their "profits"—over a million dollars—and Mulheren repeatedly reminded Davidoff that he had said he had been at risk of the market, and did not owe the money. When Davidoff told Boesky that Mulheren was giving him trouble, Boesky may have realized for the first time that there was "no hard deal," Mulheren said.

On cross-examination, Davidoff acknowledged Mulheren's repeated declarations, even agreeing with Mulheren's recollection on the lan-

guage he had used (on being "a big boy" and "at risk"), but continued to maintain that he had always believed, each time, that Mulheren was "joking."

"What am I—a comedian?" Mulheren now demanded.

According to Mulheren, McCarthy's testimony was the most purely fabricated, in its key statements that Mulheren had told him that the Unocal stock was Boesky's; that Mulheren had told him, further, that Boesky was parking the stock to evade net-capital requirements; and that he himself had said, "Let's send him a check," at which Mulheren and Englander had laughed.

"Would I have told a new guy in my firm, who was basically still a stranger to me, something that I *knew* to be illegal?" Mulheren asked—arguing, in effect, that he may be crazy but he's not stupid. Boesky was too secretive, Mulheren added, ever

to have told him what his illicit purpose was—in this instance, evading net-capital requirements. Finally, Mulheren said that there *was* a conversation between him and Englander (which McCarthy may have overheard) in which he told Englander that Boesky wanted him to send a check but that he refused. Englander might have shed some light on each of these points, but, despite the fact that he had been granted immunity and had testified at length before a grand jury, the government chose not to call him as a witness. And the defense lawyers did not call him because they believed that, if they did, he would invoke his Fifth Amendment right not to testify.

Of course, what has always seemed to belie Mulheren's assertions that there was no deal, as contrasted with Boesky's and Davidoff's assertions (and, in a supporting way, McCarthy's) that there was—and what enabled the government to bring its case—is the fact that ultimately it was the government witnesses' perceptions that became reality, when Mulheren made the inflated brokerage payments, totalling seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars. In an attempt

to explain this conundrum on the witness stand Mulheren testified he had told Davidoff that even though he did not owe him the money, he would do something for the Boesky firm, and that ultimately it was the harassment that had made him decide simply to pay, in order to be done with it.

Now Mulheren, elaborating on this point, told me that he did indeed not owe it to Boesky and his firm but "I would have given them some money if they had never asked for a dime." It was his practice, he said, when he bought a stock from someone as a favor, and then made money on it, to give that person, typically, about fifty per cent of his profits. How he did that depended on the way the other party did business: if it was a commission house, he might raise the brokerage payments from five cents to ten cents; if it was a fellow-arbitrageur, he might give him part of a large trade. If he lost money in doing a favor, he added, the people for whom he had done the favor would do something, at some point, for him.

He had never intended to pay Boesky in "hard dollars," Mulheren said. In the beginning, he had "tried to create money out of thin air, with an idea"—the Texaco straddles. Then, when Davidoff kept after him, he had decided to increase the amount of floor-brokerage business his firm did with Boesky's. And, finally, in exasperation, wanting to put an end to Davidoff's calls, he had decided that since he was already giving Boesky's firm floor brokerage he would just inflate it—twenty times. He said that, despite the fact that he typically marked up floor brokerage no more than five or six times, he "did not think twice about there being anything wrong with doing it twenty times." And he had decided, further, to stretch the payments over twelve months, he added, because he hoped that he might soon come up with another idea, like Texaco, and so not have to pay anymore. Of those successive permutations Mulheren declared, "It wasn't a deal. It was this ongoing, living thing."

Mulheren's view of the significance of De Stefano's chit sheet was therefore diametrically opposed to that of the government. "It showed that it took me nine months to pay the money," Mulheren said. "I thought that proved my story was true—if it was a deal,

why wouldn't I have paid it right away?"

If it had been a deal, Mulheren continued, he would never have given Davidoff such a hard time, evading his calls, resisting paying, paying in installments. "If somebody ever accuses me of welching on a deal, or says, 'You owe me money,' or 'You're not being fair,' it's like the worst possible thing that can be said to me," Mulheren told me. "I'll bend over backward. If somebody leaned on my integrity, I'd give it to them twice over. I'm not sure why it is—maybe I am so sensitive to it because I think of the stereotype Irishman, a hard-drinking, bullshitting salesman. There are so many guys like that on Wall Street. As a salesman, you're generally not telling the truth. That's probably one reason I stayed away from institutional sales and did trading. So if someone said to me, 'You're welching on a deal,' it put me in that salesman vein. And I wanted to make sure I never was that guy."

To win at trial, Mulheren needed to overcome the government's repeated appeal to the jurors' "common sense"—their impulse to test his conduct against generally accepted norms of human behavior. Thus, in the parking section of the case the government was essentially asking the jurors how they could believe that anyone would pay hundreds of thousands of dollars he did not believe he owed. And in the manipulation section the government was asking, in a similar appeal to skepticism, how they could find it plausible for someone to continue to do favors

for, and (now even more incredibly) make that same payment of hundreds of thousands he did not believe he owed to, a person who had just used him. Indeed, Assistant United States Attorney Alfred Pavlis pointed out in his summation that, on the

afternoon following the Gulf & Western trade, Mulheren had sold back to the Boesky firm some of the options he had bought from it earlier, in the second series of the alleged parking transactions—thus continuing to do favors the very day after he claimed to have been used.

When I asked Mulheren about that sequence of events, he said, "Nobody wants to alienate the biggest guy in the marketplace. I took more from Ivan than I would have from some



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schmook. If someone had done that to me on a first trade, I wouldn't trade with them again. But in the context of a fifteen-year relationship I just said, 'Son of a bitch!' and went on to the next thing. Ten minutes later, I had forgotten about it. That's how I am."

THE documents that the government is obligated to turn over to a defendant in a criminal case—all notes on interviews with and grand-jury testimony of its witnesses at trial—are the artifacts of a prosecution. Through them one can revisit the origins of a case and, to a considerable degree, retrace its evolution. Sifting through the documents that the government provided to Mulheren, I was struck by how meagre and unprepossessing a beginning the case had; how much less clear-cut it seemed than various comparable transactions (some not prosecuted) described in the documents; and how its principal witnesses' recollections changed, growing more crystalline, precise, and helpful to the prosecution, over time.

Boesky's proffer—the document, offered in his plea-bargain negotiation, that informed the government of what evidence of illegal activity on the part of others he could provide—lists his subjects in order of their prosecutorial significance: Michael Milken; Drexel Burnham Lambert; Martin Siegel; Boyd Jefferies; Carl Icahn. (All but Icahn have been prosecuted.) Questioned about the fact that Mulheren's name did not appear in that document, one attorney involved in the Boesky plea told me that a proffer need not be complete—that the prosecution of securities fraud in the takeover battle for the Distillers Company in Great Britain, for example, grew out of Boesky's coöperation but did not appear in the proffer. "You want to undersell, not oversell, what your witness can deliver. It must be rock solid," the attorney said.

In the government's notes on its interviews with Boesky, the first mention of Mulheren occurs on September 21, 1986, shortly after Boesky signed his coöperation agreement with the government (but nearly two months before it became public). It is part of a list, which appears with no elaboration but, read in the context of subsequent notes, clearly refers to parking arrangements: "Jefferies . . . ; Spear, Leeds; Mulheren & Co.—Mulheren; Kidder

[Peabody]; Morgan [Stanley]?" (According to subsequent notes, Boesky had not had a parking arrangement with Morgan Stanley.)

The next mentions of Mulheren in connection with any alleged illegal activity do not appear until February 11, 1987, nearly five months after Boesky had started holding his numerous meetings with the government:

"Cannot recall Jamie, Mulheren, holding securities for tax purposes."

"Mulheren suggested to Boesky to try to park stock with Spear, Leeds because Mulheren could only do a limited amount. Mulheren suggested Boesky contact Nolan"—David Nolan, an arbitrageur at Spear, Leeds.

"Believed he parked stock with Spear, Leeds about the same time he parked stock with Jamie."

The February notes discuss parking arrangements (each in much greater detail than the Jamie reference) with Spear, Leeds; Cantor Fitzgerald; Jessup & Lamont; Kidder Peabody; and Jefferies & Company. And here, as in another, undated note, Boesky says that he does not recall ever divulging the reason for his parking (for tax reasons, or to avoid net-capital requirements, for example) to the other side. (Indeed, to anyone who knows Boesky it is inconceivable that he would have done so. "Nobody outside my operation—and very few inside—knows what the hell I do," Boesky told me in 1984. "I'm a paranoid person. I won't show trading records, won't show financial records—I'm the kind of person who looks at his address book like this." He held the book to his chest and opened it the slightest crack.)

It was Davidoff who reinforced the government's case on parking against Mulheren. Notes on his interviews begin in late January of 1987, after Davidoff signed his coöperation agreement with the government. He discusses the deals he arranged with individuals at Spear, Leeds; Cantor Fitzgerald; Kidder Peabody; Seligmann, Harris, a London brokerage; Jefferies; Jessup & Lamont; and Drexel Burnham Lambert as well as with Jamie Securities. (To date, the government has brought no action against Spear, Leeds; Cantor Fitzgerald; Seligmann, Harris; or Jessup & Lamont, or any individuals at those firms. Kidder Peabody settled civil charges, with the guarantee that no criminal charges would be brought.) In virtually all

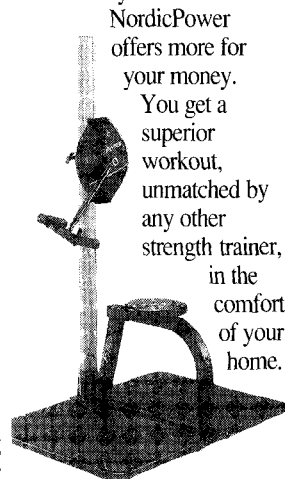
these instances, Davidoff recounts the deal he struck at the outset: Boesky's firm would bear the profit or loss but would generally also promise to pay the cost-of-carry (on the money borrowed to finance the transaction) and, as an inducement to do the deal, a higher than usual commission rate. Among all these agreements, just one is conspicuous for its ambiguity, and that is Mulheren's. Notes on an interview conducted on February 2, 1987, under the heading "Jamie Securities" read, "Understood that profit/loss would be Boesky's—John Mulheren wouldn't want to discuss the arrangement and Mulheren told him the transactions were at risk to the market but they weren't." And, a few days later, on February 6th: "No extra commissions built into transactions with Jamie. . . . There was understanding that there would be reconciliation at end of transaction—Told Mulheren that he wouldn't get hurt from transaction even though they discussed transaction in terms of risk to the market."

Jamie's method of repayment, too, was unique. With Spear, Leeds, for instance, Davidoff dealt with David Nolan and worked out a method of repayment to the Boesky firm through the backdating of trade tickets. If a proposed merger should be announced at 9 A.M., causing the stock price to rise ten points, for example, Davidoff would tell Nolan that he had backdated tickets, to indicate that he had bought options to purchase stock from Spear, Leeds prior to the announcement, thereby gaining the value of the run-up in price. (Mulheren told me that Davidoff had wanted him to follow this method but he had refused, because, he said, he believed that it was illegal.) In the government's notes Davidoff says that the inflated floor brokerage was Mulheren's idea, and that Boesky did not like it, because it would take so long, but accepted it nevertheless.

There is no mention in these notes of Davidoff's offering any explanation for the fact that "Mulheren told him the transactions were at risk to the market" or that he and Mulheren "discussed [the] transaction in terms of risk to the market." That did not come until roughly eighteen months later, when Davidoff appeared before a grand jury and told it of a single conversation in which, he testified, Mulheren asked him, "Why can't we be at risk to the market?" and he explained that he had

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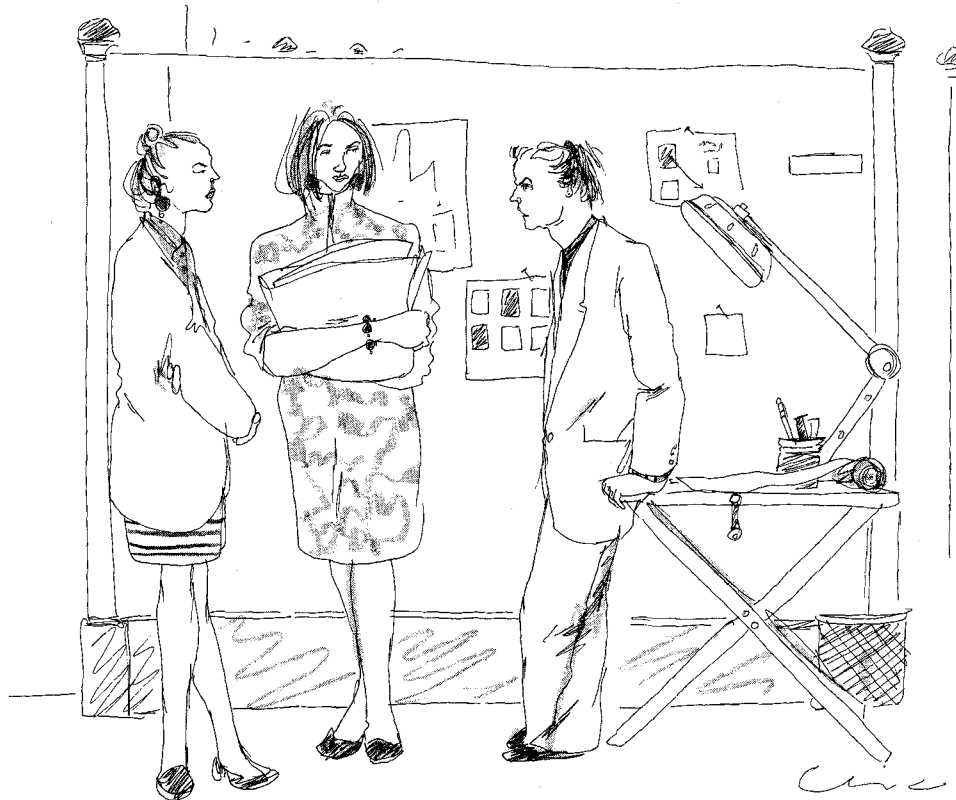
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his instructions from Boesky and they could not be at risk.

"And did he in substance say that he understood?" Assistant United States Attorney Robert Gage asked.

"In substance, yes," Davidoff replied.

And a short time later Gage, referring to that conversation between Davidoff and Mulheren, asked, "Based upon his voice and telephone manner, did you understand him to be making a serious request?"

"No."

"How would you describe his voice and telephone manner?"

"Very cutesy, to use a word."

It is not until March 13, 1990—more than three years after the government began interviewing Davidoff—that there is a reference in a note to the purported call that Mulheren made to Davidoff, after the public announcement of Boesky's plea, over phone lines that one would have to assume were tapped, saying, "Shouldn't talk about what we've done together."

These documents also underscore how important McCarthy was to the government's case. Not only did McCarthy, of course, appear finally to resolve the problem of the enigmatic

Mulheren, when he quoted him as saying of the Unocal stock, "It was Ivan's," but in his statement that Mulheren had told him, "Boesky has a capital problem," he established the link of knowledge on Mulheren's part which the government had been seeking from the start of its investigation.

In the course of his grand-jury appearances, McCarthy had been asked by Gage several times whether he had ever known that the parking had anything to do with Boesky's net-capital requirements, and he had answered that he had not. The government's notes on interviews with Boesky and Davidoff show that this information was sought from them, too, and that Boesky said not only that he did not believe he had ever told the other side the purpose of the transaction but specifically that he "didn't provide Mulheren with explanation as to why he wanted Mulheren to park stock." And when Davidoff was asked about the net-capital issue he told the government that he "didn't tell Mulheren of purpose of transaction." If neither Boesky nor Davidoff imparted this information to Mulheren, one must question how he could have relayed it to McCarthy.

According to one person close to McCarthy, his decision to cooperate with the government came only when he felt he had virtually no choice. He was being threatened with an indictment for trading Viacom stock when it was allegedly a "hot issue"—a transaction that in the past would have been prosecuted, at most, as a civil violation of a National Association of Securities Dealers rule, resulting in a censure. McCarthy, who is reliably said to have been petrified of being indicted, of losing his job, of going to jail, of being barred from the securities industry—to say nothing of losing his windfall of more than a million dollars—called Mulheren, told him he was going to be indicted for the Viacom transaction if he didn't give the government what it wanted, and begged him to settle his case. Mulheren responded to his entreaties by saying, "Look, we did nothing wrong in Viacom. Let's get indicted!"

From Boesky's proffer, one might infer that Mulheren's alleged parking violations—which Boesky merely mentioned in his early interviews with the government—were considered by Boesky and his lawyers not sufficiently consequential, or, perhaps, "rock solid," to be included in the package of those whom Boesky was promising to deliver. Curiously, Icahn, who was included in the proffer, was there because of his role in the Gulf & Western scenario—a scenario that Boesky, as is recorded in the government's notes, told and retold in great detail in the fall and winter of 1986 without ever mentioning Mulheren.

The notes make plain, as the proffer also did, how significant a focus of the investigation Icahn was compared with Mulheren. In notes taken during a Boesky interview on September 30, 1986, the sole reference to Mulheren is the statement that he was an "active trader—trades off fear and greed" and "will knock stock down to get people to turn around." But there is an extensive recounting of Boesky's ongoing exchanges with Icahn (mainly involving their respective positions in the steel company USX), and, ultimately, Icahn's leeriness of Boesky:

B. [Boesky] called I. [Icahn] to find out what was new. Common for B. to do that. I. asked if available for visit in p.m. Asked if want to get together. Said [O.K.] 10 min. later he called & said is an SEC investigation on this. . . .

I. said we . . . never talked. Said no want

[get] together. I. [said they] never said anything to each other.

The Gulf & Western transaction was described very briefly, in a single paragraph in the Boesky proffer. In interviews in September and October of 1986, however, Boesky detailed to government investigators how Icahn had interested him in Gulf & Western stock in the spring of 1985, how they had each, by the fall of that year, come to own 4.9 per cent of the company's shares, and how they had together choreographed their moves vis-à-vis Martin Davis:

In 1985—CI interested IB in it—CI: buy some, I think it's a good one—why don't you buy a large position—we'll go see Davis . . . do an lbo or deal or buyback—CI says he's got G&W stock we're to each stay below 5%. . . CI: I won't leave you behind, won't sell and leave you behind. . . Maybe Davis would get bothered enough to take [buy] us out.

The notes describe a dinner meeting of Davis, Icahn, and Boesky on September 5, 1985:

Before meeting, CI and IB discussed how to present thoughts to Davis—say we want it badly—persuade Davis this is a good thing to do—encourage idea—“velvet glove” approach—unstated message, Davis recognized, was that here are two aggressive guys—CI was to appear to try to hold IB back—IB was to be aggressor—CI was friend of Davis . . . so IB was conduit for ideas that both IB and CI had. . .

CI thought idea of CI and IB showing up at same time was a powerful idea—powerful impact on G&W. . .

CI and IB agreed that if Davis did nothing—not even buyback, would do something hostile—CI and IB understood they wouldn't leave each other behind by selling out separately. . .

Buyback—learned that G&W would do this some days before actual buyback . . . IB and CI wanted to sell @ 45—Davis wanted buyback @ market—waited for market to rise up to 45 before doing it.

In the margin of one set of these notes a government lawyer wrote, “Clear that acting in concert.” It does indeed seem clear—if Boesky's version of the events is accurate—that he and Icahn were acting in concert, and therefore each violated the securities laws by not disclosing to the S.E.C. their ownership (a filing is required once ownership reaches five per cent) and intentions concerning a leveraged buyout. There was an S.E.C. investigation of Icahn, but, one lawyer told me, it was a difficult case to pursue, because “we basically would have had to go one on one—Icahn's word against Boesky's,” and “It was really, in a sense, one on two, because Davis

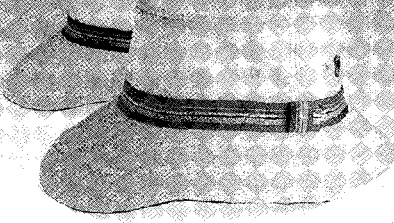
was not saying anything that would hurt Icahn.”

Nevertheless, an uneasiness about going forward with a case that was “one on one” obviously did not prevent the government from prosecuting Mulheren on the manipulation of Gulf & Western stock, where it was his word against Boesky's—and doing so, of course, although in all Boesky's accounts of what occurred in the Gulf & Western situation he repeatedly describes the buyback without any mention of Mulheren. Finally, on July 20, 1987, nearly a year after Boesky began cooperating with the government and describing what took place in Gulf & Western, there is a note on a government interview that does mention Mulheren. It is brief and pointed, in contrast with the lengthy narratives of Boesky's earlier interviews, so it seems likely that Boesky is here responding to questions from the government. The note reads, “Gulf & Western—Talked to Mulheren abt lots of stocks—Marty Davis said would like to trade if up to \$45—May've told him G&W ok.” That, of course, is essentially what Mulheren claims happened—that Boesky suggested he should be in the stock, and he bought. When Boesky arrived on the witness stand at Mulheren's trial, however, he delivered, under the prosecutor's guidance, an abbreviated and innocuous version of what had taken place between him and Icahn; and his once tentative afterthought that he “may've told him G&W ok” had metamorphosed into a stronger, clearer statement, with altogether different implications: “It would be great if it traded at forty-five,” followed by Mulheren's (sotto-voce) “I understand.”

BOESKY's cooperation with the government made historic Wall Street prosecutions possible, but it did not cure the problems that generally beset such cases. It did not lessen the enormous difficulty of leading a jury through the dense arcana of the securities business, nor did it alter the fact that traders' language is a dialect so abbreviated and, to the uninitiated, inchoate that it is unlikely to be understood by a jury. And the elaboration that that dialect almost demands makes it ripe for abuse—particularly by witnesses whose own future hinges on how well they carry out their cooperation agreements.

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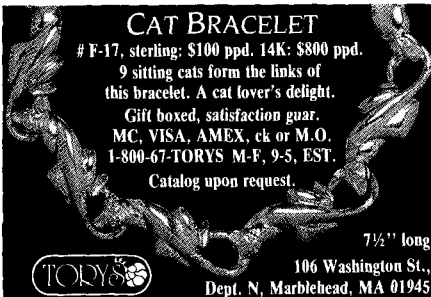
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of deliberation, the jury convicted Mulheren of the four counts that related to the manipulation of Gulf & Western stock, and acquitted his co-defendant, Leonard De Stefano, of all counts. The jurors continued to deliberate for two more days on twenty-six parking-related counts (the judge had dismissed one count of the forty-two-count indictment before the trial began, and then dismissed another eleven counts before sending the case to the jury) but were unable to reach a verdict.

While De Stefano, who had been performing a clerklike function in making the inflated brokerage payments, could have been convicted of false recordkeeping, the government had introduced no direct evidence that he knew the substance of Mulheren's arrangements with Boesky. Indeed, during the government's protracted investigation its lawyers had made repeated overtures to De Stefano, offering him immunity if he would either provide them with incriminating information on Mulheren or convince them that he had none to give. But De Stefano—despite entreaties of his lawyer, Thomas Fitzpatrick, who pointed out that he was risking a prison sentence of fifteen years, a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar fine that would force him into bankruptcy, and disbarment from the only business he knew—had refused. He declared that he knew nothing that could help the government's case but was afraid that if he talked to the prosecutors they would distort his statements.

Apart from the acquittal of De Stefano, however—and the jury, according to a juror I interviewed, had first voted 11-1 to convict him—the verdict was a baffling one. The manipulation case had rested on the circumstances—Mulheren's buying until the stock rose to forty-five, and Boesky's selling at that number—and on Boesky's testimony. But, according to an account in the *Asbury Park Press*, three jurors interviewed said that they had not believed Boesky. When I asked a juror how it was possible to convict on the manipulation charge without believing Boesky, the juror told me, "A lot of people didn't believe Boesky but they did put faith in what Mr. Davis said." Davis's testimony, while it reflected badly on Mulheren's character, did not deal with the issue of the manipulation itself. This juror, in explaining his

own decision to convict Mulheren on the manipulation, said, "I think John was duped—Ivan used him. But even if he was duped by Ivan the law still says he did it. If you hold a gun in your hand and I pull the trigger, you're still guilty." Recalling the arguments in the jury room (where, he said, from the start of deliberations the majority sentiment was for a Mulheren conviction), the juror added that one of his fellows kept repeating, "We've got to convict him on *something*—there are so many charges."



Another juror, who believed that Mulheren was guilty not only of the manipulation but of the parking as well, told me that he had been curious about Mulheren's manic-depressive condition, and how it influenced him. All that the judge had allowed was a reference to the fact that Mulheren suffered from it, that it caused mood swings, and that he took lithium. While Mulheren's mental illness may or may not have had a bearing on the specific acts for which he was tried (and one might argue that a decision to mark up floor brokerage twenty times reflected a certain imbalance), Puccio's goal in this case had been to show the jurors who Mulheren was: to persuade them, essentially, to suspend disbelief and grant him the idiosyncratic and eccentric mind-set that he claimed was his. Without an awareness of his illness, and how it ruled his personality, the defense felt, one could not begin to understand Mulheren—or, for that matter, to interpret his demeanor, and some of his testimony, on the stand.

In the end, it may have been the relative straightforwardness of the manipulation charge which enabled the jurors to achieve unanimity; the parking charges involved multiple acts, and they were all entwined in Mulheren's statements to Davidoff about being "at risk." Still, Mulheren's lawyers, both civil and criminal, were confounded by the verdict. They told me that they had always viewed the parking section of the case as threatening, since it had both documentary evidence of a payback and additional witnesses, supporting Boesky; but the manipulation charge had neither, and none of the lawyers had viewed it as serious. Kenneth Bialkin, Mulheren's attorney in the civil investigation, wrote to Judge Cedarbaum prior to her sentencing of Mulheren, "Regarding the charges on

which he was convicted, in my discussions of that matter with Mr. Mulheren I came to believe that he was unwittingly used by Mr. Boesky. I was frankly surprised that it became the subject of criminal charges."

The manipulation case appeared to be one that the government saw fit to include as a companion to the parking charges but would not have brought alone. (It elected not to prosecute Icahn in a similarly one-on-one case, and one in which the government's records of Boesky's statements seem far more extensive and damning.) Puccio, recalling numerous conversations he had had over a fourteen-month period with Giuliani when he was trying to persuade Giuliani not to seek an indictment, told me that they discussed the gun incident (obstruction of justice) and, at greater length, the parking charges, but that it was only in one of their final conversations before the indictment that Giuliani mentioned the manipulation charge as something that had to be factored into his decision.

Had Puccio considered the manipulation charge something other than a last-minute appendix to the substantive part of the case, there might have been more that could have been done to defend against it at trial. In Mulheren's recently filed appeal of his conviction, which argues, among other issues, that "there is no proof—much less proof beyond a reasonable doubt" that Mulheren's motive in purchasing the Gulf & Western stock was to inflate its price, there is included an excerpt from an affidavit from De Stefano (who did not take the stand at the trial) which supports Mulheren's version of events. "John Mulheren exclaimed in the trading room to the effect, 'Boesky screwed us.' He immediately told me to enter more orders to sell Gulf & Western call options to protect against the negative effect the 6,702,600 trade was about to have on our [investment]," De Stefano attests.

Finally, there were the government's own interview notes, which seemed to undercut Boesky's trial testimony upon which this charge was based. Explaining why he did not use those notes in his cross-examination of Boesky, Puccio told me he was relying on the old trial lawyer's maxim: Never ask a question to which you do not know the answer. And it was because he felt so confident about the weakness of the government's case on that charge, he

added, that he chose not to take any risk.

MULHEREN finished his fight against the government as he had begun it: refusing to give an inch. At his sentencing, on November 14, 1990—four years to the day after the government announced Boesky's guilty plea and cooperation agreement—Mulheren sat at the defense table, eyes closed, seemingly asleep, as Judge Cedarbaum denied the various motions Puccio had filed, and then addressed herself to the defendant. With a prod from Puccio, Mulheren rose. She inquired whether he was ready for sentence, and he said he was. Then she seemed to be trying to elicit some statement from him. Mulheren whispered something to Puccio and sat down. Puccio quickly said that he would speak for his client. Judge Cedarbaum said, "Very well. I just want to be sure that he does not want to tell me anything, because, of course, I will hear anything that you have to tell me, Mr. Mulheren, in connection with sentence." Puccio again demurred.

"She wanted me to grovel," Mulheren told me later. "No way!" He added, with characteristic bravado, "But I bet I could've walked if I did."

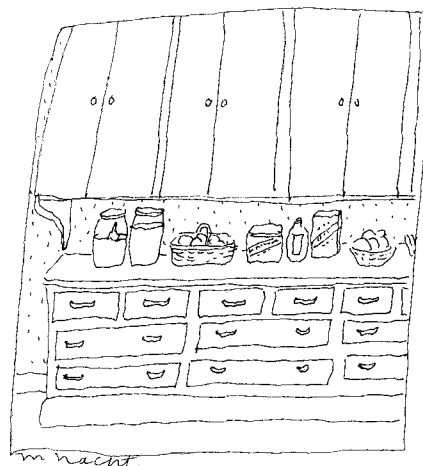
After Puccio and Assistant United States Attorney E. Scott Gilbert, who had tried the case with Pavlis, touched briefly on the themes in their respective sentencing memorandums, Judge Cedarbaum told the crowd in the courtroom that she had "agonized" over this sentence. She said she was basing it not on the other crimes charged, on which the jury had not been able to reach a verdict, or on her assessment of the defendant's credibility on the witness stand, but only on the counts on which

he had been convicted. Alluding to letters she had received on Mulheren's behalf—there were more than a hundred and fifty, filled with accounts of his generous-spirited acts, to friends, former employees, passing acquaintances, and strangers, over the last twenty years—she added, "You are a man who has been exceptionally charitable not only with your money but with your concern."

She sentenced him to pay a fine of \$1.7 million—the amount that the government argued he had cost investors in Gulf & Western by raising its price from \$44.75 to \$45 per share—and to serve a prison term of a year and a day. That meant he would be eligible for parole after several months.

While the sentence was not as severe as some Mulheren supporters had feared after watching the trial—particularly Mulheren's performance on the stand, and Judge Cedarbaum's presumed attitude toward him—anything more severe would have been an aberration in the context of virtually all the other Wall Street prosecutions. It is true that a week after Mulheren's sentencing Michael Milken was sentenced to a prison term of ten years, but then Milken—in terms of both the scope of his crimes and his strategy vis-à-vis the government—was in a class by himself. After four years of intransigence and protestations of innocence, he had ultimately pleaded guilty to six felonies and agreed to pay a six-hundred-million-dollar fine, but, despite the magnitude of his plea agreement, he had in his sentencing memorandum continued to attempt to minimize the criminal nature of his conduct—something with which United States District Court Judge Kimba Wood, in sentencing him, took issue. Moreover, inasmuch as he had not yet cooperated with the government the heaviness of his sentence could be fairly read as an inducement to do so.

The universe of Wall Street sentences which existed at the time of Mulheren's sentencing was generally not harsh. Those who had pleaded guilty to crimes comparable to the one of which Mulheren was convicted, such as Boyd Jefferies (parking) and Salim Lewis (manipulation), had received probation. Robert Freeman pleaded guilty to insider trading and mail fraud, and received a jail sentence of four months. James Sherwin had been tried and convicted of manipula-



tion and sentenced to six months. It is true that takeover entrepreneur Paul Bilzerian received a sentence of four years after being convicted of nine counts of securities fraud and tax evasion, but his crimes, a variety of fraudulent and deceptive practices in connection with four multimillion-dollar takeovers, had brought him great wealth. (Mulheren, as the government acknowledged, had retained no monetary profit from any of the crimes with which he was charged.) The same judge who meted out the Bilzerian sentence, United States District Court Judge Robert Ward, had sentenced Martin Siegel, after he pleaded guilty to insider trading. It was Siegel who had set what one former prosecutor referred to as the "all-time record" in his haste to implicate others and mitigate his own punishment, and that proved to have been a good bet. Judge Ward sentenced Siegel to just two months in prison, in recognition of his complaisance.

However morally vexing and susceptible to abuse the rewarding of cooperation is, it remains fundamental to the operation of the criminal-justice system; it greases the wheels. That cooperation must be rewarded does not, of course, mean that assertion of innocence—even the flamboyant assertion of innocence—must be punished.

"Did you see him at trial? Did you see the way he was dressed, and his demeanor?" a person close to the Mulheren prosecution had demanded of me, with barely suppressed rage. When I answered that I had, he eyed me coldly and said, "And you couldn't see that this is a person who has no respect for the system?"

The government's sentencing memorandum and its recommendation are of similar tenor. The government described Mulheren as "brazen" and "arrogant," said he had "demonstrated contempt for the investigation from which this case arises and for the rules upon which our legal system depends," and argued that his punishment should therefore be enhanced. It urged the judge to impose the maximum fine allowable—\$3.4 million, according to the government's calculations—and a further, \$1.6 million fine, as restitution to affected shareholders of Gulf & Western, along with a prison sentence of from fifty-one to sixty-three months, during which Mulheren would not be eligible for parole.

IN MUSIC

Wailing of a flute, a little drum.

A small wedding cortège accompanies a couple

Going past clay houses in the street of a village.

In the dress of the bride much white satin.

How many renunciations to sew it, once in a lifetime.

The dress of the groom black, festively stiff.

The flute tells something of the hills, parched, the color of deer.

Hens scratch in dry mounds of manure.

I have not seen it, I summoned it listening to music.

The instruments play for themselves, in their own eternity.

Lips blow, agile fingers work, so short a time.

Soon afterward the pageant sinks into the earth.

But the sound endures, autonomous, triumphant,

Forever visited by, each time returning,

The warm touch of cheeks, interiors of houses,

And particular human lives

Of which the chronicles make no mention.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.)

This for a manipulation, a charge that would seem to have been undercut by the government's own notes, and—since the government argued that the judge should also sentence Mulheren for the charges on which the jury had been unable to reach a verdict—for parking transactions about which the testimony of the government witnesses and Mulheren, taken together, at least created a reasonable doubt. In the hotbed of securities fraud that was Wall Street in the eighties, host to the kind of corruption exemplified by Milken, Boesky, Siegel, Levine, Bilzerian, and others—and after a three-year-long, exhaustive investigation and an enormous expenditure of government resources—this was the best case the government could muster against Mulheren. And it warranted, in the view of the government, a longer sentence than any other defendant except Milken had received.

The government also argued in its memorandum that another reason the judge should sentence Mulheren severely was that he had perjured himself on the witness stand. He had not had to take the stand in his defense but had chosen to, the government pointed out, and it added that "no defendant has the constitutional right to lie."

John Brooks, an Air Force colonel and a longtime friend of Mulheren's, whom Mulheren (himself the father of five adopted children) had attempted to help find a child for adoption,

wrote in a letter to Judge Cedarbaum, "I know John Mulheren well. In all the years I have known him, I have never known him to tell a lie. I've heard him be funny, kind and wise—I've also heard him be outrageous, obnoxious, and brazen. I've seen him under stress. But I have *never* heard him tell a lie. I have also never seen him do anything dishonest. I've seen him competitive—intensely competitive—and single-minded about achieving his objective. But I have *never* seen him do anything dishonest. I was not surprised that he did not take 'the easy way' and 'cop a plea.' This is a powerful personality that does not believe in dishonesty, and therefore could not sign up to dishonesty, even for his own convenience."

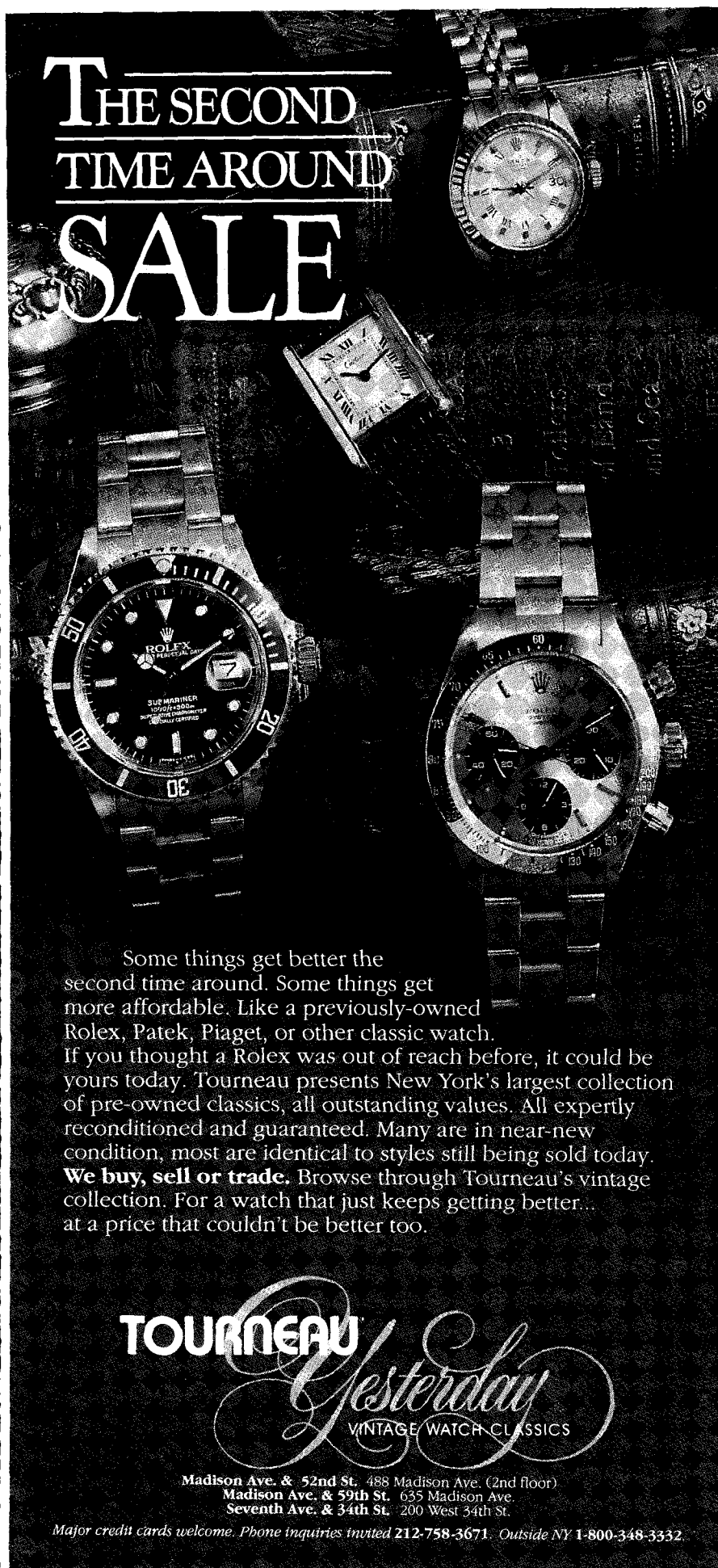
Ultimately, what is most striking about Mulheren is an unwillingness to bend—to convention, or social mores, or pragmatism, or any of the considerations that tend to rule most people's lives—and it could be argued that his own long-professed and apparently demonstrated standards of honesty and principle ("If you give an inch on a principle, ever, that's the end!") are, in their way, more extreme than those which society commonly accepts. But, however rigorous Mulheren's self-imposed standards, it was, in the end, his instinctive self-reliance—and its implicit subordination of any external authority—that made him vulnerable to prosecution in this case.

The illegal parking of stock, with

the holder not at risk, was so common on Wall Street before the Giuliani era that to describe a parking situation as being, as one veteran put it, "not at risk" was redundant—it was *by definition* not at risk. Mulheren, however, maintains that he always did it differently: at risk. Still, it was his own adaptation of "at risk." His payment to Boesky, while it was not the fifty per cent Mulheren usually returned on profits in these situations but a hundred per cent—and while the brokerage commissions were inflated twenty times—was not altogether anomalous for Mulheren. It came roughly within the purview of the practice of doing favors which he had devised. Yet, of course, that payment was what made him prosecutable. Essentially, Mulheren was taking a transaction—condoned on the Street but clearly illegal—and making it, by his lights, right. Indeed, as he insisted repeatedly about the trades with Boesky, "I *knew* they were legal because I controlled them. If I'm deciding, they're my positions. And I would decide what I would give them"—Boesky's firm. "I *made* those trades legal."

It was a kind of sovereign prerogative that Mulheren was exercising, and in the freewheeling, self-regulating Wall Street of the eighties it was no problem. Mulheren, moreover, had a history of seeking to insure compliance with the law, as well as with the canons of Wall Street, in his own autocratic way. Years ago, when he was running Merrill Lynch's arbitrage department, he would sometimes see that a trader had not written up a ticket for a stock he had bought earlier in the day, whose price had since fallen steeply; Mulheren says he always made him write the ticket. Once, a broker executing a trade that was supposed to be done without disclosing the name of the buyer divulged to three other arbitrageurs that the buyer was Mulheren. "I fined him a hundred thousand dollars," Mulheren told me, meaning that he would steer business resulting in that amount of brokerage commissions away from the broker. And, of course, he had told me—and former partners and employees had confirmed—that whenever he or his associates came into possession of what he thought was inside information he made certain that no one in his firm was trading the stock in question.

Always prone to extremes, Mul-



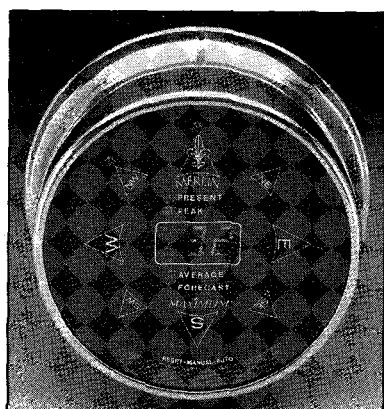
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heren reflected the culture of the Street so intensely that he seems almost the avatar of what, until recently, it was. It was a place where favors were in a sense the domestic currency, of greater value than many of the stocks that were traded there. In some cases, at least—arguably in Mulheren's—it was not so much that the favors contravened the laws as that they did not intersect with them. This parallelism, of course, was often conscious, as it was with Mulheren; it pleased the denizens of the Street (not only the blatantly criminal, like Boesky and Levine and Siegel, but the general populace, who preferred to operate without outside intrusion) that governance was light—the securities laws slightly academic, the regulators an *effete* presence. The government was more disdained than feared. Mulheren was voicing a common sentiment when he told me, "I always hated the government; I thought they were bumbling jerks. I used to see the crooks in the market, and I'd think, Where are these guys? But it wasn't my job to sit with the regulators and say, 'Let's see who's breaking the law.' They're the regulators. Let them regulate—that's their job. I'm a trader, not a cop."

Implicit in the Street's aversion to outside regulation was the notion that it functioned well enough—and cleanly enough—on its own. That, of course, was not true. And with Boesky's cooperation came the sea change: favors were withheld, solidarity virtually disappeared, paranoia was rampant, and the government suddenly seemed omnipotent. Mulheren, who, unlike so many of his compatriots, did not change with the times, became an odd holdover, a kind of cultural anachronism. It seems likely that he went to trial believing that he would emerge a hero: someone who had convinced a jury of his peers that he had never intended to violate the law; someone who as a lone standard-bearer had vindicated not only himself but his fellows, showing the wider world that you could have made a fortune on Wall Street in the eighties without being a criminal; and someone who had shown, too, that you didn't have to bow to the government—that you could beat it when you believed you were innocent and you weren't afraid to "stand up and be counted."

In the end, it may have been the force of Mulheren's persona (which was what he and others thought would win jurors to his side)—in addition to some apparent confusion among the jurors—that caused the jury to convict him. One juror told me that many of his fellow-jurors thought that "John had an arrogant attitude, and they held that against him." The juror paused, and then added, "I think he is what many people want—but don't have the nerve—to be."



There has always been something profoundly discomfiting about such rank individualism. In some members of the business community who know Mulheren only slightly, or only by reputation in connection with this case, he stirs a reflexive distrust; there is an eagerness, almost, to dismiss him, as a pretender. One of Boesky's lawyers commented to me disparagingly, "Do you really think he could have succeeded on Wall Street the way he did if he were this combination of a Boy Scout and an altruist?" This was precisely the cynical chord that the prosecutors struck repeatedly at trial; it became, finally, the leitmotiv of their summations. And for Mulheren, who had spent so much of his life trying to prove his singularity and priding himself on "principles," it was this reductionism, the government's attempt to prove its formula by explaining his actions in terms of the lowest common denominator of human behavior, that stung the most.

"Everything became so sick during the trial," Mulheren said to me. "Things that were previously heroic, like helping someone to not have to file for bankruptcy, being a trustee for their kids, doing people favors—all the things that people thought made me great, the things that made me what I am—the government turned around, and used to create the impression of guilt by innuendo." After the sentencing, Mulheren, reflecting on the fact that the judge—whom he had long derided as strongly pro-government—had given him a much shorter sentence than the prosecutors had urged, said, "I think what she may have finally realized is this: I *must* believe I'm innocent—because otherwise no one would do what I have done."

—CONNIE BRUCK

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A GOOD, SAFE TAN

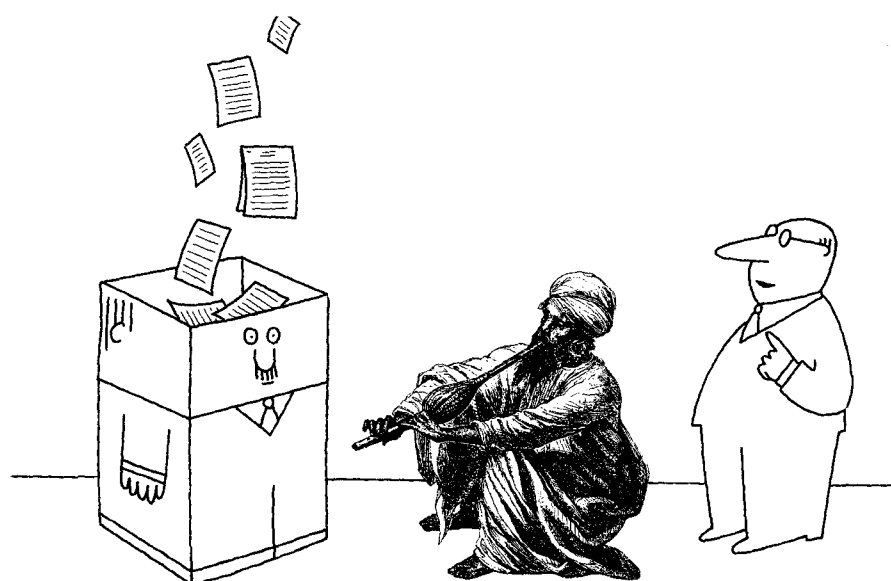
DR. RICHARD STEIN, an associate professor of medicine in the Department of Hematology at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, in Nashville, came back to his office from rounds one May morning in 1989 and found on his desk a memorandum from his secretary to telephone a Dr. Frank Lincoln (as I'll call him), in Denver. Dr. Lincoln was not known to Dr. Stein, but Vanderbilt's Department of Hematology is a distinguished one, and he was accustomed to such calls. He punched out the number, and Dr. Lincoln came on the line. He thanked Dr. Stein for returning his call. He had, he said, a young woman patient with aplastic anemia, and it was his understanding that Vanderbilt had access to rabbit antilymphocyte serum. If so, he would like to refer her to Vanderbilt for treatment. Dr. Stein said yes, it was true that Vanderbilt had access to rabbit antilymphocyte serum. The serum was, in fact, made in Nashville. He said he would be happy to receive the young woman. But how, he added, was she responding to blood transfusions? Aplastic anemia, the rarest and by far the most ferocious of the several anemias, is the devastating consequence of an assault—by the scorch of radiation, by the direct attack of some toxic substance, by certain viruses, or perhaps by still unidentified substances—on the bone marrow and its ability to manufacture erythrocytes, or red blood cells. Transfusion of red blood cells and platelets will restore, at least temporarily, the body's essential supply of blood. Antilymphocyte serum may, in time, and in some cases, if the bone-marrow destruction has not been overwhelming, have the power to regenerate the production of stem, or progenitor, cells. Well, Dr. Lincoln said, that was just the problem. The patient steadfastly refused transfusions. The acceptance of another person's blood was abhorrent to her. It was a matter of religious faith. She was a Jehovah's Witness.

"That gave me pause," Dr. Stein told me in a conversation we had not long ago in his office. He is in his early forties, dark-haired and balding, quick to laugh, quick to frown, with a gesture for every mood, every remark or obser-

vation. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Medical School, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and, to judge from his office, whose walls are decorated with mounted baseball cards, Chicago Cubs pennants, and a clock in the shape of the Cubs' logo, a baseball fan of some stature. "It wasn't exactly her religion that made me hesitate. I've treated a number of Jehovah's Witnesses with blood diseases, and I respect their beliefs. I mean, I accept them. But I like to get one thing straight from the start. Just how steadfast is their refusal to accept a blood transfusion? Is the conviction their own? Or is it influenced by parents or spouse? I can deal with disappointment or failure. I won't put up with equivocation. So I told Dr. Lincoln frankly that I would accept his patient only if she or her parents or her husband, if she had one, called me. I wanted a frank discussion of the transfusion question. Dr. Lincoln assured me that that could be arranged. His patient—let's call her Penny Thompson—was just twenty; she was unmarried and lived with her parents in a small town in the Midwest. A local doctor had referred her to Dr. Lincoln. He said he would call there and arrange for one of her parents to call me. An hour or two later, I got a call from Mrs. Thompson. She assured me that

she and her husband and Penny were in complete agreement, and that Penny would rather die than accept any transfusions. I wondered if that was just a figure of speech. Because if Penny wasn't transfused it was only too likely that she *would* die. Mrs. Thompson said that the family stood firm. They were prepared to face that possibility. I had to believe her. I said all right, I'd accept Penny as a patient and we would do the best we could for her. There was perhaps an outside chance that antilymphocyte therapy might regenerate her bone marrow.

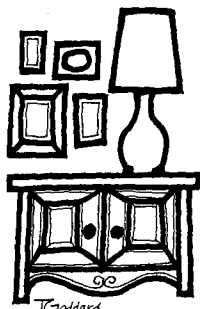
"Penny arrived here on June 5th and was admitted to my service. I saw her for the first time, I think, on the following day. I had her history in hand. She had been worked up on admission by one of my residents. Here was her medical history: She had been ill with malaise, headache, increasing fatigue, easy bruising, and some weight loss over the past four months. The diagnosis of aplastic anemia had been confirmed by a bone-marrow biopsy and aspiration. She was negative for any past illnesses that might have contributed to her anemia, such as hepatitis B. She had taken no medications, she was not aware of any exposure to chemicals or pesticides. She didn't smoke or drink. She had never been preg-



Cipriani

"Stop, stop right there. That's it, that's the Anderson contract."

nant. She lived at home and was a student at a secretarial school. Her background was remarkable in only one respect. She said that several weeks before she became sick she had visited a local tanning salon. She had been given a supply of tablets that, she was told, would produce a good tan and a safe one. That impressed her. She had a very fair complexion, and sunbathing gave her only sunburn. The idea of a good tan was very attractive, and the assurance that it was safe was also appealing. The people at the tanning salon explained the process. The tablets contained a vegetable dye known as canthaxanthin. When ingested, the tablets produced an attractive tan by depositing the color beneath the skin. There was no ultraviolet-ray involvement. No possibility of burning or, worse, skin cancer. I had no knowledge of canthaxanthin. Frankly, I had never heard of it. Was that a possible source of her trouble? But aplastic anemia is aplastic anemia, whatever the cause. My only concern was to try to keep her alive. And that looked very hard to do. Her hematocrit was really disheartening. A hematocrit is a measure of red-blood-cell volume. The normal range for women is from thirty-seven to forty-seven per cent. Her hematocrit at admission was just thirteen."



DR. STEIN continued, "My first glimpse of Penny was a shock. In spite of her history, I wasn't prepared for what I saw. She was sitting propped up in bed, and what I could see of her, of her skin—her arms and hands and face—was an awful shade of orange. So that was her wonderful tanning-parlor tan! It was inhuman. Frankly, she was a sight. It was so pathetic. She had pale-red hair of the kind that goes with the fairest, almost translucent complexion, and big pale-blue eyes, framed in that awful shade of orange. And thin! She couldn't have weighed a hundred pounds. I knew she was twenty years old. But she looked about fourteen. Was she pretty? Attractive? Not really. She was, I guess you could say, sweet. Appealing. Like a waif. I smiled and said hello and introduced myself. I told her I was her attending physician. But all the time I was thinking of what was probably going to happen to her, and knowing there was

so little I could do about it. It was terrible.

"I sat down and began to get acquainted. She said she was comfortable. She was not in any kind of pain. She was just a little weak. She had been driven down to Nashville and had felt no particular strain during the trip. She had walked into the hospital. She said she understood the nature of her trouble and its implications, and she knew the established treatment was blood transfusion. And no, she would never submit to such a thing. Her mind was still firm on that. Yes, she realized that she was in real danger. I had been prepared for what she was saying, but it was awful to hear her saying it. I mean, she seemed such a child. We talked about what we could do for her—about the antilymphocyte-serum therapy. I told her that the serum alone was unlikely to help her. We could only hope. As I said, I've had Jehovah's Witnesses as patients before, and I've known them to change their minds at the last moment. The urge to live is pretty strong. Especially in someone as young as she. She had a very small, very quiet voice. But she was absolutely firm in her resolve.

"That was only the first of a number of frustrating talks. We treated her as best we could, with the rabbit serum and a number of supportive measures. But, of course, it wasn't enough. She began to feel less comfortable. She developed a hot feeling in her back, and what she described as a burning sensation in her stomach. She complained—No, she never complained. She reported a rapid heartbeat and shortness of breath. I saw her and talked with her every day. After a few days, she could still walk but only with some support. Then she was too weak to walk even with help. So now she was totally bedridden. We treated her symptoms as best we could. I still had some hope. I talked blood transfusions every day. I've never been so frustrated in my life. I teach in the medical-ethics program here. Our position is always that the patient's beliefs must be honored. But it was so difficult. My convictions were being tested as well as hers. My house staff presented another problem. There was a chance of saving her life. Not much of one, but still a chance. And they were reluctant, to put it mildly, to

stand idly by. All doctors lose patients because the best they can do just isn't enough. But here we were simply blocked by Penny's absolute, unwavering determination. It was an experience I can never forget. I told her flatly—I said, 'Penny, you may very well die.' She said, 'If that's the way it is, that's the way it is.' And that's the way it was. Her hematocrit continued to fall. It finally dropped to eight per cent. I had to tell her the inescapable truth. She was dying. She had only a very few more days to live. I remember her lying there, too weak now even to raise her head off the pillow. She said, 'Well, then—I want to go home. I want to die at home.' And so it was arranged. She was discharged on June 28th. She had been with us just over three weeks. Some friends came down in a van and picked her up and drove her home. It must have been a pretty grim journey.

"A couple of weeks went by. Then one day I got a call from Mrs. Thompson. It was something about—I've forgotten what. Maybe about a bill. Anyway, I asked her about Penny. She said Penny was dead. She had died only an hour or two after she got home."

ON June 7th, two days after Penny Thompson's arrival at Vanderbilt University Medical Center, a copy of her admittance chart was delivered to the Division of Clinical Pharmacology and routed to the office of a physician and assistant professor of medicine and clinical pharmacology there named Renata Bluhm. That was standard procedure. The admittance charts of all patients at Vanderbilt are reviewed by a drug-surveillance clerk for any reference to unusual drugs, and such findings are then dispatched to Clinical Pharmacology to be studied and evaluated for possible association with the patient's complaint. I went around to Dr. Bluhm's office in the course of my stay in Nashville and talked with her about her involvement in the case of Penny Thompson. I found Dr. Bluhm—an attractive woman of about forty, with soft brown hair and a gentle voice, a native of Germany and a graduate of the University of Illinois in both medicine and pharmacology—in a tiny room given over almost entirely to bookcases and filing cabinets.

I took a sort of seat on a chest, and asked Dr. Bluhm about canthaxanthin. She smiled a little smile. She said that it now seemed so hard to believe she had

once known nothing whatever about it. Like Dr. Stein, she had never even heard of it until she read Penny Thompson's chart. She had not, however, shared his indifference to it. She was instantly interested, instantly fascinated. There was nothing she could do to help Penny Thompson. The chart made it clear that Penny was dying. It was also clear to her that Penny was suffering from aplastic anemia, a condition whose usual causes are pretty well known. But there were none of those in Penny's history. No drugs, no immunological problems. But something had caused her illness and something had caused her color. Something was still causing it; she was still orange. Everything centered on canthaxanthin. It was the only unknown. Dr. Bluhm told me that she had started in that afternoon on a search of the literature. She turned first, as a matter of course, to "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," by Louis S. Goodman and Alfred Gilman, the standard work in the field. There was no reference to canthaxanthin. That meant that it was probably not a prescription drug, or even an over-the-counter drug in good repute. It was not an aspirin or an Ex-Lax or a Maalox. That also meant that she would need to dig deeper and into a different literature.

Dr. Bluhm dug deep for another hour or two. She came up with a reference that led her to the February, 1987, issue of a periodical called *Drug Intelligence & Clinical Pharmacy*, to an article headed "Drug Information Analysis Service," and to a section subtitled "Indications and Safety of Canthaxanthine." That put her feet firmly on the ground. Canthaxanthin, she learned, is a member of the carotenoid family of compounds. Its chemical designation is beta-carotene-4, 4'-dione. Carotene is a widely distributed coloring agent. It is what gives such vegetables as carrots, sweet potatoes, and squash their orange color. It is also found in the wild in mushrooms, in shellfish, in birds, in algae. The canthaxanthin in commercial use is produced synthetically, and is recognized by the United States Food and Drug Administration as an acceptable food-coloring agent. It is a common, if rarely proclaimed, source of the buttery color of much butter, and it is widely used to enrich the color of cheese, to burnish the natural brown of ketchup

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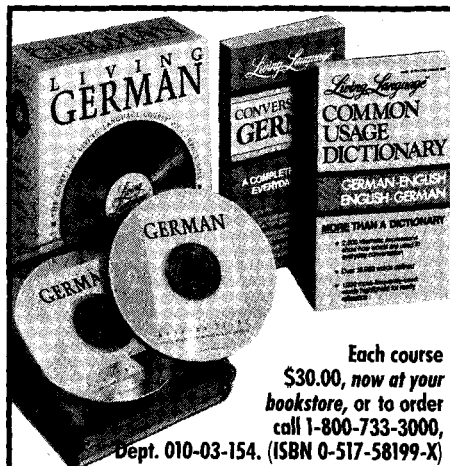
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to the expected red, to enhance the eye appeal of pizzas and of spaghetti and barbecue sauces. Chicken growers frequently add canthaxanthin to chicken feed to give the skin of their birds the golden-yellow color that we are taught to associate with fresh and healthy birds. The golden yolks of eggs that consumers have learned to prefer are often achieved by a henhouse diet of canthaxanthin. The use of canthaxanthin as a food additive is strictly controlled. The F.D.A. estimates that the daily intake of canthaxanthin of the average person never exceeds 5.6 milligrams in a normal diet. The use of canthaxanthin for any other purpose is illegal. Indeed, Dr. Bluhm found a study published in *Clinical Toxicology of Commercial Products, Acute Poisoning*, in 1976, that gave it a rating of "moderately toxic." She went on to tell me that canthaxanthin shares with the other carotenoids little more than its pigmentary powers. These powers, however, are considerable. It is fat-soluble, and is absorbed into fatty tissue throughout the body. Its accumulation is not confined to the subcutaneous tissue, where it so bizarrely colored Penny Thompson's skin. It colors the liver, the lungs, the bone marrow, the blood, even the stool. There is evidence that it can also color the body of a fetus. Most carotenoids are precursors of Vitamin A. They are converted into Vitamin A in the course of their metabolism. Canthaxanthin is unpleasantly different. It cannot be converted into Vitamin A. Nor is it easily oxidized and thus eliminated from the body. That essential process (everything that the body takes in must be either utilized or discarded) may take many days or weeks, or even months. This leisurely departure was clearly demonstrated by the persistence of Penny Thompson's peculiar color until she died. It occurred to me as Dr. Bluhm and I talked that canthaxanthin, in its unnaturally procrastinated withdrawal, much resembles the notoriously toxic sojourn of methyl alcohol in the bodies of those foolish enough or desperate enough to drink it.

And yet. Dr. Bluhm opened a folder on her desk and took out a full-color advertisement on slick paper from a Sunday newspaper supplement. It was a full page, a page about the size of a



news magazine. It was headed "TAN BEAUTIFULLY SUN-FREE." Below that was "Have the rich dark year-round tan you want without aging your skin." Below that were two photographs of young women in bikini bathing suits. One of them was pale-skinned and solidly built, with long, lank hair and a glum expression, posed as for a police lineup. The other, with a lovely smiling face framed in a luxuriant mane of hair, was enticingly posed, and her figure, slim and shapely, was tanned a luscious brown. Her glorious tan, it was pointed out, was the creation of something called DARKER TAN™. "Millions," I read, "have gained a beautiful golden-bronze deep tan by simply taking 3 or 4 tablets of the DARKER TAN™ formula (31 mg of Canthaxanthin per tablet) per day until they are as dark as they want to be. . . . DARKER TAN™'s active ingredient, Canthaxanthin, is organic, natural, and harmless. . . . The US Food and Drug approved Canthaxanthin long ago and still does as a food coloring agent in many of the foods you eat today." I read on: "The Sun's Rays Cause Skin Cancer." There was an announcement: "Introductory Discount 50% off. . . . 101 tablets . . . \$18.90." Readers were directed to an address in Las Vegas. DARKER TAN™ ended its exhortation with a wink: "Warning: Both men and women have reported cases of too much attention from the opposite sex after taking DARKER TAN™ causing jealousy of spouses or dates."

Dr. Bluhm took back DARKER TAN™ and gave me another, very similar advertisement. It offered, from an address in Columbus, Ohio, a canthaxanthin tanning tablet called BronzGlo™. It, too, featured two young women in bikinis: "What a difference a tan makes!" The text might well have been written by the same hand that celebrated DARKER TAN™: "The sun's UV radiation causes skin damage and skin cancer. . . . Completely Safe: Canthaxanthin, the active ingredient in BronzGlo™, is a totally harmless, natural, organic substance . . . is included as a food coloring agent in many of the foods you eat and is approved for that purpose by the US Food and Drug Administration." The recommended dose for those seeking a tan was "3 or 4 tab-

lets . . . (30 mg of Canthaxanthin per tablet) per day until they are as dark as they wish to be." The price ("Introductory 40% Discount") for a hundred tablets was \$18.95. There was no warning. There was, instead, a warm assurance: "Your rich tan will give you a glow of health, energy and attractiveness that will make you the envy of all of your friends."

Dr. Bluhm dipped once more into her folder. I exchanged BronzGlo™ for an advertisement for The Tan Line, doing business at an 800 number in Costa Mesa, California. The Tan Line (no™) was all tough-minded business. No color, no photographs, just "CANTHAXANTHIN INFORMATION. This information is VERY important. Please read it!" I skimmed the information. "The tablets MUST be taken with meals and at different meals throughout the day." There was a somewhat Jesuitical warning: "Excessive vitamin A can cause vitamin A toxicity which could lead to liver damage. . . . Canthaxanthin is not provitamin A." It ended on another warning: "Compliance with any law is the purchaser's responsibility." Caveat emptor!

And there was more to come. The advertisements for DARKER TAN™, BronzGlo™, and The Tan Line had appeared in newspaper supplements with a general, unpretentious readership. But Dr. Bluhm's research had turned up an exception—a reference to an advertisement in a magazine of impeccable upmarket appeal. The advertisement acclaimed a fourth canthaxanthin product, this one called The Tanning Pill, and it had run in the November, 1984, issue of *Harper's Bazaar*.

Dr. Bluhm closed her advertising folder. "Did you notice?" she said. "There's something interesting about canthaxanthin that none of these people ever mention. They all emphasize that exposure to the sun can cause skin aging, and even cancer. And that's perfectly true. But what they don't say is that a canthaxanthin tan offers no more protection against the sun's ultraviolet radiation than no tan at all. One could have a beautiful canthaxanthin tan and still get badly sunburned."

DR. BLUHM's immediate search of the literature satisfied her immediate curiosity about the nature of canthaxanthin, but her interest in the

matter remained. Indeed, the more she learned the more her interest grew. Everything about it and its outlawed manipulation excited her. She found herself enjoyably charged with a sense of mission.

Her first thrust in that direction was a report of the case of Penny Thompson—which she wrote in collaboration with Dr. Stein and two other colleagues, Dr. Robert Branch and Dr. Philip Johnston—to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It was published in the issue of September 5, 1990. The report, as required, was scrupulously clinical, but it concluded with a word of comment and concern: “Although definitive evidence is lacking for the role of canthaxanthin as a cause of the patient’s aplastic anemia, the history of onset of symptoms several weeks after the use of canthaxanthin without any other apparent cause suggests the association of this toxic effect with canthaxanthin. . . . Since no studies have been carried out in humans to evaluate the safety of canthaxanthin as an oral tanning agent, advertising statements that the drug is harmless have no foundation. More careful investigation . . . is needed.”

The publication of “Aplastic Anemia Associated with Canthaxanthin Ingested for ‘Tanning’ Purposes,” as the article by Dr. Bluhm and her associates was titled, attracted wide and serious attention. Responses to it ranged from an anecdotal note from a physician in Florida to a “Talk Paper,” or position report, headed “Update on Tanning Pills,” from the Food and Drug Administration. The physician introduced himself as an avocational canary breeder. He wrote that he had conceived the idea of feeding canthaxanthin to his birds in the hope of producing a brilliantly red-feathered variant strain. He said that he had had one or two successes, but that several of his canaries that were fed canthaxanthin had died of a wasting blood disease. The *JAMA* report, he wrote to Dr. Bluhm, would seem to have explained those deaths. The F.D.A. “Talk Paper” was dated October 1st and began, “F.D.A. continues to warn consumers that canthaxanthin—the major ingredient in tanning pills—has not been approved by the agency as safe for this or any other cosmetic use. Such products are illegal. The agency advises that statements claiming the ingredient has

been approved are misleading. The ingredient has been approved, at very low levels, for coloring some foods and drugs, but not, at any level, for tanning purposes. . . . The 1960 Color Additive Amendments require manufacturers to petition F.D.A. to approve each proposed use of a color additive. Legally, all color additives are considered unsafe unless data prove otherwise.” The case reported by Dr. Bluhm and her associates was not the first canthaxanthin tanning-pill complaint to come to the F.D.A.’s attention. A young woman became seriously ill after taking tablets every day for two months. Her illness was diagnosed as drug-induced hepatitis. A man developed welts and severe itching after taking only eight tablets. Penny Thompson’s aplastic anemia was merely the first such case on record.

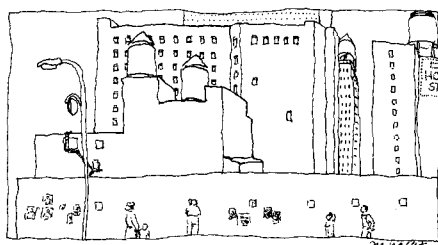
“I WENT down to one of our health-food stores the other day,” Dr. Bluhm told me. “Canthaxanthin had made me very curious about that sort of place, the sort of place where you can buy tanning tablets. I wanted to see their display of drugs. There are, of course, drugs and drugs. The drugs that most of us are familiar with are what I call ethical drugs. I use that term to describe both prescription drugs and over-the-counter drugs. They differ, generally speaking, in only one respect: prescription drugs require the authorization of a physician. But both are equally safe, both have been tested and approved by the F.D.A. for certain specified uses. Then, there are what I call non-ethical drugs. Some of these, like canthaxanthin, have been declared illegal for any but a designated use. But most of them are simply non-legal. There are probably many hundreds of them, but they don’t exist in any standard index or pharmacopoeia. Their effectiveness or ineffectiveness—even their toxicity—has never been scientifically established. They form a sort of gray area that has always interested me, but canthaxanthin made me really concerned. The truly illicit drugs don’t

interest me in the same way. Heroin, cocaine, LSD, all those. The people who take those drugs know what they’re doing. And they take them not only for an expected result. Their adrenaline is turned on by more than the drug itself. They know there is a risk—anything might happen—and that risk is part of the experience. There is an excitement in a jump into the unknown. But, as I say, this is not my main concern. My main concern is for the unsophisticated, the innocent, the ignorant and gullible people who go to the health stores in the hope of improving their health.

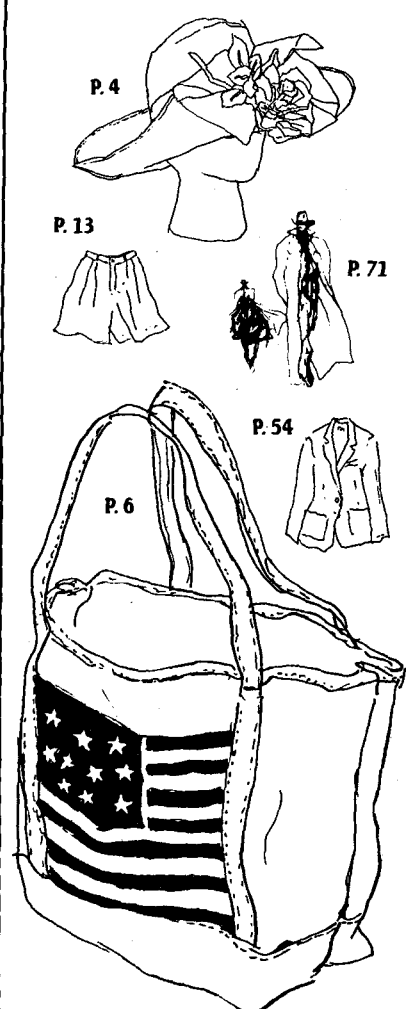
“The store I went to was doing a good business. I suppose they all do. I browsed along the shelves. The drugs and food supplements and tonics all had labels and names and usually some suggestion of purpose. But that was it. There was no real information. Canthaxanthin tanning pills were on display, and a reporter I know on one of the local papers later told me there were also a number of tanning parlors around town where they were featured. Well, I asked the clerk about some of the things they stocked. He shook his head. He didn’t know. He said he just worked there. I wish I had taken some good notes. But I have an advertisement from some magazine or paper that tells the same story.”

Dr. Bluhm shuffled through her folder and pulled out still another clipping. She spread it out on her desk. It was a full-page listing of counterculture pharmaceuticals that could be obtained from a nameless 800 number. It told a story, all right. And a sad one. The page was headed “JBN KEEPS YOU AND YOUR WALLET IN SHAPE.” The first item on the list was “Aminobolic P.M., 14 Day, \$9.99.” Another was “Good Life Mega Pack,” at the same price. There was a “Victory Coenzyme Q-10,” priced at \$17.39 for “100 caps.” There was “Life Essence Ammino Caps,” for only a few cents more. There was “Victory Smilax & Siberian Ginseng, 180 caps, \$7.19.” There was “Victory Ferulic Acid, 60 caps, \$12.59.” And a good dozen more. Bodybuilders all.

“You will notice that none of them are described,” Dr. Bluhm said. “There are no claims, except by implication. The names sound beneficial, and scientifically impressive. People have heard of the amino acids. They may not know precisely that they are



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essential components of the protein molecule, but they know they're supposed to be good for you. So 'Aminobolic P.M.' and 'Life Essence Amino' sound good. Ferulic acid is better known as asafetida, which has a strong odor and a strong flavor. I understand that it is a zesty ingredient of Worcestershire sauce. But it is chiefly a famous folk remedy—for asthma, convulsions, insanity, croup, cancer, and all the rest. Smilax is a plant of the family that includes catbrier. And ginseng is a traditional Asian aphrodisiac. A coenzyme is a molecule necessary to enzyme function, and an enzyme is, of course, a protein. Nutrition again. So you pay your money—or, rather, as it says here, 'MasterCard, Visa, Discover accepted'—and who knows just what you get? Is it toxic? Or is it harmless, just a waste of your money?"

I thought of the shrug of warning in the ad for The Tan Line. Only, here there wasn't even that. This time, I said aloud what I'd thought: "Caveat emptor."

"Yes," Dr. Bluhm said. "There is a serious problem here. I think it is a problem of both information and control. The amino acids are a good case in point. It's the same problem we have with canthaxanthin. For many years, the F.D.A. classified amino acids as 'generally recognized as safe.' Then, around 1970, it was suggested, on the basis of animal experiments, that large quantities of individual amino acids posed a potential health risk, and the F.D.A. removed them from the 'safe' list. I'm sure you remember the L-tryptophan tragedy of a couple of years ago. Twenty-eight people died, mainly in the Southwest, and fifteen hundred became seriously ill. L-tryptophan is an amino acid sold in the health stores as a 'food supplement.' It had been banned since 1972, except for certain regulated uses, but it remained on sale in all the stores. The L-tryptophan that caused the disaster was found to have been contaminated. But, contaminated or not, L-tryptophan should not have been on sale. Just like canthaxanthin."

"Now, here's the problem. The F.D.A., through its public-relations activities, has impressed on the American public that its reviews of drugs are stringent, lengthy, and comprehensive. So the public naturally assumes that the drugs it sees advertised and on sale are safe and effective. That, unfortunately,

is not the case. The F.D.A. drug reviews are stringent and lengthy. They are not comprehensive. The trouble is that the federal regulatory agencies do not as a rule initiate the drug reviews. The usual procedure is for the manufacturer to invite such a review. The makers of the drugs I call ethical all prudently follow that procedure. But if a drug is not offered for review it is not as a matter of course reviewed, and it may then simply be placed on sale. Canthaxanthin has been cited by the F.D.A. as unsafe except for food coloring. The amino acids have also been banned, except for certain regulated uses. And yet they remain on sale. But, more than that, there are probably hundreds of other non-ethical drugs on sale and unknown to the F.D.A. I think the review system should itself be reviewed. What is needed is an open information resource that would make available to the consumer essential information about those hundreds of non-ethical drugs—the chemical constituents, the physiological effects, the toxicity."

THE telephone rang. Dr. Bluhm answered it, and talked softly for a moment or two, in her light, gentle voice. She hung up, and sat for another moment or two. "Where was I?" she said. "Well—no matter. It's not enough to say that Penny Thompson died because she refused blood transfusions. The fact is that she did have aplastic anemia, an extremely serious disease. It is not enough to say that she is the only known case of aplastic anemia associated with canthaxanthin tanning pills. In her case, the bone marrow was practically destroyed. But it is quite possible that many men and women taking canthaxanthin tanning pills are suffering some subclinical bone-marrow suppression. I think of the history of the antibiotic chloramphenicol. It was one of the first broad-spectrum drugs. It was hailed as a true miracle drug. It was prescribed to thousands of patients, with wonderful results. Then a patient died. Of—as it happened—aplastic anemia. A thorough review established that it was wonderfully effective but could also be extremely toxic in its side effects. Chloramphenicol is still prescribed, but only as a last resort, when the need justifies the risk. The risk in canthaxanthin may be very slight. But does a cosmetic justify any risk?"

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

THE THEATRE

Secrets

THE hero of Steve Tesich's "The Speed of Darkness," at the Belasco, is a Vietnam veteran named Joe. An explosive soul, he lives with his wife and their seventeen-year-old daughter in a suburban house in South Dakota. Full of pent-up emotion himself, he is inclined to take rather lightly the girl's tears at the thought of graduating from high school and leaving her parents—just growing up, that sort of thing. When she and her boyfriend go off to a dance, husband and wife immediately plunge into an intimate discussion about her. "When are we going to tell her that she is not my daughter?" Joe asks. They decide that the matter is very difficult and that they should wait until she graduates. A very tense fellow, as I say, given to sudden spurts of violence at one moment, and hugs and kisses the next. When the daughter asks him to talk about Vietnam at her school, he turns her down flat; when he is chosen his state's Man of the Year, he greets the news with a mixture of pleasure and guilt; and when he hears that a Canadian company plans to build a development on a nearby mesa he is inordinately distraught. An old Army buddy named Lou, now a tramp, shows up and stays for a while; they seem to share a guilty secret that has something to do with the mesa.

If the foregoing inventory of episodes from the tempestuous first act is of little use to you, it's because I had no idea where the play was going or what was eating Joe. When that was revealed, at the end, I found it hard to summon up any stronger response than "Oh." Before that, though, there is a nasty fight between husband and wife, a suicide, a gratuitous act of cruelty by Joe to his daughter's boyfriend, and, at a moment when it is bound to hurt most, an explanation to the girl of her origin.

Mr. Tesich is a dramatist with high credentials; he wrote, among other things, the play "Baba Goya" and the movie "Breaking Away." His is an experienced hand, but this script is unsatisfactory. For one thing, there is the matter of all that buildup of suspense to such a limp payoff, and there is also a prevailing earnestness, which is

no substitute for seriousness. On the other hand, he has written five actable, believable characters, and he has spared us even one boring moment. Nothing but praise for the performances, under Robert Falls' direction. Len Cariou is fine as Joe, absorbing all his contradictions, and making him sympathetic, despite all his rotten behavior. As for Lisa Eichhorn, as his wife, she is both charming and forceful when she needs to be. Stephen Lang is very good as strange, loyal, embittered Lou, and Kathryn Erbe and Robert Sean Leonard are convincing as daughter and boyfriend. I don't understand the title, nor did I catch (perhaps because of a momentary lapse of attention) why the daughter cradles a bag of soil in her arms through most of the action.

"The Speed of Darkness" is the first entry in that noble experiment The Broadway Alliance, whose purpose (I quote from a program note) "is to encourage the production of straight plays in some of Broadway's finest but most under-utilized theatres. . . . What it means for the theatre community and theatregoers is more plays on Broadway—and at a top price not to exceed \$24." Long may it flourish!

—EDITH OLIVER

Ill-Appportioned Parts

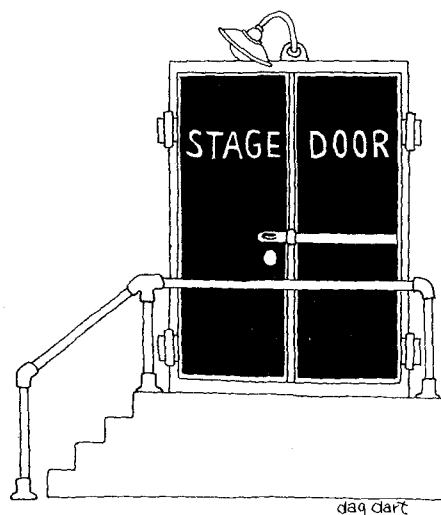
NEIL SIMON's "Lost in Yonkers," at the Richard Rodgers, is a play that's difficult to be enthusiastic about unless one is a devoted fan of Mr. Simon's work or else is committed to

the notion that every season has to have a Broadway hit. A family melodrama set in New York during the Second World War, "Lost in Yonkers" is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year, and suffice it to say that in the entire play there is not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity.

The character played by Irene Worth, Grandma Kurnitz, is as phony a creation as you could hope to meet in a Broadway theatre. A German-Jewish refugee, unloving and inaccessible (she cannot love because she has loved and lost, cannot forgive because that would mean letting down the barriers, etc., etc.), she has warped more children than you can shake a stick at. (She actually carries a stick.) Her daughter Bella, who, at thirty-five, still lives at home, is enslaved to her and is slightly brain-damaged—the result of having been hit in the head too often as a child. Bella's sister, Gert, has been so terrorized all her life that fear has permanently affected her breathing, and the second half of her every utterance is delivered while she's sucking in air; and another brother, Louie, works for a gangster.

All this—adding up to the idea that Grandma is not good for children—is established in a dialogue between the two grandsons (Jamie Marsh and Danny Gerard) before Miss Worth ever comes onstage, and that's unfortunate, because it makes it unnecessary for Miss Worth to do any acting or for Mr. Simon to do any writing for her. In any case, Miss Worth has been handed what amounts to an unactable part—a character with no discernible point of view. Grandma does not change, nor does she have anything to teach. And it turns out to be Bella whom Mr. Simon is really concerned with, not Grandma at all. (That's also too bad, because while Miss Worth is one of our subtler actresses, Mercedes Ruehl, who plays Aunt Bella, is not.) After much suffering and several long speeches, Aunt Bella undergoes a miraculous transformation from mental defective to romantic. (It's that sort of play.)

"Lost in Yonkers," which has been termed a "memory" play, seems to suffer from a basic confusion about what sorts of things are interesting as truth and what sorts of things are



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interesting as fiction. An Uncle Louie who worked for a gangster is the sort of relative someone might actually have had—remarkable for seeming like a character out of a Broadway play. But put that Uncle Louie in an actual play and he instantly becomes phony. Not that there's anything wrong with contrivance: we're willing to put up with a certain amount of artificiality in the interests of being moved, and willing to see the predictable happen, provided a play is intelligently acted. But Mr. Simon is not well served here by his

longtime director, Gene Saks, who tends to favor a style in which one or two character attributes are endlessly manifested—Jewishness or tiredness or unrelentingness or addledness or being from Brooklyn. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Gerard remember to gesticulate “Jewishly” and to say “fevah” instead of “fe-



d. emenberq

ver,” and, between them, try to approximate the performance that Matthew Broderick made famous. Mark Blum, as the boys' father, concentrates all his energies on seeming weary, stooped, and defeated. Irene Worth projects the appropriate persona—which is all you can do with a character who wants nothing and owes nothing to anyone. Kevin Spacey's performance as Louie is the only really engaging thing in the play—partly because he's the only one having fun and partly because he's such a pro.

THE phyness of JoAnne Akalaitis's production of “Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2” is of a totally different variety. It's false artiness—intellectual dishonesty—rather than false feeling. There's bogus acting going on here, too, but it's intentional—half camp, half parody. When Ms. Akalaitis directs Shakespeare, bad acting is meant to be avant-garde: she seems to cast actors not for their strengths but for their embarrassing weaknesses—to make the material look silly, lest the audience think it too challenging. It's a way of tampering with the presiding values of the play: in the roles of Hotspur and the King—characters meant to represent the chivalric ideal—you cast actors whose approaches to Shakespeare have a distinctly effeminate tinge; in the role of

Justice Shallow you cast an actor who talks like Elmer Fudd.

It's too bad that Ms. Akalaitis gave herself this assignment, and too bad that Joe Papp appointed her one of the New York Shakespeare Festival's four new associate directors. Ms. Akalaitis seems ill-disposed toward the material and ill-equipped to deal with it. She appears not to know that certain words—“opposed” and “puissance,” for instance—need to be uttered trisyllabically if they are to be in accord with the metre. In fact, Ms. Akalaitis seems

not to know that Shakespeare wrote in iambic pentameter at all. Another thing she seems not to know is that between-scenes blackouts and between-scenes action serve the same purpose (you use one or the other, not both), and the extent of her textual analysis seems to have been to

give Hotspur a stammer like the one Olivier used.

A program insert includes a genealogy, a chronology of the relevant events, a map of England, and a vast number of quotations from various historical and literary critical sources. Nothing about the production suggests that Ms. Akalaitis is familiar with any of this material. At any rate, she fails to translate the information into stage terms. George Tsypin's décor is the usual uningenious combination of scaffolding and transparencies more reliant on research (projections) than on visual allusion: there are portraits, etchings, photographs, and (for battle sequences) film footage; there's brickwork, stonework, iron, straw, Mediterranean-tile flooring, and, for some reason, a suggestion of railway trestles—probably to help pave the way for the anything-goes anarchy of the production. Costumes range from Elizabethan garb to “downtown,” with some out-of-period period stuff thrown in for good measure. (Falstaff, Louis Zorich, is dressed traditionally in Part 1 but wears white patent-leather boots in Part 2.) Characters drink out of blue plastic cups, read comic-book versions of the play, hand each other publicity shots of each other, and do other things intended to be clever and avant-garde; during the tavern scenes, which are like something out of a high-school pro-

duction of "Marat/Sade," white-faced extras wearing cellophane sit around scratching and making village-idiot grimaces to show how tough life was in the Middle Ages. (One, wearing a Cleveland Indians baseball cap, appears to be talking on the phone.)

Thomas Gibson, who plays Prince Hal, is not an actor with a great range of expression. He has a smile of delighted amiability, which he sheds on everyone whom Hal is not actually angry at or in the soup with, and has a tendency to race through his lines in those situations where the smile would be inappropriate. Mr. Zorich gives a workmanlike performance as Falstaff, but most of the rest of the acting comes under the category of unpitched hamming. Exceptions are Poin (René Rivera), Lady Percy (Lisa Gay Hamilton), Hastings (Traber Burns), Mowbray (Mark Deakins), and the young Princes (Arnold Molina, Roger Bart, and Reese Madigan). Susan Wands plays Doll Tearsheet like a camp Medea, roaring all her lines, and seems to have given more attention to putting the cosmetic bruises and welts on her arms and legs than to the part; and Jared Harris, who plays the stammering Hotspur in Part 1, plays Pistol, in Part 2, as a nasty, lisping mental defective. (There must be a speech therapist backstage, though, because he comes back later without the lisp.)

The music that Philip Glass has composed for the production consists of not very effective or appropriate pastiche. There is a thriller theme, highly reminiscent of the soundtrack for "North by Northwest," comic-caper music for the Gadshill incident, and a sort of music-hall ditty in Part 2, which becomes increasingly irrelevant as the play proceeds. Mostly, the music is used to upstage any famous sequence, such as the "Uneasy lies the head" speech and the scene at the end when Hal appears as King Henry and says to Falstaff, "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers!" (Mr. Gibson shouts this line.) It's a miracle that we get through the "chimes at midnight" scene without hearing from Mr. Glass.

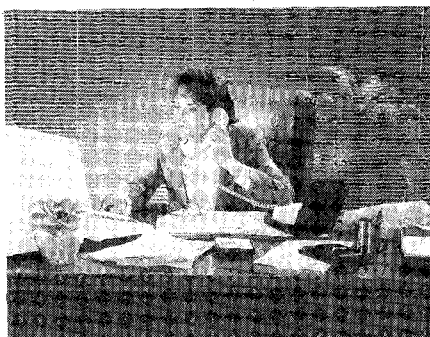
—MIMI KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Masters

IN Carnegie Hall last month, Pierre Boulez and the Ensemble InterContemporain gave a concert of uncommon excellence. Nine short masterworks of our century, covering an eighty-year span of composition, were played with the utmost accomplishment. The earliest was Schoenberg's *Three Pieces for Chamber Orchestra* (1910)—taut, beautiful miniatures, just twelve, seven, and (the third piece was left unfinished) seven measures long. Composed for wind quintet, string quintet, celesta, and harmonium, they suggest a distillation from the *Six Pieces for Orchestra*—a very large orchestra, with four flutes, five clarinets, six horns, six trumpets—which Webern had composed the year before. At the Carnegie concert, the Schoenberg was preceded by the refined, intense *Concerto* (1934), for nine players, which Webern dedicated to Schoenberg on his sixtieth birthday. The first work on the program was new to America: Boulez's "*Dérive II*," which he composed—or, at least, began

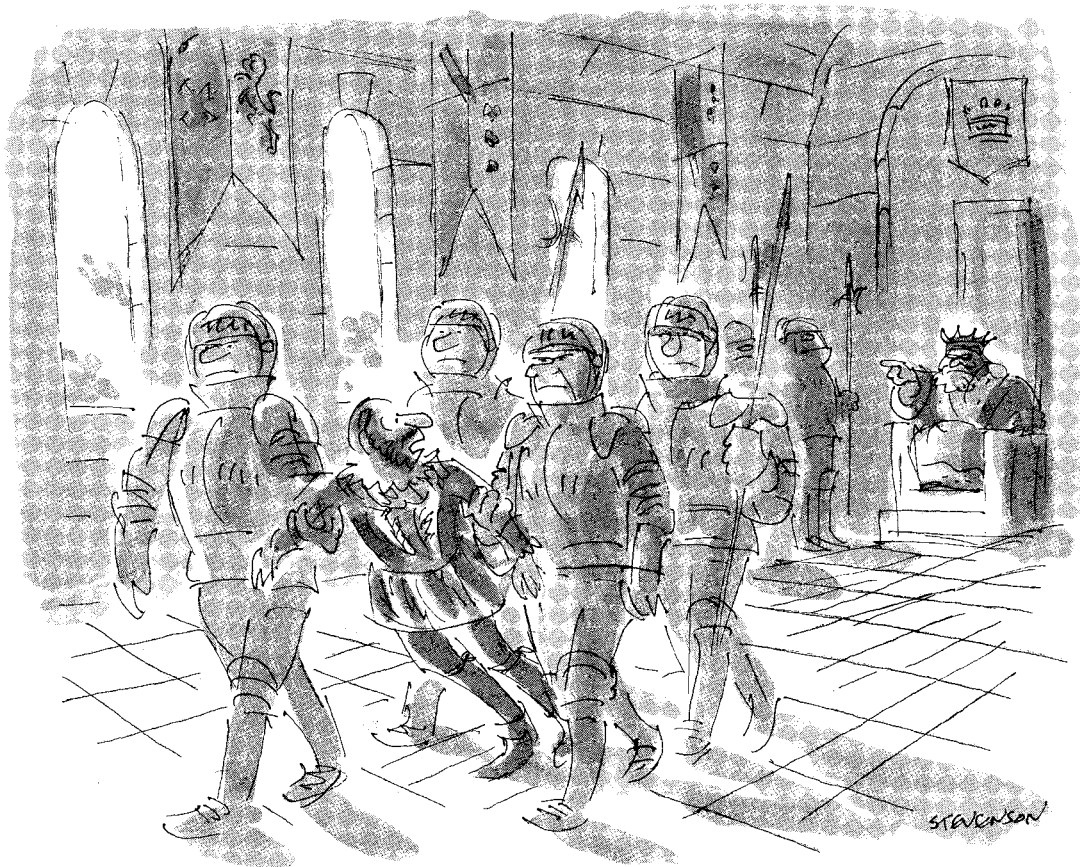
to compose—in 1988 for Elliott Carter's eightieth birthday. There is apparently more of "*Dérive II*" to come. What we heard was brief (lasting about four minutes), busy, and arresting—a tribute in something of Carter's own *scorrevole* manner. There followed "*Dérive I*" (1984)—a lovely sextet that several ensembles have taken up. Boulez, the program note told us, is planning a series of "*Dérives*": "short pieces bordering more important pieces, and based on the same material," and "composed like parts of a diary." The word *dériver* has various senses, and in "*Dérive I*" two of them may play a part: the music is drawn from the stream (*de + rivus*) of other works, and in its flow it seems to drift from the shore (*de + ripa*). Yet another sense of the verb—to unrivet—can perhaps be glimpsed in "*Dérive I*," as fanciful individual flurries break over the drift of harmony. The activity in "*Dérive II*," on the other hand, is taut, tight-riveted. Maurizio Pollini, who was initially billed to play Webern's *Opus 27*

Piano Variations and Berio's "*Sofferte Onde Serene*," for piano and tape, had cancelled his appearance; Schoenberg's *Three Pieces* and Berio's quartet "*Linea*" (1973) took the place of those works. "*Linea*" was written as a dance score, for Felix Blaska and his company, and the composer says he himself suggested the choreography. The play of the four instruments (two pianos, vibraphone, and marimba), as they join to create, embroider, transform a recurrent melody, is graphic.

The second part of the concert began with another group of Boulez compositions. His "*Improvisations sur Mallarmé*" I and II—"Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui" and "*Une dentelle s'abolit*"—for soprano and chamber ensemble, have proved captivating to ear and mind ever since their first performance, over thirty years ago. Although they took their places (the first of them rescored for orchestra) in the great "*Pli Selon Pli*," they have continued to stand on their own, too—as small miracles of grace, poetic invention, and scrupulous craftsmanship. The sounds created by harp, vibraphone, tubular bells, and four more percussion players, with piano and celesta added in II, are bewitching. The

melodies, of rapid, precisely decorated outline, trace glittering patterns that seem to hang in the air. The phrases of the wide-ranging soprano, as with solemn chant or flickering embellishment she voices the Mallarmé sonnets, etch themselves on memory's ear.

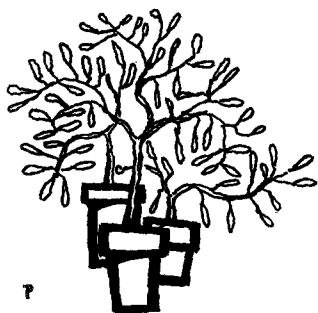
Before the "*Improvisations*," there was "*Mémoriale*" (1985), a presentation and development of an idea that Boulez first sketched in 1972, in the "... explosante/fixe ..." he contributed to a Stravinsky memorial. "... explosante/fixe ..." has since assumed many forms and is still a work in progress; "*Mémoriale*" represents one stabilized, published manifestation of its "*Originel*" section. Dedicated to the memory of Lawrence Beauregard, a former flutist of the Ensemble InterContemporain, whom Boulez called a



"Does this mean I'm out of the loop?"

"model for all musicians of the future," it is a six-minute solo for flute, colored and supported by a string sextet and two horns, and cast in strophes each of which closes with a short chordal refrain cadencing on E-flat. It is chastely impassioned, stirring, and very beautiful. The concert ended with Ligeti's Chamber Concerto (1970), a fine-grained, elaborately composed work. The first movement seems to sum up the composer's earlier fascination with close-packed "micropolyphony," and the third his experiments with tick-tocking latticeworks, while the second and fourth movements adumbrate the new interests in melody and in harmony that were to flower in "Le Grand Macabre" and the Horn Trio.

This concert was set at the heart of Carnegie Hall's new venture: professional training workshops "intended exclusively for conductors, composers, music administrators, and singers," and "designed as rare opportunities for intensive coaching and instruction on an intimate scale by masters in the fields of choral music, contemporary music, and youth-concert programming." The first workshop, last November, on choral direction, was built around a performance of the Brahms Requiem conducted by Robert Shaw. This one, the second, included a symposium in which a record producer, a publisher, an orchestra manager, a foundation officer, two composers, and a pianist considered the obstacles to getting new music programmed, performed, and appreciated in this country; and two long sessions at which Boulez gave detailed instruction and guidance to four youngish, not unknown American conductors as they tackled the Ligeti Concerto and the second "Improvisation" with the Ensemble InterContemporain. The "exclusivity" was breached to admit a few critic observers, and some critical appreciation was thereby implicitly invited. Mr. Boulez is a marvellous conductor of his repertory. There were moments of dazzle in the demonstration: in the third movement of the Ligeti, while beating a rock-steady four, he counted (aloud) first seven, then five, and then (mentally) both at once, indicating the points of coincidence to the players concerned in these poly-

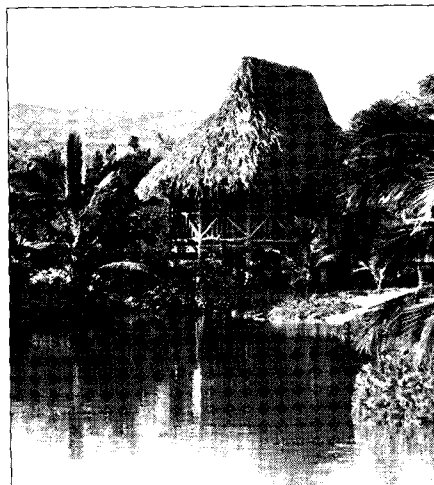


rhythms. With a new gentleness and courtesy, he did not mock the young conductor who could not quite manage it. He was practical, persuasive, and encouraging. In his own conducting, in the workshops and at the concert, he never made an unnecessary movement; nor did he leave unsignalled anything that could helpfully be indicated. I remember a Karajan master class at the Juilliard at which the Meister tried to persuade student conductors that (to borrow a phrase from Macready's journal about a Lady Macbeth he once had to act with) "the veritable 'ti-tum-to'

'jerk and duck and twist' in a most engaging manner" is unlikely to be musically productive. In general, the contrast between Mr. Boulez and the acolytes was between elegant precision and large, flailing activity, with emphatic preparatory

upbeats, that seemed more to impede than to vivify the music. On the podium, Mr. Boulez stands firm, upright, alert; flexible, disciplined fingers and arms and quick eyes inform the instrumentalists exactly where they are, reassure them, give them the confidence to phrase expressively.

There is in this country nothing like the Ensemble InterContemporain—some thirty young, expert players in regular employment, fully rehearsed, giving many concerts, nourished by the challenge of new scores, and retaining the best of them to amass a repertory of important compositions. In a question-and-answer session, Mr. Boulez said that the Ensemble had played the Ligeti Concerto perhaps fifty times before, and that for the pieces it knew well—such as the Concerto, Carter's "Penthode" and song cycles—a single rehearsal could now suffice to bring them to performance peak. "Dérive II" apart, the Carnegie program was a retrospective. It was also a revelation of intelligent twentieth-century music at some of its varied best, and of precise, fresh, communicative performances. Emmanuelle Ophèle was a moving soloist in "Mémoriale." The soprano of the "Improvisations" was Phyllis Bryn-Julson, still delicately exact, if no longer easeful in the highest reaches. The hall was full; the audience was enthusiastic; the *Times* called the adventure another of the "illustrat-



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ed lectures about the music of the future" delivered by "the most prominent defender of a post-Webern esthetic whose crabbed mannerisms are now disavowed by the younger avant-gardists."

MMUSIC of the past has also been well performed in recent weeks. At the Manhattan School, Victoria de Los Angeles, accompanied by Manuel García Morante, gave a recital of arie antiche and of songs by Brahms, Fauré, Granados, Albéniz, and Falla; and offered a model of unaffected, sensitive, infectiously loving delivery. She had one of the most beautiful voices of our day; diminished, it remains pure, true, steady, unstrained. It flows. Except at a moment or two of passing trouble, she was exquisitely in tune, and she moved from note to note with exquisite exactitude. Her words, in four languages, were so clear that a stenographer in the hall could have taken down the texts. I have long loved the warmth and naturalness of her Brahms. (She studied the German repertory with Elena Gerhardt.) When she was in her prime, we used to find her Granados Tonadillas and Falla Popular Songs, though limpid and lovely, less vividly characterized than they were on famous recordings by Conchita Supervia. She sings Granados and Falla even better today than she did forty years ago—with a sharper focus, with more flicker and fun in the phrases.

Cecilia Bartoli, a young Italian mezzo-soprano, gave a promising début recital in Alice Tully Hall. Martin Katz accompanied. She, too, began with arie antiche, and then, after an aria from Mozart's "Lucio Silla," she sang songs and arias ("Una voce poco fa," the rondo-finales of "La Cenerentola" and "La Donna del Lago") by Rossini. Hers is a remarkable voice. There are wonderful sounds in it. The first two notes—the detached "sposa"—of "Sposa son disprezzata," from Vivaldi's "Bajazet," given out with a firm, dark ring, provided one example, among many, of a noble timbre's ability to be thrilling in itself. Miss Bartoli would surely shine in Gluck. The sighing refrain of Rossini's *canzonetta spagnuola* "En medio a mis colores" was charmingly breathed. There are things to work on: she did not come out of trills smoothly; some loud high notes were forcefully flung out; one wanted still more

touches of word color (lest a new round of Supervia-as-touchstone comparisons begin). But Miss Bartoli—who has already sung at La Scala and the Bastille—is only twenty-four. Much can be expected of her.

THE French Institute/Alliance Française and L'Opéra Français de New York offered a pretty double bill in Florence Gould Hall: concert presentations of Grétry's early *comédie mêlée d'ariettes* "Les Deux Avides" (1770) and Bizet's early *opérette* "Le Docteur Miracle" (which was composed in 1856, when he was eighteen). They were sung in French; the scenes were set and the spoken dialogue was summarized by a side-stage English narrator. "Les Deux Avides" was once very popular. Reworked by Charles Dibdin, it reached Baltimore in 1783, and New York three years later. Today, it seems attractive but a bit thin. "Le Docteur Miracle," on the other hand, is a small masterpiece: amusing, deliciously scored, brimming with fresh, graceful ideas—altogether well composed. Offenbach had offered a prize for a setting of this libretto; the judges included Gounod, Auber, and Scribe; seventy-eight composers entered; Bizet and Lecocq were declared joint winners, and their operas were played alternately, each eleven times, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Lecocq's setting twinkles; Bizet's is touched with genius. Yves Abel, the young music director of L'Opéra Français, secured neat, spirited, well-characterized playing; the Bizet overture went especially well. Amid lively casts the Canadian soprano Sharon Azraeli, as the heroine of "Le Docteur Miracle," was a mistress of merry inflections, piquant phrasing, and pointed words. A staging of Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" is the company's next venture, in April. May we also look forward to Bizet's "Don Procopio" and "Djamileh"?

—ANDREW PORTER

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[From the New London (N.H.) Times]

Many New Londoners have complained about the congestion at the Post Office, which is apparent at least three times a day; a little past ten in the morning, at noontime, and early in the evening. According to Postmaster Gerry Englishman, two out of every three New Londoners choose to pick their mail up at the Post Office, which is the obvious cause of the congestion.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stoned Again

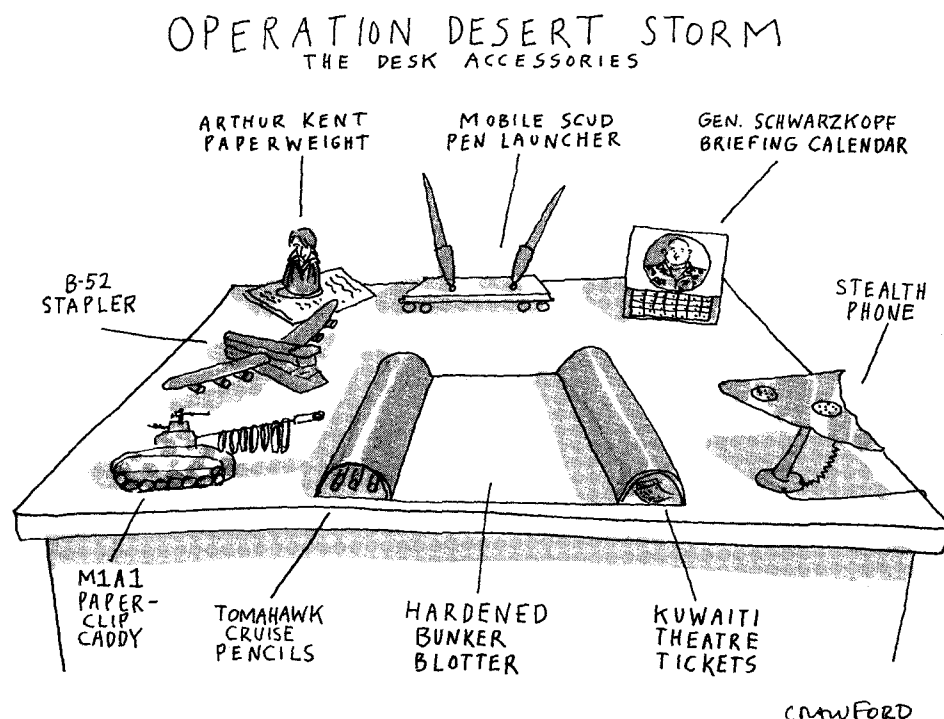
TWENTY years ago, Jim Morrison, the lead singer and main songwriter of the sixties band the Doors, died, at the age of twenty-seven, and thus became one of the enduring figures in the mythology of rock and roll. He wasn't by any means the most brilliant musician of the psychedelic era (Hendrix was) or the most talented writer (Dylan and Lennon were far more original), and he may not even have been the most self-destructive rock star of his time (the competition was fierce). What set Morrison apart was his powerful sexual aura: the unsmiling bad-boy handsomeness; the vocal style that alternated low crooning with long orgasmic cries; his writhing movements onstage; and the songs themselves, many of which featured highly charged erotic imagery. Morrison once referred to the Doors as "erotic politicians," and their platform was explicitly Dionysiac—a program of liberation based on the intoxication of the senses. He was an alcoholic, an enthusiastic and omnivorous experimenter with drugs, a dabbler in spiritual arcana, and a devotee of the literature of transgression—Rimbaud, Artaud, the Beats. Morrison presented himself as a combination of shaman and *poète maudit*, and he was a star in life and a legend in death because he made the physical, intellectual, and spiritual excesses of the counterculture sexy. He was, in a sense, the perfect pop-culture idol of a chaotic time, and his death—in a Paris flat, the ideal setting for a Romantic poet's demise—sealed his myth. He's the intellectual adolescent's Elvis; there are members of his cult who believe that their idol is still alive.

He certainly isn't alive in Oliver Stone's "The Doors," though. You don't have to have been a big Morrison fan to find this treatment of his life offensive. "The Doors" is pure exploitation: Stone gobbles up Morrison and the sixties and rock and roll as if they were drugs. He clearly gets a charge out of the sixties: this is his third film about that period ("Platoon" and "Born on the Fourth of July" were the first two), and they have been progressively more frenzied and incoherent; it's beginning to look as if he were

interested less in interpreting the Vietnam era than in simply appropriating as much of its unruly, orgiastic energy as he can. "The Doors" offers no perspective on those strange days. It's an extended, self-important freakout, an exercise in disorientation, and Stone, with no apparent irony, resurrects the clichés of "psychedelic" movie technique: dreamy, soft-focus trip sequences; acid-flashback quick cuts; strobe lighting; distorting lenses. (In a couple of sequences, Stone has the camera rock back and forth and up and down for minutes at a stretch, and we feel not as if we were hallucinating but as if we had somehow wandered into a screening of "The Poseidon Adventure" by mistake.) These effects weren't very expressive even when they were in vogue. Now, out of their cultural context, they're worse than annoying; they seem cynical, coercive. One of the many differences between the sixties and the nineties is that what was then sold as expansion of consciousness is today called substance abuse; the substance that Oliver Stone abuses in "The Doors" is history itself.

The sixties, after all, were stimulating because their spirit was truly expansive, easygoing. All sorts of approaches to experience were available, but in the manner of a bazaar. You

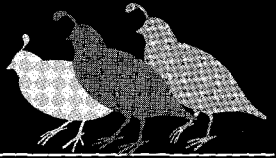
could stroll around in the cultural marketplace, linger over some items and pass by others, buy everything or nothing or, like most people, a little bit of this and a little bit of that: you could take the music and leave the drugs alone, explore radical political ideas and skip the Oriental philosophy. You could present yourself as a revolutionary (political or sexual or aesthetic, or any combination thereof), a spiritual adept (of any of dozens of belief systems), or just a happy hedonist. In "The Doors" Oliver Stone reduces the richly contradictory experience of the sixties to the myth of Morrison, and, in the process, reduces Morrison and the Doors as well: the movie restricts the viewer's freedom to imagine the sixties culture as anything but a movement with a single voice, or to imagine the Doors as anything but a metaphor. Stone portrays the crowds at the band's concerts as if they were a unanimous constituency—gatherings of the devout, all dying to be whipped into Dionysiac ecstasies. For most fans, however, the Doors were one good group among many, and people responded to their best songs—"Light My Fire," "People Are Strange," "Twentieth Century Fox"—as distinctive, exciting pieces of music, not necessarily as revelations of higher truth. (A lot of us took our Doors albums off the turntable when the heavy, message-bearing poetic stuff, like "When the Music's Over," came on.) And not everyone responded to the





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messianic intensity of Morrison's stage persona as if it were a life-changing spiritual force: for the majority of the audience, giving itself over to the frenzy of a Doors concert was more a theatrical experience than a religious one.

Morrison may have finally become so addled by drink and drugs that he didn't know whether he was a rock star or a true shaman, but in his lucid moments he showed more awareness of himself than this movie allows him. "It's all done tongue in cheek," he once said. "It's like if you play the villain in a Western it doesn't mean that that's you. That's just an aspect that you keep for show. I don't really take that seriously. That's supposed to be ironic."

Stone doesn't provide even a glimpse of the Jim Morrison who could say something like that, or any suggestion that there was humor in the sixties aesthetic of deliberate, outrageous provocation—that virtually all the popular art of the era was conceived in the spirit of the put-on. The ponderousness of Stone's vision of the sixties and the relentlessness with which he pounds away at the most dubious symbolic aspects of Morrison's identity leave Val Kilmer, who plays Morrison, almost nothing to work with. Kilmer is physically convincing, but his performance can be only an impersonation: what the script (by Stone and J. Randal Johnson) gives him to play is the icon, not the man.

For a while, the movie's obviousness and flat-out vulgarity are sort of entertaining. (And Kyle MacLachlan, as the Doors' keyboard player, Ray Manzarek, has a few nice moments before he's shoved into the background.) It might be possible to enjoy "The Doors" as a kind of camp classic if you could ignore the mean-spiritedness that keeps breaking through—the fundamental hostility that Stone seems to feel toward his subjects, even while he's apparently celebrating them. For instance, his vision of the sexual revolution, of which Morrison is supposed to be an avatar, is like a *Playboy* fantasy of a world filled with bare-breasted hippie chicks, stoned and ready for love. (In this movie, only naked women seem to be admitted to Doors concerts.) In one particularly ugly sequence, the Doors attend a Warhol party in New York, and a beautiful blonde with a European accent introduces herself to Morrison: "Hi, I'm Nico." This is, of course, the Nico who sang on one of

the great albums of the sixties, the first Velvet Underground record; the movie doesn't tell us that, though, and a few minutes later we see her going down on Morrison in an elevator, as if she were just another desperate groupie. (Nico—who did have an affair with Morrison—can't defend herself; she died three years ago.) The women in Morrison's life whom we see the most of in the movie are his longtime girlfriend, Pamela Courson (Meg Ryan), and a journalist named Patricia Kennealy (Kathleen Quinlan), who was also a lover: Pam is portrayed as an airhead and a nag, and Patricia as a practicing witch, who drinks blood. Journalists get a bum rap elsewhere in the picture, too, but

Stone's own view of sixties culture betrays a prurient, tabloidlike sensibility: it trashes what it glorifies, punishes us for our attractions.

Watching "The Doors" is like being at a concert in an auditorium with a terrible sound system: the music is reduced to undifferentiated noise, a maddening throb of bass notes, as persistent as a migraine. And near the end of this two-hour-and-fifteen-minute bad trip Stone treats us to an unbearable, head-splitting blast of feedback, in the form of a video-image montage of the tragedies and atrocities of the late sixties: corpses on a road in Vietnam, the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. The sequence is the setup for a punch line: Morrison, in alcoholic decline, muttering, "I think I'm having a nervous breakdown." This is the movie's most unspeakable and most emblematic scene—the moment when its bad faith is most purely revealed. In "The Doors," the sixties are just a hallucination, a jumble of images in which nothing is more important than anything else and the only point is the sensory excitement of seeing them flash before us. Stone seems to want to turn the audience, and himself, on by tapping into the energy of the Vietnam era, but the movie leaves us exhausted and depressed; it makes us feel like voyeurs of our own memories.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

EDITORS' NOTE: We regret that Pauline Kael feels that it's time, after twenty-four years at the magazine, to retire from regular reviewing. She will, of course, go on writing for us. Terrence Rafferty will continue writing *The Current Cinema*.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 1
THE swift collapse of the Iraqi Army took almost all of Washington by surprise. Even Administration officials who had expected the ground war to go well and quickly were surprised. Though the ground war went well from the beginning, we had learned that Iraq keeps surprising us, and were reluctant to allow ourselves to think that events were now predictable. But by Monday, two days after the ground war began, the question was whether there would be any remaining substantial difficulties, and by Tuesday morning, after Saddam Hussein had said on Baghdad radio that Iraqi troops were withdrawing—a luxury President Bush wasn't willing to give them—the questions were when, exactly, the war would come to an end and what would happen next. By that time, the Bush Administration and some of its key allies had become determined not to give Hussein any easy out.

Actually, that determination had been reached much earlier than is generally thought; it's not so much that, as many believe, the war aims grew as the war went on as that they became more explicit. War creates its own logic. The goal had for some time been not just the liberation of Kuwait and the removal of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction but the removal of Saddam Hussein and his regime from power—indirectly, if necessary. The only thing that could have diverted us and our key allies from this goal (not all of them shared it) would have been a cleverness on Hussein's part that he never exhibited. By the time, two weeks ago, that Hussein began to show signs he wished to wriggle out of Kuwait, but on terms that were unacceptable on the face of it, the Bush Administration and most of its key allies in the coalition had long been committed to not allowing him to do so. Thus the ground war became an inevitability.

When our bombs failed to find Hussein and the Iraqis didn't oblige by overthrowing him, the next priority was to destroy as much of his military machinery as possible and force a humiliating loss on him. The systematic bombing of Iraq's infrastructure had the dual purpose of eliminating what we could that might help Hussein militarily and encouraging domestic rage

against him for putting his people through such an ordeal. The thinking was that even if Hussein was alive at the end of the war he wouldn't be in power, or alive, for long. At some point, Bush's rhetoric had also made the elimination of Hussein a political necessity. In recent weeks, two senators who had opposed going to war have told me that the overwhelming majority of their constituents want Saddam Hussein removed from office. Bush's demonizing of him had its own results—both in his mind and in the minds of his listeners. A senator who had opposed the war said to me recently, "My people say that if Saddam Hussein is Hitler, how can we end the war leaving Hitler in power?"

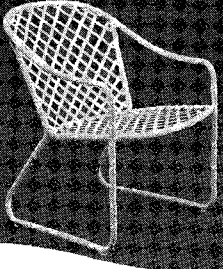
The real aim of getting rid of Hussein had to remain unstated—if obvious—a senior official told me a couple of weeks ago, because to declare his demise an explicit goal would make him a hero every day that he remained alive, and would make him a martyr if he were killed under such circumstances. Though seeking the demise of Saddam Hussein's regime isn't specifically mentioned in the United Nations resolutions, the authority for working toward it lies in an expansive view of that portion of the U.N. resolution (Resolution 678) authorizing the use of force to implement *all* of the U.N. resolutions—not just the one calling

for an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait—and also calling for a restoration of "international peace and security in the area." When this resolution was adopted by the U.N., at the end of November, all the attention was on the part that authorized the use of "all necessary means" to implement the resolutions, but the other section was put there with the deliberate aim of enabling the allies to make severe postwar demands on Iraq if Saddam Hussein was still in charge—and drive him from office. An allied diplomat says that when Resolution 678 was drafted, negotiated, and finally adopted "everyone knew what we were talking about. We put in a sentence that could cover a wide range of things. One was that he must not be a threat to his neighbors—and how could he not be a threat to his neighbors if he has four thousand tanks? When we adopted 678, we were thinking then that once we engaged with this man we were going to win clear-cut—it had to end in his total defeat." Administration officials also say that the second part of Resolution 678 was written in a way to grant us wide latitude, backed by the U.N., in defining how the war should end—especially if Saddam Hussein was still around. Going on to Baghdad wasn't politically feasible. Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi Ambassador to the United States and one of our more hawkish, and influential, allies, said to me recently, "We can't drive to Bagh-



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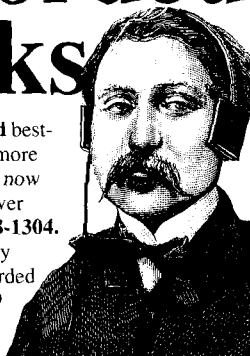
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dad. We want to make the liberation of Kuwait so expensive that his people will question the wisdom of what he did, and we leave the rest to them." For some time, the President and others have said publicly that they wouldn't be terribly sorry if he were gone, and some officials privately confirm that our bombers searched for him. Not long ago, a Pentagon official said to me, "We can't find the guy—that's the big problem." It was also out of concern that we wouldn't be able to find him (we had had enough trouble with Qaddafi and Noriega) that high military officials urged that we not make finding him a stated goal. So when officials were asked in formal interviews whether the goals of the war had expanded to include the demise of Hussein and his regime, they answered, almost uniformly, that getting rid of Hussein was "not a war aim."

But it had become a political aim, and an indirect war aim. When Bush two weeks ago called on the Iraqi people to overthrow Hussein, he was basing his request more on hope than on information, but officials now flatly state privately that they don't expect Hussein to remain in power very long after the end of the war. He will have lost two major wars and the bulk of his military wherewithal, and his country is in ruins. An allied diplomat says, "I think we've done everything to facilitate and hasten" his end. If Saddam Hussein would still be in power at the end of the war (as the intelligence agencies were telling Bush), it followed that he must be further disarmed, and revolt against him must be encouraged, by demanding that his military in Kuwait lay down their arms and by issuing tough demands at the end of the war. The trick, of course, is to see to it that Iraqi rage is directed against Hussein, not us. Not only has the President felt strongly that Hussein must be disarmed and, if possible, removed but so do such key allies as the Saudis and the British, as well as the Kuwaitis. The Egyptians feel less strongly about this, in part because they don't share a border with Iraq. Once it became clear that Hussein might still be standing at the end of the war, the policy became explicit that his must be a humiliating defeat. Therefore, he couldn't be allowed to withdraw from Kuwait with whatever he had left, and therefore the

Soviet Union's effort last week to negotiate a withdrawal was a nuisance. There were some people in the government, even high in the military, who felt that the air war had done such damage to Iraq's war machine that his withdrawing from Kuwait with whatever was left posed no further danger to the region. But this wasn't enough for Bush and for some of our allies.

As Administration officials told it later, the decision to go to a ground war had already been made by the time Cheney and Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, went to Saudi Arabia to meet with General Norman Schwarzkopf over the second weekend in February. Schwarzkopf was invited to suggest a "window" of time during which he thought the



ground war should commence. During that "window," the tremendous logistical feat of moving about three hundred thousand troops, and sixty days' supplies, far to the west, in a flanking maneuver to surprise Saddam Hussein, was to be completed, and the battlefield and the troops were to be made ready. Policymakers here could plan. Then Schwarzkopf was to pick a date within that window for beginning the ground war, and to proceed unless he was stopped by his superiors for any reason. Schwarzkopf's suggestion that the window open during the last week of February was conveyed to the President upon Cheney and Powell's return. So, as many of us thought, when the President told the public that "we're not talking about dates" he was purposely—and, given the subject matter, justifiably—misleading us.

Officials also insist that Schwarzkopf picked February 23rd for the beginning of the ground war *before* the slight hitch of the Soviet intervention occurred, and therefore the ground war wasn't held up by that, but others aren't so sure. The twenty-third was actually Schwarzkopf's second date; his first choice was set aside, an official says, so that troop movement could be completed. The factors in the timing for beginning the ground war, a senior Defense Department official says, were that all the needed troops were in place, with their needed supplies, and ready; the battlefield had been "shaped" (that is, a fair amount of Iraq's artillery in Kuwait, including that which might fire chemical weapons, had been re-

moved by force; the weather, the moon, and the tides were about right. (It turned out that all the talk of an amphibious landing on Kuwait was a feint.) Also, some of our Arab allies (as well as the French) were arguing that the continued bombing of Iraq was causing anger to rise in the region, so best to get the whole thing over with soon. The Saudis wanted the war over before Ramadan, the monthlong religious fasting period that begins in mid-March—not, as many had thought, because they would be offended by fighting during that holiday (Arabs had started the 1973 Yom Kippur war during Ramadan) but because of the sensitivities that would be stirred by their having to help feed a half million foreign troops at that time, and because Saudi leaders thought that Ramadan would be a propitious time to get everyone to calm down after the war.

Though it seems hard to remember now, Bush actually began the ground war against substantial political resistance. A number of key members of Congress, in both parties, had publicly and privately urged that he continue the air war without bringing the ground troops into it—at least for some time. When Schwarzkopf said in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, on February 19th, that the Iraqi troops were “on the verge of collapse,” a number of people here took that as evidence that there need be no ground war, except, perhaps, as a mopping-up exercise. Though that’s close to what the ground war turned out to be, Congress had no way of foreseeing that. One senior Pentagon official said to me later that Schwarzkopf “got a little carried away,” and in the official briefings here stressed that, as Lieutenant General Thomas Kelly put it a week ago Wednesday, “it’s not going to be a snap.” Actually, the field commanders couldn’t know how strong an Iraqi force they would encounter until they actually encountered it, and all along the Defense Intelligence Agency estimates of the damage to Iraqi forces had been more conservative than those of the field commanders. But Schwarzkopf was closer to the truth.

THOUGH Administration officials, starting with the President, said that they “appreciated” the Soviet efforts, before the ground war began, to negotiate an end to the war, they weren’t at all appreciative. There was,

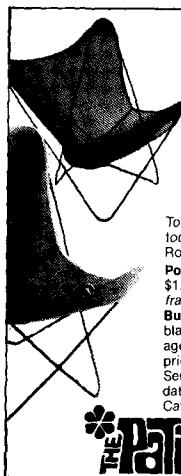
however, a difference of view within the Administration; some State Department officials were more interested in seeing whether anything could be made of the Soviet negotiations with Iraq than were their counterparts on the staff of the National Security Council or Cheney. (Washington loves splits between the N.S.C. and the State Department, and last week’s sudden spate of stories saying that Brent Scowcroft, the national-security adviser, and his deputy, Robert Gates, had gained the upper hand on Gulf and Soviet policy from James Baker, the Secretary of State and close friend of the President, set off a fair amount of gossip here. These two men, joined by Cheney and Vice-President Dan Quayle, had been more hawkish than Baker through much of the Gulf crisis, and take a more skeptical view of the Soviet Union. Baker had once suppressed a skeptical speech by Gates. There had been enough incidents—an earlier press story portraying Baker as the restraining hand on Bush in Gulf policy, the mysterious joint United States-Soviet Union statement on ending the Gulf war, an unusual public row between Baker and the Israeli Ambassador here, into which Baker, overriding the judgment of certain White House officials, dragged the President—to spawn some attacks on Baker by his antagonists through the press. There was some speculation that potential rivalries in 1992, or 1996, were at play here. Whatever the President really thought—he was said by an adviser to be “very upset” about the stories—he quite visibly took Baker off with him to Camp David last week-end.)

In any event, on Tuesday, February 19th, the President, with the full agreement of most of his key coalition allies, dismissed the first Soviet proposal, saying, “It falls well short of what would be required.” The proposal,

which wasn’t made public, was deemed too vague, since it lacked timetables and deadlines, and it stated that the Soviet Union would try to guarantee the security of Hussein and the territorial integrity of Iraq—but maintaining Saddam Hussein in power was exactly what we didn’t want. A senior Administration official said to me at the time, “The Soviet bottom line is different from ours.” And if Hussein was permitted to withdraw—as the Soviets proposed—without having to face continued economic and military sanctions, one of the levers for forcing him from office would be removed. (In an appearance at a military base in early February, a pumped-up Bush said, “And when we win . . . we will have taught a dangerous dictator . . . that what we say goes.”) One reason the President and other officials remained so polite about the Soviet Union’s efforts is that its cooperation will be needed in the postwar period, especially as the U.N. considers continued sanctions, or other long-term arrangements. Still, most officials were miffed that the Soviets had got into the act at all—not to mention that they didn’t tell us beforehand about their proposal—since the upshot might have been something that got in the way of the Administration’s determination to prosecute the war to the point where Saddam Hussein would be left with few troops and weapons, and have to comply with all the U.N. resolutions. In the words of one allied diplomat, “The problem was how you say no without looking like you don’t want a peaceful resolution.” Therefore, Baker sent a long letter to his Soviet counterpart, Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, suggesting revisions in the proposal—including a four-day withdrawal timetable, a requirement that the weapons be left behind, and observance of all the U.N. resolutions. Almost no one expected Saddam Hussein to accept this.

When, last Thursday, the Soviets came forth with yet another proposal—one that called for withdrawal “within a fixed time frame,” to be specified later, and still called for a lifting of the other U.N. resolutions—the Administration and its major allies decided that it was time to get hold of the process by setting their own terms. Since they were planning to launch the ground war, they couldn’t wait around while Iraq dickered over withdrawal terms, and they needed to regain control. Ideas





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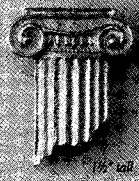
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for how to spell out a ceasefire had been in the works since even before the war began: the thought was that at some point a third country would come up with a ceasefire proposal, or the Iraqis would announce a withdrawal or request a ceasefire, and we should be ready. Earlier in the week, there had been conversations among the major allies about coming forward with their own plan, so as to take the game away from the Soviets. This is what led to Bush's ultimatum last Friday, accompanied by tough withdrawal terms—which, it appears, no one in the Administration expected Hussein to accept. Saddam Hussein was faced with two stark alternatives: withdraw quickly, within a week (the four days was too brief for some of our allies) and without his weapons, and face the other U.N. resolutions or lose the war and his weapons and face the other U.N. resolutions.

All along, Bush didn't make it easy for Saddam Hussein to back down from his invasion of Kuwait, but all along Hussein missed opportunities to do so. All along, Bush's demands were absolute—no "face-saving," no negotiating the withdrawal. But Hussein let pass opportunities, before the war began, to accept offers by others (the French, the U.N.) that would have let him get out with a little face-saving, such as the Middle East peace conference he said meant so much to him—until late last week, when it was dropped from the Soviet-Iraqi proposal. Had he accepted one of these proposals, even though we deemed it unacceptable we would have had difficulty starting the war. Administration officials were worried about this possibility. Even up to last weekend, Hussein could have simply started withdrawing, making it difficult for us to launch the ground war. The principle behind setting this deadline was, a senior Administration official explains, the same as that behind the January 15th deadline: at some point, it's time to call a halt to diplomatic efforts and bring matters to a head.

The new deadline—noon on Saturday, February 23rd—coincided with Schwarzkopf's date and time for starting the ground war. (Setting a noon deadline allowed the allied forces to commence operations that night, whereas the midnight deadline on January 15th forced a delay until the next day.) On Friday, the Soviets came up

with yet another proposal—this one calling for a withdrawal within three weeks, along with lifting other U.N. resolutions—but the Administration still wasn't interested.

WHEN the ground war began, on Saturday night, there was no surprise here; we had come to know that on this subject Bush meant what he said. There was also little outcry. Few members of Congress were in town: most were taking the long Washington's Birthday weekend off. So, except for some nervous private conversations, most members of Congress were essentially mute when the ground war began. Most were waiting to see how it turned out. On Sunday, when we saw on television the long lines of Iraqi soldiers giving up, we began to get the idea that this phase of the war might indeed go quickly, but Pentagon officials, though privately optimistic, tried to tamp down public expectations—just as they had done after the air war began. By Tuesday, we knew that it was over.

Meanwhile, Saddam Hussein continued to try to "withdraw"—on terms more acceptable to him than what we had in mind—and each of his proposals was swiftly batted down by the White House. The idea was that he shouldn't be able, at this late date and in such dire circumstances, to set the terms of his defeat, or to "withdraw," claiming some sort of victory, rather than surrender. Besides, some units of the Republican Guard, Iraq's best troops and the backbone of Hussein's power, were still in fighting form. Most of them were stationed in southern Iraq, and while Hussein was attempting to withdraw, the allied forces were moving to encircle them, preventing their escape. On Tuesday, the encirclement was complete, but tank battles against the Guard took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, ending in the defeat of most of the Guard. On Wednesday, allied forces were in Kuwait City; in keeping with the delicate politics with which the coalition was formed and the war was waged, Arab forces were allowed to be the first to enter it. The Marines followed close behind. The exultation of the Kuwaiti citizens made many people here who had dismissed their plight feel guilty. (The stories of atrocities are still being sorted out, and Kuwait City is darkened by the smoke from oil fires.) By Wednesday after-

noon, Bush and his advisers decided that enough was enough—that others might attempt to broker a ceasefire and we might look vengeful, so it was time, once again, to get command of the process. Also, word seeped out that Iraq was ready to accept all the U.N. resolutions. Therefore, that night the President went on television to announce, “Kuwait is liberated.” He announced his intention to “suspend offensive combat operations” at midnight—setting forth the procedures for reaching a formal ceasefire. The ground war, Bush said, would have gone on for “exactly one hundred hours.” This time, Iraq accepted, and said it was willing to abide by all the U.N. resolutions.

Also on Wednesday, Schwarzkopf’s bravura briefing on the war capped his reputation as one of the most interesting military men we’d seen in a long time. At once forceful and sensitive, and obviously very smart, Schwarzkopf is now a major figure. If we needed people to look up to, this war has provided them, and if we needed to overcome some of the lingering bitterness about Vietnam, this war helped do that. Whatever we thought about the necessity of this war, it gave us, in Powell and Schwarzkopf, military leaders who gave us confidence. Even the fact that none of our military leaders seemed crazy was a relief. Cheney came across as he is—steady, tough, calm. (The Administration should strike a medal for Senate Armed Services Committee chairman Sam Nunn for having made sure that John Tower didn’t become Secretary of Defense.) The low casualty figures for the Americans gave the end of the war a triumphal air. The military leaders have avoided talking about Iraqi deaths, which were high and by some accounts may have reached about a hundred thousand. And there was heavy bombing of Baghdad on Wednesday, though by then it was hard to know why. (The military aren’t certain why Iraq didn’t use chemical weapons. The theories are that the allies took out many of them when they attacked its artillery, and didn’t stay stationary long enough to be targeted. Also, Iraq didn’t have the capability of delivering chemicals by airplanes, as it had done in the past. Our military never ruled out that Iraq had the capability of putting chemicals on Scuds.) Our generals were smart, but they were

also lucky; the Iraqi troops’ vaunted dug-inness (combined with our cutting off their supply lines) doomed them. As Schwarzkopf pointed out, Saddam Hussein wasn’t an impressive military strategist. The success of this war has made it all the more politically popular, and some wrong conclusions may be drawn from it. We can never know whether there was a viable alternative; history doesn’t grant us such knowledge.

Bush’s aides argue that the traits we saw in him during this crisis were always there—that the “wimp” charge had never been accurate. In any event, in the course of this crisis we saw in Bush a focussed, in the main steady (once he calmed down and stopped calling Hussein names), skillful leader. He knew where he wanted to go, and he took the country there—even when a large portion of the political establishment, including former military officials, was doubtful about his course. He showed impressive diplomatic skills. He took risks, but we pay Presidents to take risks—we just prefer that they be sensible ones. Now more people think that Bush’s risk was more sensible.

Most people here are aware that what has just happened may have been simple compared to what is ahead. The war has created both problems and opportunities in the Middle East, and it will be a long time before we know which are the greater. The brilliance of a Schwarzkopf or a Powell and the weapons at their command don’t apply to our domestic problems. Some brutal politics lie ahead; Republicans have made it clear they will show no mercy to Democrats who opposed the war. Some Democrats who might have run for the Presidency may be reconsidering, and the considerable number of Democrats who have been hanging around this town waiting for big government roles are glum. Some Democrats point out that the election is more than a year away, and suggest that the economy might just be bad enough by then to help them; others foresee, with mixed feelings, an economic recovery by then. Many people here are just beginning to feel released from the grip and the pall that the war had put on their lives. We know that many complexities lie ahead, but, even if just for a little while, we would prefer not to think about it. —ELIZABETH DREW



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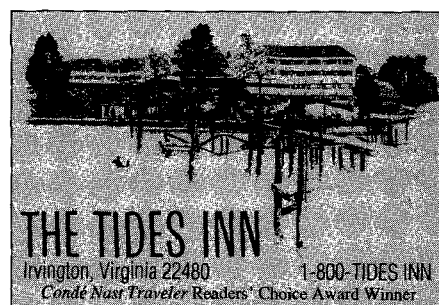
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BOOKS

Mars

IN the West, almost all our wars have been Peloponnesian. In our understanding of their causes, in our reading of the tidal motions of hope and of disaster which they have unleashed, and in our remembrance and chronicles of them, they have taken on the format and the scenarios of the thirty years' war that tore ancient Greece to bits after the spring of 431 B.C. The main cause of the imposition of the structure and meanings of the war between Athens and Sparta on our Western sense of war itself is an accident of literary, intellectual genius: Thucydides' account, which has come down to us, of that suicidal confrontation. It is in the sombre wake of his perceptions and narrative modelling that we have experienced in this century not only two world wars but the French catastrophe in Algeria, the war in Vietnam, and, today, the savageries in the Gulf.

Thucydides is, plainly, a very great craftsman of prose. His set pieces on the major battles, his celebrated reconstructions—in part reportage, in part inspired stylization—of the orations of the political and military leaders (the orations were to pattern the Gettysburg Address no less than the declamations of Churchill) are classics of narration. Our literature has for two thousand years fed on Thucydides' description of the hideous deaths of the Athenians in the slave quarries of Sicily, on his frescoes of the plague that racked Athens, on his portrayals of Pericles and Alcibiades and of the Sophists and mobsters spawned by the lies of wartime politics. But the centrality of that distant Peloponnesian conflict in our conscious and subconscious awareness of the nature of warfare stems from more than literary eminence.

With explicit clear-sightedness, Thucydides stated that his enterprise was not of an anecdotal or legendary cast (like the Homeric war epics or the histories of Herodotus). Thucydides' purpose was threefold. He recounted the actual events of the Athenian-Spartan collision according to the best evidence available (and tested this evidence critically); he strove to analyze both the covert and the declared causes

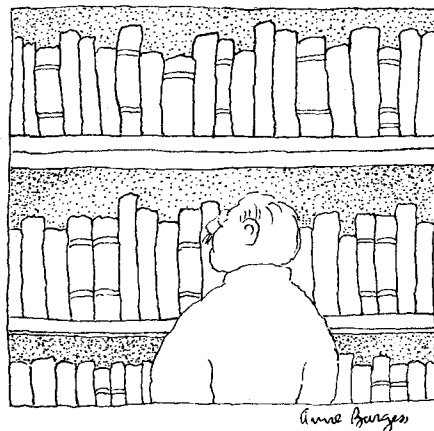
not only of the war itself but of its complexly knit phases; and he put forward, with an incisiveness matched only by Tacitus in imperial Rome, a moral insight into the violence, the blinding illusions, the cumulative inevitability of great wars. This insight is the more persuasive in that it is so often implicit. A cool, almost self-denying anger inhabits Thucydides' tale—anger at human bestiality when it is loosed upon the weak or the defeated, at the arrogance of those who claim leadership and control over events, at the greed of the profiteer, and at the very nearly sensual complacency of the demagogue. But, above all, it is political stupidity that provokes the master historian: the belief that military measures and massacres can resolve intricate political-territorial contrarieties of interest; the collective folly that seems to infect civic sensibility, making it tribal and infantile, in moments of victory; the incapacity of statecraft and of sheer common sense to halt, to re-examine rationally the mechanism of waste and of mutual crippling which wars set in motion. (Both Athens and Sparta could at several points have negotiated peace.)

Yet at the same time, and in a tensely divided perspective very much that of the ancient Greek tragedians, Thucydides allows an invasive aura of necessity—of causalities so determinant that they rebuke the best efforts of human reason and tolerance. The mixture is uniquely intricate and has marked all serious philosophies and sociologies of warfare since. While deploring the myopia, the tactical ineptitudes of the

politicians and generals, Thucydides does incline to the thesis that in the final analysis the expansion of the Athenian empire, founded on naval power and commercial exploitation, was bound to trigger war with its rival, Sparta, which was essentially land-based. The horrors, even the self-lacerating absurdities, to come were writ in the destinies, fatally interwoven, of these city-states, whose previous alliance had saved mainland Greece from Persian despotism. This is where Professor Donald Kagan, of Yale, enters a demurrer. It is his case, argued over four extensive volumes, that Thucydides' assumption of ineluctability must be rethought. Other steps could have been taken.

Over the centuries, the secondary literature on the events that ravaged Greece from 431 to 404 B.C. has been voluminous. Translations and philosophical-political recapitulations have been abundant. And there is, unquestionably, fresh archeological material and a deepening sophistication in economic and social history and theory to throw new light on the Peloponnesian War. But the touchstone remains Thucydides. It is his history that remains ours, even where points of detail can be challenged or revised. We have hardly any other witness out of antiquity. We are writers and readers of history who rely upon the work of a solitary, disenchanted Athenian patrician, perhaps of Thracian origin, who composed most of his history when in political exile, roughly between 431 and 400. Donald Kagan is wholly aware of this legacy. His own labors are a critical response to Thucydides in the light of the most recent qualifying scholarship and speculation. However, these successive volumes (issued between 1969 and 1987 by the Cornell University Press) do inevitably constitute, as their title declares, "A New History of the Peloponnesian War," and therein lies great courage.

The crux lies in Kagan's prelude, "The Outbreak of the Peloponnesian War." Thucydides rejected the view that it was the imperialist bias of that charismatic Athenian Pericles which brought on the war against Sparta. In



his stern recital, that war would have come whatever the internal politics of the interested parties and regardless of which orators and party leaders supported which policies. The great debates that filled the Athenian assemblies were, according to Thucydides, the loud foam at the surface of tidal motions far deeper and more fated. Sparta could not tolerate the accelerating impetus of Athenian hegemony over the smaller city-states and islands of the archipelago. On the other hand, the energies of Athens—intellectual and aesthetic no less than political and economic—were such as to preclude a contained, consultative foreign policy. Pericles' imposition of an embargo against the town of Megara in 433-32 was nothing more than a symptom of an unavoidable clash with Megara's patron, Sparta. For "if Pericles wanted to avoid war," Kagan writes, "why did he take any action against Megara at all?" A few years later, Aristophanes, the unsparing mocker, would in his play "The Acharnians" cast a cold light on Pericles' refusal of alternative policies and available compromise.

It is precisely the necessity of that refusal, its embodiment of unmastered forces and laws of history, that Kagan faults. What Pericles might actually have had in view, he writes, was a strike against Athens' rival in matters of empire—the flourishing city-state of Corinth. It was not a war with Sparta he purposed, let alone a collision that would, almost self-evidently, involve the entirety of Hellas. The embargo on Megara, the Megarian Decree, "was a mistake": three small words charged with a formidable complication and sadness.

Was the bombardment of Fort Sumter a "mistake"? Did Hitler reckon that neither Britain nor France would, after their supineness at Munich, go to war over Poland? Did the United States send muddled signals to Iraq, which led to the easy seizure of Kuwait? Could nuclear war erupt "mistakenly"? Historians and philosophers of history argue interminably over causation. Inherently, they tend to fall into two schools, or modes of feeling. There are those (Thucydides, Hegel, the Marxists) who, while clearly recognizing the part of hazard, of local unreason, of often frivolous miscalculation in human conflicts, do see "laws"—geopo-

litical, economic, even biological—decisively at work in the outbreak of wars. And there are those, of a skeptical, liberal, or "anecdotal" inclination, who insist on the contingent play of human freedoms and on the unpredictability of political-military happenings—who, as Tolstoy does so memorably in his depiction of the Napoleonic campaigns, dwell on the absurdist, chaotic, finally incomprehensible tenor of actual history. Or, as Pascal succinctly put it, "if Cleopatra's nose had been . . ."

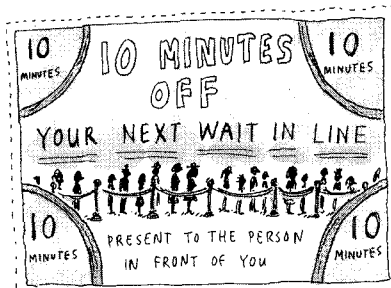
Donald Kagan is no irrationalist. What he advances, with the aid of voluminously detailed scholarship and alert skepticism, is the belief that the specific domestic structures of politics, of internal partisan ambitions, in the several Greek "polities," and in Athens first and foremost, impinged radically on foreign affairs. Where Thucydides sees destiny, Kagan finds constitutional particularities and impediments, constellations of class interest, that certainly narrowed the options but did not make decisions of quite a different order impossible. We cannot grasp the avalanche of Armageddon after Sarajevo if we do not understand the spaces for decision-making within Austro-Hungarian imperialism or the Parliamentary breathing space of, say, Westminster. Mistakes are the ornament of freedom.

With the second volume, "The

Archidamian War," we swing into high action. Kagan is a thorough military historian, acutely knowledgeable about the details of topography, of climate, of armament and tactics which are cardinal to any understanding of ancient warfare. His grounds for comparison are ominously wider than Thucydides'. Kagan illuminates his analyses of the revolt at Lesbos, of the assault on Mytilene, and of the siege of Plataea with references to the American Civil War and to colonial campaigns and global battles in our century.

Often the units involved were small: a handful of ships and infantrymen, an expeditionary corps scarcely more numerous than a pack of medieval marauders. Sieges required the laborious erection of surrounding and blockading walls. A sudden squall in the treacherous, rock-strewn seas around Greece could scatter a battle fleet or cut off visibility. The Athenians, adroit mariners, tended to maneuver for open waters, whereas the Spartans, land fighters by instinct, sought the narrows and the sheltering shores. At all times, finances were precarious, necessitating exactions from restive allies, and demanding plunder and ill-secured loans. Seedtime and the harvest played a decisive but ambiguous role in the planning of the military offensives. Often, agricultural priorities interrupted the war-

TIME-OFF COUPONS



R. Christ

fare; at other points, the raiding and occupation of enemy territory at the moment when the grain was ripening represented a deliberate strategy of starvation. Time and again, local, temporary ceasefires were negotiated, and the possibilities of a larger peace explored. Kagan's account of the discussions in the field and at the summit is detailed and penetrating. The effect, notably in this volume, is one of cumulative sadness.

The Peloponnesian War, like the great conflicts that have lamed our entire Western history, was developing its own momentum, its own inertial horror. A Spartan embassy was handed over to the Athenians in Thrace. Contrary to normal practice, and in order to prevent the escape of one Aristeus, whom Athens feared for his persuasive brilliance, the ambassadors were put to death without trial and denied proper burial. The plague that afflicted Athens between 430 and 427 B.C. further dehumanized the tenor of politics. Pericles, whose funeral oration for the Athenians fallen in the Megarian campaign has rung through the ages, died in September, 429. The marmoreal dignity of Pericles, the humane patriotism and sense of mortal limitations which he had voiced faded quickly. Cleon, the demagogue, and his "all-out war" party mobilized Athenian chauvinism and made a savage virtue of political illusions. The Spartans came to ask for peace in 425. After six years of war, the Athenians had done them and their allies and clients little serious harm. Athens had been depopulated by plague; its Attic lands had been laid waste; its proud treasury was on the verge of exhaustion. No realistic hope of victory lay in prospect. Surely, Athens would accept the Spartan overture.

It did not. The Athenian temper had darkened into aggressive resolve. Thucydides squarely blames Athenian greed, imperial ambitions, and false calculations (there had been a victory at Pylos) for the rejection of peace. Kagan differs. He backs the Athenian view that an undefeated Sparta would renew the war at a later, more favorable date. The volatility of Sparta's internal politics might soon exclude from power those now inclined to peace. What could truly be negotiated? "Any reasonable Athenian would have wanted a firmer guarantee than



was offered," he writes. It was precisely the suffering already borne that steeled the Athenian determination to achieve the Periclean war aims: the restoration of the over-all antebellum equilibrium, the preservation of Athens' empire, and the cessation of Spartan sallies, both diplomatic and military, against it.

One need not be a necessitarian to find Kagan's brief academic. It is, at this stage, Thucydides' grim stoicism and muted scorn that persuade. Cleon's victory over those of his fellow-citizens who favored peace, and the implicit decision to humiliate and reduce Sparta at whatever cost, tells of the madness that comes to possess great powers, and democracies in particular, when wars enter a critical phase. Hanoi must be levelled, Iraq pulverized lest they strike again, lest compromise turn out to be a trap for their trusting adversaries. And for a time, indeed, Athens fought back with fierce resolution and success. By 421, war weariness was as evident on one side as on the other. Immense relief accompanied the ratification of a peace treaty in the spring of the year, but the Peace of Nicias proved to be only a breathing space. The dogs of war would not return to their kennels.

No less than, say, the Napoleonic invasion of Russia or the Japanese strike at Pearl Harbor, the Athenian expedition against Sparta's allies in Sicily seems to incarnate the malignant genius and ironies of war itself. Launched in early June, 415, in the ardent expectation of achieving sudden victory and thereby breaking the deadlock of a false peace, this episode remains among the most graphic and haunting in the history of both the ancient and the modern worlds. Kagan's patient scrutiny of the diplomatic and domestic background of this fatal thrust is masterly. Yet, as he would be the first to concede, it is still in Thucydides, in Plutarch's lives of illustrious men, and, indirectly, in the shimmer of the Platonic dialogues that the figure of Alcibiades has been made unforgettable. Nicias, the Athenian general, played a vital political part in selling the enterprise to the Athenian voters. Field commanders such as the Spartan Gylippus emerge as key players. Cleon is always in the political background. But it was the oratorical genius, the almost irrational ambitions,

and the enigmatic, dandyish nerve of Alcibiades that lay at the heart of fatality. Alcibiades' possible implication in a puerile but symbolically charged prank (the mutilation, on the very eve of the expedition, of the stone statues of the god Hermes which stood on square pillars all over Athens) only heightened the vibrato of audacity, of inventive arrogance, that surrounded his person. Modern scholarship holds Alcibiades to have been innocent of this blasphemy, though involved in other profanations. No matter. To thoughtful Athenians, the setting sail of the most formidable of armadas had its ominous aura.

Their apprehensions were justified. Kagan's narrative of the siege of Syracuse is absorbing, though it tells a tale often and famously told. No doubt the Athenian attack was to have been "surgical." And, indeed, the plight of the Syracusans verged on desperation. But Nicias grew overconfident; Spartan generals slipped into Syracusan lines. Before long, the besiegers had become the besieged. Nicias could have cut his losses; Alcibiades could have foreseen the deepening deterioration and demoralization of the Athenian expeditionary corps in the heat of Sicilian summers. Desert storms have been known to blow both ways. There is evidence that Nicias even counselled withdrawal. Instead, the Athenians sent a second fleet and army. This response, Kagan says, "may, perhaps, be better understood as the not unusual reaction of a great and powerful state unexpectedly thwarted by an opponent that had been despised as weak and easily defeated."

The new squadrons arrived decked as for jubilation. The new commander, one Demosthenes, resolved on decisive action. A moonlit onslaught on unfamiliar terrain turned into an utter shambles. Disease and exhaustion sapped the Athenian camp. A lunar eclipse in August, 413, struck numbing fears to Athenian hearts. The only thought was of escape. But it was too late. The Athenian retreat became a despairing rout. Thousands of prisoners perished in the Sicilian quarries. Nicias and Demosthenes were executed. After seventy days of torture by hunger and thirst, the survivors were sold into slavery. Even earlier, Alcibiades sought refuge with the Spartans (the first of his several pirouettes). Sep-

tember, 413, put a seal on Athens' ultimate downfall and continues to generate in Western consciousness (or should continue to generate) the perception that great powers and military schemes most massively equipped are at the seeming moment of their advantage the most vulnerable. The quarries of Syracuse have long signalled that in the lotteries of the unpredictable it is disaster that has all the luck.

The Athens of Sophocles and of Socrates—that small, rocky town out of which came so much of our identity as thinking, shaping beings—was in shock. It appeared naked to itself and its enemies. Kagan's story turns to internal conflicts. The Sicilian catastrophe provoked a profound crisis in Athenian political institutions. The struggle between oligarchic interests, more or less eager for peace, and the partisans of populist democracy, committed to the pursuit of the war, brought coup and counter-coup. Alcibiades, from his exile—first in Sparta, then with the Persians, who were always glad to muddy Greek waters to their own territorial advantage—pulled the strings of civic turmoil. It is an intricate, ugly story in which some of the most gifted rhetoricians, political thinkers, and writers in Western history figure. Athens' evil genius, Alcibiades, comes home in triumph in 407. Only a year later, he flees into final exile and obscure death.

When Athens chose to enroll slaves in its thinning navy—battle, especially at sea, had always been the crown of free men—twilight was unmistakable. In a kind of self-sickening derangement, Athens put to shameful death generals who had, under threat of storms and enemy riposte, failed to give burial to their fallen (a previous incident of this kind may lie at the enduring roots of Sophocles' "Antigone"). Socrates' dissent went unheeded. For him, too, capital punishment was not distant. Kagan dwells in minute detail on the great naval battle off the Arginusae Islands in 406. Even at this eleventh hour, Athens could have obtained peace. But its anguished tenacity in the face of looming defeat was such as to preclude any trust in Spartan intentions or promises. After Arginusae, after the crushing Spartan victory at Aegospotami (in Lysander the Spartans had found their Montgomery or Patton), the final surren-

der of Athens was only a matter of time. Hoping against hope, the Athenians clung to their walls. Perhaps the sharpening tensions between Sparta and Thebes would lead to a collapse of the enemy alliance. (Hitler waited until the last hour for what he took to be the inevitable clash between Anglo-American and Soviet forces at the approaches to Berlin.) The end came in March, 404. It was to the music of flute girls (derisive? elegiac?) that the Spartans and their allies tore down the walls of Pericles' proud city.

Actual losses incurred over almost three decades in this war are difficult to assess. Lands lay waste, though antique weaponry lacked the annihilating and poisoning capabilities that now endanger our planet. Numerous small city-states had been either erased altogether or reduced to shadow status. Athens itself had been severely depopulated, and those now remaining were a politically riven lot. Sparta, though triumphant, was near exhaustion. "The glory that was Greece" would before long lie prostrate at the harsh feet of the grandeur that was to be the Macedonia of Alexander the Great and, later, the dominion of Rome. It is, quite simply, very difficult to identify any substantive result, any lasting gain, achieved by the victors in the Peloponnesian War. Sparta had neither the demographic resources nor the political will to achieve hegemony. The true monuments of its triumph were the mounds of the dead. Once more, Kagan says, "the vast and bleak consequences of the war lead us to look back upon it and wonder whether the course and outcome might have been different."

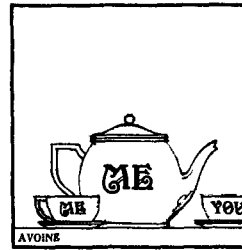
We know Thucydides' haughty verdict. Athens' downfall was incised in its democratic constitution. It was internal division in a community fatally prone to rhetoric and popular pressures which brought the Athenian empire to its knees. Paradoxically, Thucydides argues, it is democracies that turn out to be inflexible in error, that cling to unrealistic ambitions in times of crisis, that are slow to self-scrutiny. And it is monarchic aristocratic systems, such as that of Sparta, that adjust with supple speed to altering circumstance, that marshal hidden resources of endurance and can bring to bear on decisive con-

frontations the sum of their political and military reserves. The bunker will prevail against the agora.

Professor Kagan's liberal empiricism senses otherwise. In his epilogue, he reviews numerous missed opportunities for Athens: in 421, when the Athenians broke off their campaigns under highly promising circumstances; in 418, when an added push at Mantinea might have wounded Sparta mortally. Peace without disaster might have been negotiable even after Sicily. Had Pericles lived, his long-range strategy of deterrence might have carried the day. Thucydides' contempt for democratic debate is one that this most careful of his later readers will not share.

The temptation to acclaim Kagan's four volumes as the foremost work of history produced in North America in this century is vivid. If it is to be resisted or qualified, the grounds are ironically unfair. The writing of history achieves classic status less by its documentary exactitude or its sobriety of judgment than by its literary power. Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, Michelet are the masters of history because they are very great writers, because they have made the language live and made remembrance eloquent. Professor Kagan seems to have made a deliberate virtue of unstylishness. Not a sentence takes fire, not an image comes to possess us commandingly. It is as if the democratic, pragmatic spirit that informs this spacious panorama inhibited the always suspect, always mastering genius of the poetic. A gray good sense prevails.

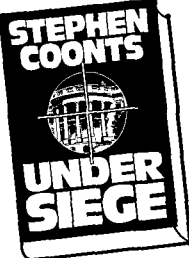
This is especially dampening at the finale. We carry in us the echoing pedal points of Gibbon's farewell or the drumroll to the far horizon in Macaulay. Who can forget Lee's surrender in Douglas Southall Freeman's biography? The end of Athens—the nightfall over what may have been the highest hours of secular eminence in our civilization—is presented by Kagan with the flatness of a bank statement. The undying is made domestic and routinely professorial. One understands the very American tactics in this disclaiming of the inspired and the elegiac, but a rare occasion has been missed. And yet there is here an achievement that not only honors the criteria of dispassion and of unstinting



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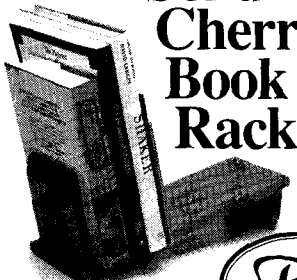
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scruple which mark the best of modern historicism but honors its readers. To read Kagan's "History of the Peloponnesian War" at the present hour is to be almost unbearably tested.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AURORA 7, by Thomas Mallon (Ticknor & Fields; \$18.95). As an astronaut orbits the earth on a week-day in 1962, we orbit through the lives and minds of various people in New York City and one of its modest suburbs. Foremost among these is Gregger Noonan, a fifth grader who seems to have spun into orbit himself in preparation for this flight, which has become obsessively important to him. But we learn, too, about his sexy teacher and her unhappy marriage, his father's day as a glove salesman, a young priest's romantic crush on a girl, a gay cynic in TV advertising, a budding paranoid schizophrenic, and a self-satisfied novelist who is surely a very funny and knowing representation of Mary McCarthy. On the one hand, this makes a kind of poem about simultaneity; on the other, it verges on the form of the commercial blockbuster—we even get glimpses into the mind of John F. Kennedy. But it is all done with precision, lightness, and, overwhelmingly, a sense of irony about what the future will bring to these fictional and historical people. Mr. Mallon, who is also a non-fiction writer, has applied his talent for scrupulous historical research to make what amounts to a gift-wrapped time capsule.

GENERAL

ROBERT GRAVES: THE YEARS WITH LAURA, 1926-1940, by Richard Percival Graves (Viking; \$24.95). This second installment of an intimate biography of the British poet and novelist, by his nephew, gets under way with the coming together of Graves and the brainy and gifted American poet Laura Riding, in London in 1926. The thirty-year-old Graves, who had been badly shell-shocked in the war, was sinking into neurasthenia, his marriage to the young mother of his four children on shaky ground and his bright promise as a poet dimming. For the next fourteen years, in En-

gland and on Majorca, the two poets formed a fruitful literary and intellectual partnership, which produced in his case the compelling autobiography "Goodbye to All That," the two Claudius novels, and the "Collected Poems" of 1938; in hers a small mountain of poetry, polemics, and offbeat philosophy. Their relationship is the crux of this book, for Graves was at all times Riding's slave, in thrall to her emotionally, sexually, intellectually; she vetted every scrap of his writing, and ruled with a despotic hand. The inevitable break came in 1940, after years of melodramatics (once, Riding and Graves, within minutes of each other, hurled themselves separately from upper-story windows); after a curt dismissal, Graves never saw Riding again. An extraordinary story.

SOULSTEALERS: THE CHINESE SORCERY SCARE OF 1768, by Philip A. Kuhn (Harvard; \$29.95). In eighteenth-century China, Mr. Kuhn explains in this readable study, the superstitious believed that sorcerers enhanced their powers by stealing people's souls (the victims' bodies sickened and died), and feared that beggars and wandering monks practiced sorcery. When the earliest accusations of soulstealing appeared, in the spring of 1768, provincial administrators refused to take them seriously. The emperor, however, struck by repeated allegations that the soulstealers cut off the queues of their victims—the pigtailed that the Manchu dynasty imposed on men as a token of submission—decided that soulstealing was really a plot against Manchu rule. To save their own skins, administrators ordered judges to torture suspects, and these efforts extracted confessions implicating an ever-growing number of alleged sorcerers. Before the year was out, though, rationality prevailed, and the emperor stopped the machinery of terror he had started. Mr. Kuhn's fascinating particulars demonstrate how in any society a provincial panic can become a national witch-hunt.

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